Saturday Review

November 30, 1968 35¢

I REMEMBER DANANG

By Bernard Kalb

RECORDINGS

Farewell to the Budapest Quartet

By Alan M. Kriegsman

The Year's Best Recordings

Books for Holiday Gifts

Avalokiteshvara — A Nepalese idol on a rare voyage (See Fine Arts)

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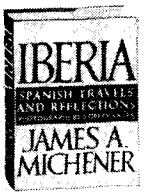

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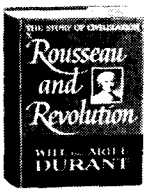

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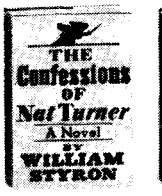

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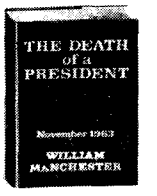

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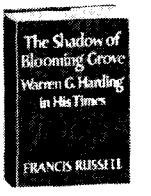

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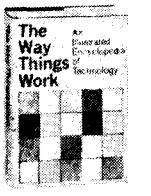

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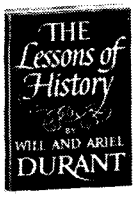

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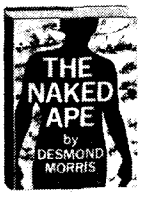

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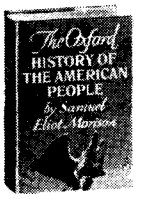

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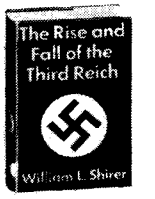

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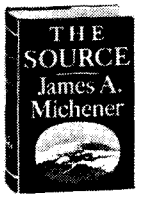

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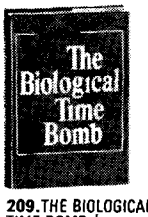

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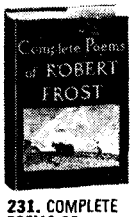

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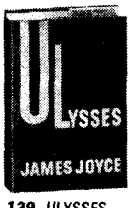

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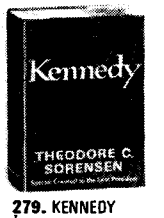

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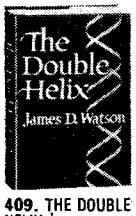

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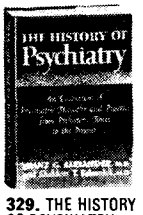

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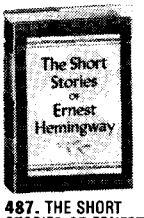

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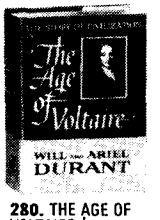

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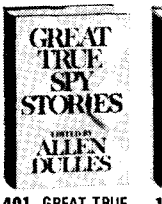

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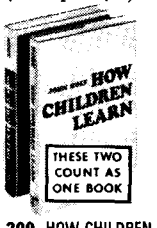

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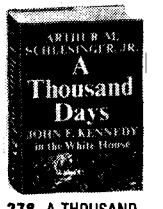

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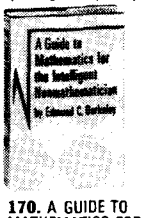

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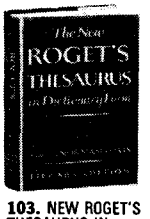

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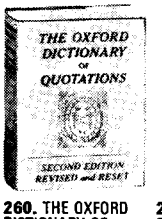

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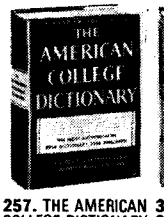

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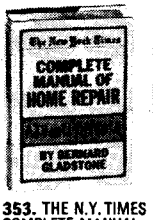

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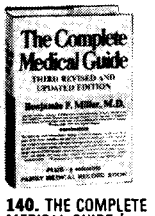

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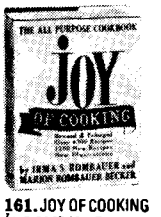

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Saturday Review

November 30, 1968

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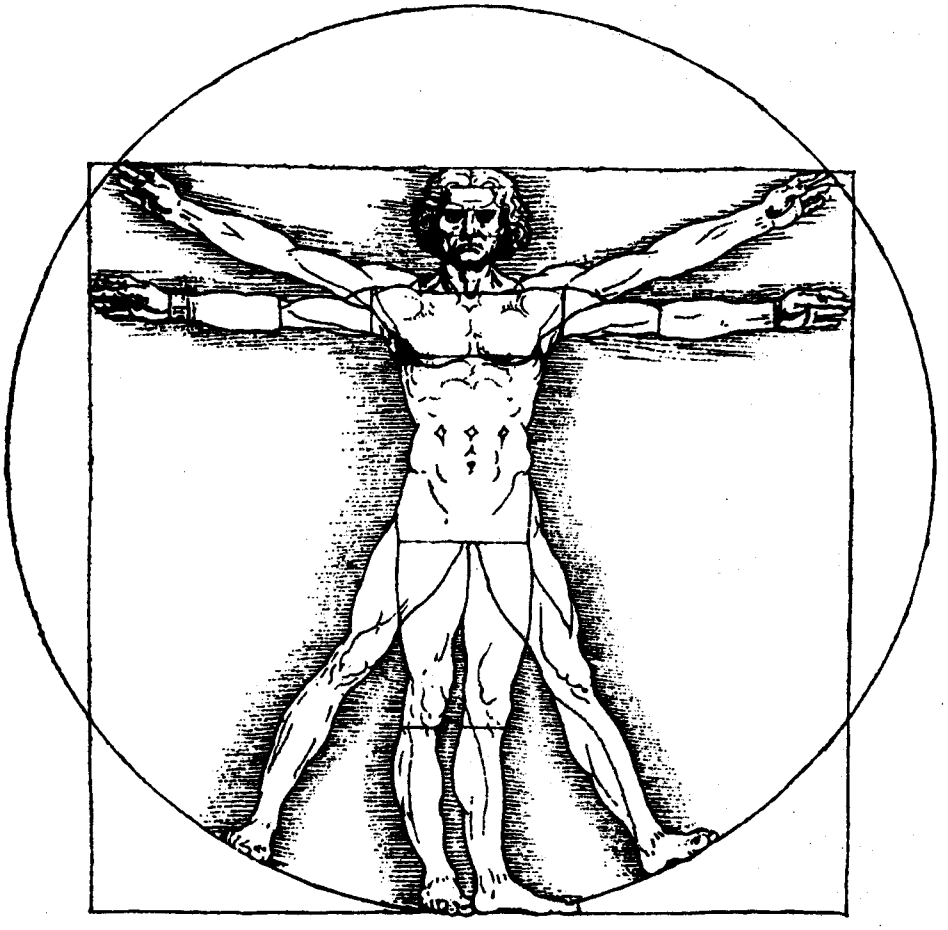

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The Emancipation of Mama

ROME.

THE EMANCIPATED Woman image is bombarding Italy. This month marked the beginning of the VIII Annual Italian Women's Union Conference at the Palazzo Congressi. The theme—"Struggle to be counted. Count for change."

Today's headlines are on their side. In the Chamber of Deputies, a government official is backing the repeal of an article in the Penal Code which prohibits the distribution of birth control devices and information. The "little divorce" bill providing for special cases like insanity has gotten out of committee and appears to have a chance of getting past the Christian Democrat watchdogs into the Senate. *Tempo*, Italy's *Look* magazine, has launched a homecraft sex education "encyclopedia" in weekly installments (in sealed envelopes).

Of course, along with all these innovations come responsibilities and accusations. *Domina*, the leading ladies' monthly, has declared that over 60 per cent of Italian women are frigid. (They add comfortingly that 68 per cent of these women arrived at their unhappy state because of male clumsiness.)

Il Corriere della Sera, the largest circulation daily, says something even worse. They accuse Momism as the cause of Italy's poor showings in the Olympics.

Mama is credited with coddling children through school with overdoses of woolen underwear and galoshes, killing initiative by escorting ten-year-olds home from school, and nixing athletic practice sessions with Mary Poppins sniffs of discouragement about sweat.

Where will it all lead? A New Woman —Italian style? Freedom for or from children? Better Olympics? Jezebelism?

One thing at a time. The sex encyclopedia, for example, features a male and female nude on every cover . . . of mother and son. —SHARI STEINER.

A Writer and a Gentleman

"THAT HORSE could hold you on with one hand," the farmer said, "a horse like that." I did not, in the moment of his enthusiasm, recognize the qualification contained in the second part of his statement. The horse was of the genre, he was saying, but not necessarily the prototype.

Like most things in my life, the horse was my agent's fault. It was my agent, of course, who had told me, at a time when I was being particularly composed and he quite insufferably moody, that I should regard myself as a gentleman-writer. The phrase had puzzled me for some months; it seemed a contradiction in terms. No writer I knew would for a minute pass as a gentleman; no gentleman, in my limited acquaintance, bore the least resemblance to a writer. The horse, therefore, when it came into my life, seemed—if only for a few weeks—to bridge the gap between the artist and the bourgeois. It cost me £180 and came (as my accountant would say) off the bottom. It bridged no gap at all so far as I am aware; but it did introduce me, during its short service as my conveyance, to pains and terrors I had hitherto only guessed at. Its color was of dried milk; its temperament furtive and refined; its name (since it is now in other hands) must be withheld. I shall call it X.

A gentleman-writer *then*. A *mounted* gentleman-writer who rose quite early, breakfasted on a little pigeon pie, leaped aboard his milk-colored horse, and looked over other people's hedges while he strung together thoughts that would make the world, if not hold its breath, then at least chew more thoughtfully on its olive. A mixture of Kafka and Saki, horseborn, held on with one hand. I looked at X doubtfully. His brown eye was glazed and opaque. A loving nature? An owlish wisdom? Or a carnivore waiting to strike? It was impossible to say. Confront me with a busload of bank clerks and I will spin you any tale: this one a Bluebeard, that one a Casement: I will regale you with anything but the truth. But a horse worries me; he threatens me with truths that are eternal, incorruptible and objective; a horse, unlike man, is Nature, and Nature, in my book, is to be taken very slowly, a little at a time, with every one of Queen Victoria's sixty bites a mouthful. So I looked at X, and X looked at me, and I walked around him, giving him a lot of latitude at the back. I established, as Toad established when he made a similar transaction, that there was one leg at each corner, four in all, and that no amount of wary observation would bring me any closer to a discernment of his immortal soul.

"Cash," the farmer said. "Make it out to Cash." I bought it for myself then, as a gentleman-writer should, with a saddle of real leather and a collection of straps. It was not a Company horse; it

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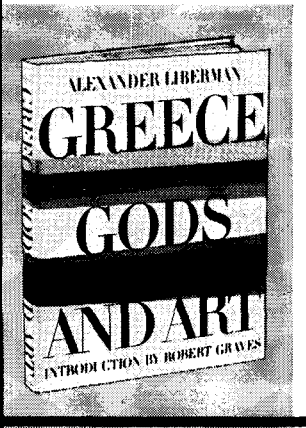

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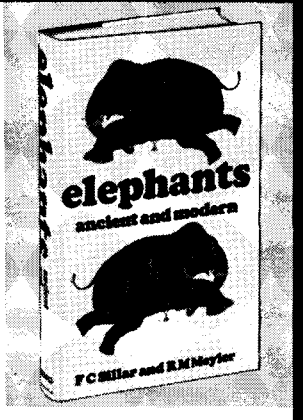

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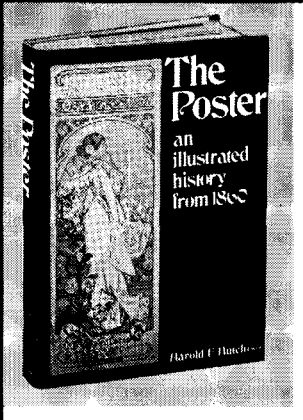

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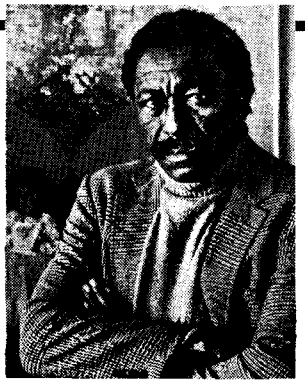

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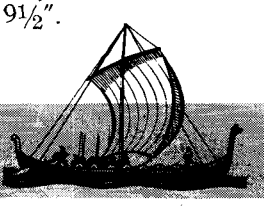

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was mine. Its wear, nutrition, and equipment; its provisioning and medical attention, came, like the beast itself, off the bottom. The children said it was too fat and rode it around the garden. Too fat for what? I wondered, and the thought consoled me. For exercise, perhaps? For intransigence? Or to hold me on with one hand?

I was quite civil to my agent on the telephone that evening; we talked a lot of business and he seemed to have got over his moods. I had bought a horse, I added in a very casual way, rather as if I had changed it for some other horse he didn't know of, and I rang off thinking of him improving my image in the clubs. "Le Carré's new book is a long time coming," he would be saying with a wise smile. "Spends too much time on horseback."

I did not know at the time that I had any cause to be grateful to the foot and mouth epidemic. I was sorry for those whom it afflicted, and wished, when I saw the scores on television, for an early end to its depredations. I had not the least notion that each day it lasted withheld me from serious injury, or worse. We kept to the roads because we were obliged to, and the sacrifice touched the patriot in me. X on the other hand hated roads. He put his feet down gingerly, and each footfall was a separate agony. A hundred yards would bring him to a halt; he would falter, as messengers' horses falter after long, foaming miles across the moor, and regard me with a mute and painful eye. "Carry on Master?" he seemed to ask, and sadly but firmly I would nudge him forward with a jab of my newly bought riding boots. "Grip," I wanted to tell him. "*Grip* is what makes a horse." It was, while it endured, the perfect horse-rider relationship. Our top speed during the epidemic, I would guess, was around four miles an hour but there was not a peasant in the district who doffed his cap to me, not a woman who wistfully parted the curtains of her bedroom window, but told his fellows or breathed to her confidantes: "He wants it to go faster, but it won't."

I don't remember who was Minister of Agriculture at the time. I put him in the same class as my agent. A meddler, a non-creative, moody, intractable anti-artist, driving me into activities I would never have contemplated when I was alone. Peart? Brooke? Or Y? It was Y, for our purpose, who lifted the ban. The fields, until that day infested with diseases dangerous to animals and the national economy, were suddenly declared safe. Dips, disinfectants, all the prophylactics known to veterinary science, were thrown aside in a sudden vortex of Whitehall lunacy; and there I was, through no conceivable fault of my own, left with X and the open country.

I led him slowly to the first field. I was actualy happy for him because it had been raining a little and I knew he would appreciate the softer ground. I led him kindly, speaking to him all the time in His Master's Voice, because I feared that his old brown eyes were unused to the lush greens of Wessex, and that the aspect of them might alarm him, as light alarms a pit pony. I called him "Old Feller" and I think I said something about the homestead, and "Way there, X old boy, Way there ho." I cannot be certain, because at that moment the world was sharply reversed. I saw a broken streak like specks of white flicked from a brush; the sky darkened; and a cloud, like the rump of a horse, reared, ducked, and struck at me with the wrath of God's angels; and I heard the farmer, as in a dream, telling me to hold on with both hands. He need not have bothered. I was on the ground, the sweet mother earth of England, and that is where writers, gentlemen or not, decisively belong.

—John Le Carre.

"You forgot my birthday again."

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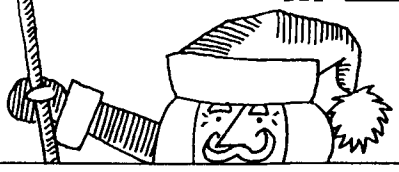

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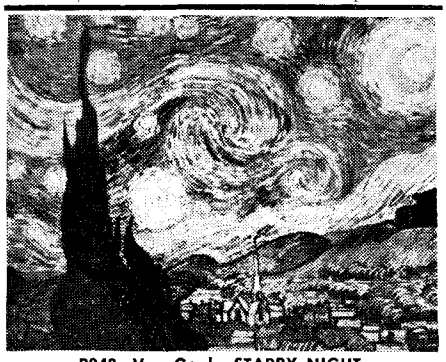

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

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AFTER MANY YEARS of sifting through the morning mail I have become, by simply feeling an envelope, expert at discerning between: 1) junk mail ("If you buy one car, you can get one car free"); 2) bills ("This is your second notice"); 3) personal mail ("Dear Stupid: Just finished reading your stupid column in which you . . .").

All these I accept as being in the good old American tradition of free enterprise and freedom of written speech. But there is one letter I get every three months which I'm not going to be thankful for this Thanksgiving week.

It's the Interim Report mailed by a bank with which I have some pitiful dealings. I always open the letter hoping that this time they have discovered that due to an error made by their computer I have $20 more in my checking account than they had previously admitted.

In the latest Interim Report (September 30, 1968), Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company would have me believe that their assets are $9,621,071,387—which is up from last year's assets for the same interim of $8,239,676,969.

When I first started receiving these reports I was impressed. I was happy to feel that somewhere in there, what with my checking account, Christmas savings, and loans, I was part of this many-aughted total. But lately I've felt less than enraptured. I mean, if Manufacturers Hanover Trust feels like bragging, why don't they just call up their wives? Or Chase Manhattan?

Are they interested in what's been happening to me in my interim, while they were totaling up their interim? I'll tell you, Manufacturers Hanover Trust, what's been happening. During July and August of this interim, my air conditioner decided to go on its usual hot weather vacation. Which coincided with the vacation period of the man who sold me the air conditioner.

Also, would you be interested to know that I went over to the "Storewide 20 to 50 Per Cent Discount Sale" at Saks Fifth Avenue only to find that the sale was over and I had missed out on a dozen pairs of jockey shorts? Put that on your debit side! Or better still, let's make a deal. You don't send me any more of your $9,621,071,387 reports, and I won't tell you how lousy things have been with me. OK?

Just a minute, MHT. Before you go, what about this other column of figures I just noticed in your latest report? Under the heading of LIABILITIES AND CAPITAL ACCOUNTS, you've added up another long list of figures and their total comes to exactly $9,621,071,387. Look familiar? It seems to me that you're trying to tell me you broke even. Big deal!

On second thought, I can understand why you don't call your wives. ("William, do you mean you rush out every morning to go to work without even finishing your Cheerios and now you tell me you only broke even to the penny?")

I realize it is difficult for Manufacturers Hanover to understand how I can live quite comfortably without knowing what their assets and liabilities are. Much more comfortably than I can live knowing what my assets and liabilities are.

But it seems to this nervous newcomer into this era of the ten-digit totals that my bank, with its block-wide lobby and chained-down fountain pens, should be able to make a *little* money. Even if it's only in stamps saved by not mailing me the Interim Report. Some money-changer in that temple should be

taking more interest. Which is a strange thing to be telling a bank.

I am not a *nouveau* depositor in Manufacturers Hanover. Some thirty years ago when I came to New York, I opened a checking account in the Central Hanover Bank, before it became this huge complex. It was a long and narrow little bank, just about the size of a not-too-flourishing shoe shop—a far cry from the austere and formidable institutions that have taken over block after block of Manhattan's business districts.

It was a friendly bank. They never advertised it, but you felt you had many friends at Central Hanover. There were no cold computers. Just warm friends. And the head of the bank, a little old gray-haired gentleman who sat at a desk near the entrance, knew and greeted all the bank's customers by name.

There were no Interim Reports. And through the many years that I came into the bank, not once did the little old gentleman fail to say, "Good morning, Mr. Nash."

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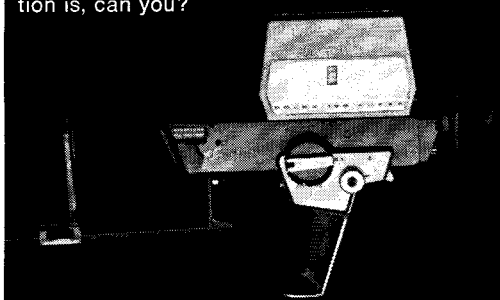

The answer is yes. Don't let a set of crackly knees discourage you. Some of the best things in life don't come to life until you get close to them. Like bubbles. Dew drops. Baby fingers. Blades of grass. Chocolate covered children's faces. Etcetera. And after you've been close, you may want to pull back and photograph faraway things. Like mountains or Suzy on the other side of the birthday candles.

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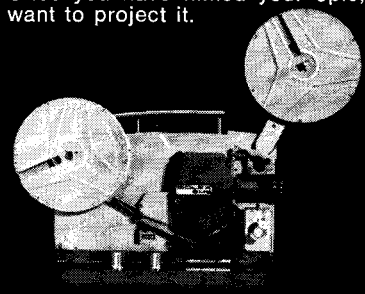

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RANCH ON THE RUIDOSO: The Story of a Pioneer Family in New Mexico, 1871-1968. By Wilbur Coe. Knopf. $7.95.

THIS IS NEW JERSEY. By John T. Cunningham. Rutgers. $10. (Revised edition.)

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Art

FILM REVIEW: 1968-69. Edited by F. Maurice Speed. Barnes. $5.95.

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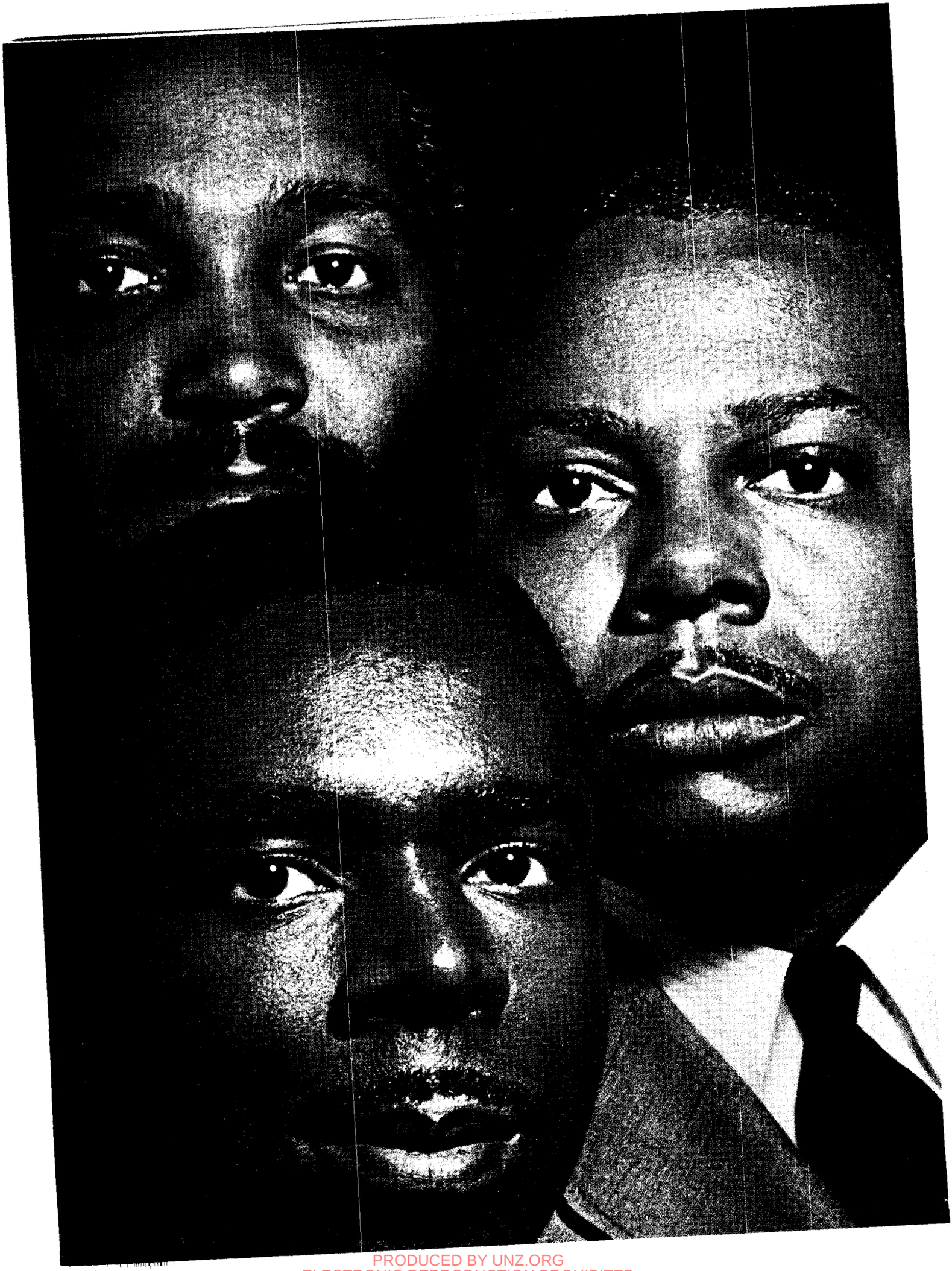

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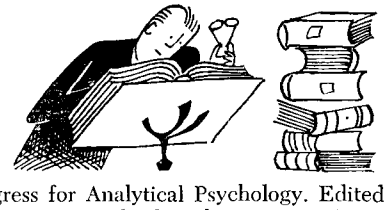

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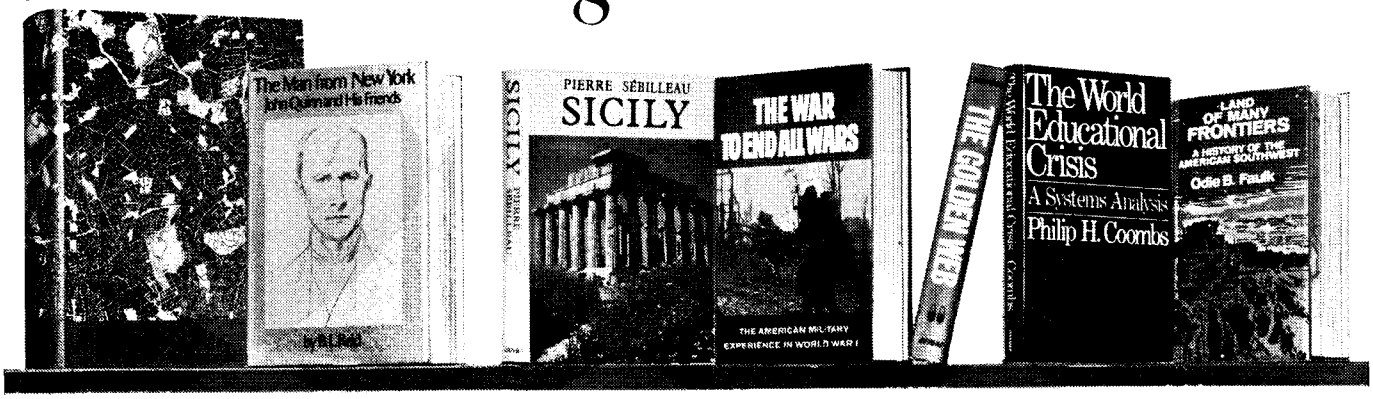
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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

Moving Days in the Capital

FOR THE DURATION of an election campaign Washington recedes into the background. It is not the Government but the nation that holds the stage. Once the election is over the focus again zeros in on the capital. But it is a different capital from what it was only a few weeks ago. The "ins" are still "in," but already they operate in a vacuum. The period of transition has begun; uncertainty and gloom descend on the city.

For too many it means seeking another job, moving into the unknown. The old job meant a lot of unpaid overtime work and much anguish and thanklessness, but it all had a meaning. American government servants, in contrast to those in most other capitals, have a strong sense of mission. There are bitter fights and disappointments, but there is also special satisfaction in being close to the levers of power, in knowing more than most.

No member of a legislature anywhere in the world is obliged to be nice to as many people he does not know than an American Senator or Congressman. The boredom of committee hearings can be insufferable and the hours interminable, yet no parliamentarian in the world has the same sense of individual power as American members of Congress. Further, there are the real or imagined glories of a confrontation in committee with the Secretary of State or an unexpected telephone call from the President.

There are at least 1,200 jobs that change hands when a new political team moves into Washington; at least that was the case in 1960—Parkinson's law no doubt has helped to swell that figure considerably. It was in Palm Beach, Florida, that President-elect Kennedy was presented with that list of 1,200 jobs he would have to fill, and, looking down at the figure, he exclaimed, "But I don't know that many people. All I know are voters." He calmed down somewhat when told that of the 1,200 only 400 were important, and that of the 400 he would have to decide personally on only about 60.

For those on the way out, one of the compensations of having held an important job in the Government is that private industry is on the lookout for men with contacts and experience in this labyrinth of power. Many, however, either don't like to sell these acquired wares in the bazaars of free enterprise, or are looking for something more than making money. But one also hears many remark, "It's time that I think about myself and my family and make some money."

There are law firms in Washington, and lobbyists, and public relations firms, but there are few good job opportunities in other fields. And to move out of Washington is another wrench. This city may have the exaggerated reputation of being intolerable in the summer, but it is still one of the most pleasant places in which to live. Everything is within easy reach, whether it is the shopping or the schools or the tennis courts or the swimming pools or the farmland or the ocean beaches. Most Washingtonians live in houses, and friendships blossom fast. The Democrats, on the whole, know how to have fun. They like to entertain, they like to be "with it," and they prefer to live in Georgetown, which has the reputation, much exaggerated, of being the real power center in Washington.

One of the more lucrative occupations here is in real estate. Joseph Alsop likes to say that Washington wives sublimate their sex by selling real estate. But he may be underrating Washington womanhood. At any rate, business really thrives when one party moves out and another in. This is the most transient of capital cities.

Georgetown and the Cleveland Park area, whatever the political coloration of the Administration, remain the playgrounds of the Democrats. Republicans prefer a more suburban atmosphere—bigger houses with bigger lawns surrounding them. They are less gregarious, less at ease, and more formal.

For the press, too, a political change means starting from scratch. With new men moving into the old niches, new relationships and new contacts must be developed. It takes time and hard work. Mutual suspicions are not easily worn away, and it takes a long time to test and cultivate new sources. As one colleague somewhat nostalgically remarked to me: "It won't be so easy with a Republican Administration to get one's information agreeably at the dinner table. We'll really have to work now!"

It's sad to see one's friends leave. It's hard on them, but it's also hard on those who stay. The "outs" meanwhile are pouring in, full of expectation, full of hope. Politics is a cruel business, but men love it, and so Washington goes on.

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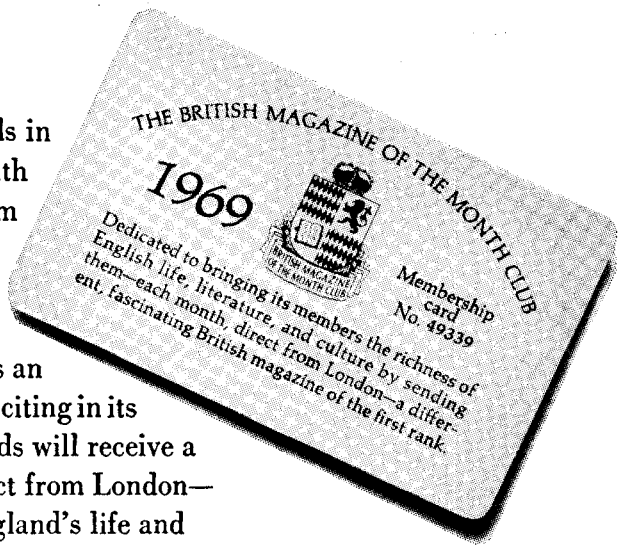
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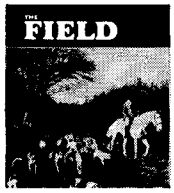

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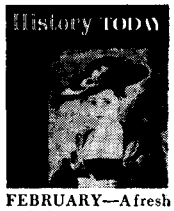

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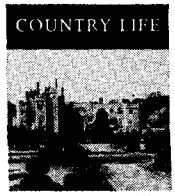

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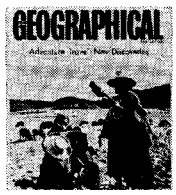

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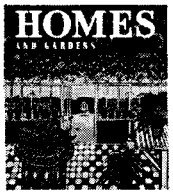

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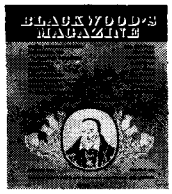

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Trade Winds

James F. Fixx

The other weekend, Puerto Rico's El Conquistador Hotel invited a number of dignitaries, among them Pablo Casals, to the formal dedication of a new convention hall named after the distinguished cellist. Highlight of the ceremonies was the unveiling of an impressive-looking silver plaque. On the plaque were these words: "Casal's Hall."

One of the most remarkable international gatherings I know of is currently taking place not in New York or Paris or any such cosmopolitan spot, but in, of all places, Iowa City, Iowa. It's called the International Writing Program, and it has brought together thirty-eight young poets, novelists, and playwrights from all over the world—Argentina, Yugoslavia, Ceylon, China, France, Iran, Poland, and Sweden, to name only a few of the countries represented. The key to its attraction is a wonderfully freewheeling atmosphere in which discussion, debate, and hard work all go on in a spirit of real tolerance. (A good thing, too, since the writers' countries aren't always on entirely cordial terms.) Participants meet formally once a week during the school year, and in between times they get together at dinners, in homes, and occasionally over a beer or two. Sometimes the conversation is poignant and revealing. At one of these sessions, for example, a Chinese writer was asked why she suspected the Communist Chinese of harshness when the writings of Mao often seemed to express such gentleness and sensitivity. Her reply: "They killed my father."

The program, now in its second year at the University of Iowa, sounds daringly experimental, and in one sense it is. In another sense, though, it was almost an assured success from the moment it was thought of. The reason lies in its director, Paul Engle, who founded the university's renowned creative writing program, ran it for twenty-five years, and is an old and respected hand at the nurturing of writers. (Among his recent protégés: Richard Kim, author of *The Innocent*, reviewed in *SR*, Nov. 23.)

I'm inclined to suspect that one of the secrets of Mr. Engle's success is his extraordinary enthusiasm. A few weeks ago, while chatting with him on the phone, I mentioned that I was thinking of saying a few words about his program in this column. A day or two later the mail began to arrive from Iowa City—long and lively letters, catalogues, lists of students and their published writings—and as a result I now sit in the midst of an impressive mountain of Iowan artifacts and memorabilia. Mr. Engle's description of his fund-raising problems (only 10 per cent of the money needed for fellowships is contributed by the university) gives a good idea of the kind of energetic fellow he is: "I began raising money for American writers years ago; counting this year's total, the sum is now around three-quarters of a million dollars, which I suppose is more than any other one person has found for the cause of poets, novelists, and an occasional playwright. . . . It's a dog's life, fund-raising, and sometimes I get tired of barking, especially when I fail."

Mr. Engle's barking obviously pays off. Still, I have a feeling he may be up against a bit of a problem this year when he tries to come up with a field trip to equal the one last year's group took. They all headed for Chicago, where they spent a few convivial hours in that citadel of authentic American culture, the Playboy Club.

Vladimir Nabokov (*Lolita*, etc.), no man to shrink from telling you exactly what's on his mind, gave a beguiling answer not long ago when a BBC interviewer asked him what writers he most admired and had been influenced by. His answer: "I'd much prefer to speak of the modern books that I hate at first sight: the earnest case histories of minority groups, the sorrows of homosexuals, the anti-American Sovietnam sermon, the pseudo-picaresque yarn larded with juvenile obscenities. . . . As for influence, well, I've never been influenced by anyone in particular, dead or quick, just as I've never belonged to any club or movement. In fact, I don't seem to belong to any clear-cut continent. I'm the shuttlecock above the Atlantic, and how bright and blue it is there, in my private sky, far from the pigeonholes and the clay pigeons."

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1807)

John McCabe:
MR. LAUREL AND MR. HARDY

Laurel and Hardy, like Gilbert and Sullivan, ham and eggs, and Rodgers and Hart, came together—and neither of them had anticipated or particularly desired the conjunction. It was, in a sense, inevitable. Stan and Babe had talents superior to their fellow players.

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Chess Corner—No. 129

THE scene, a local chess club in Illinois. I was on a transcontinental tour giving simultaneous exhibitions and I was approached by a club official who asked, "Horowitz, did you ever throw a game?"

Not fazed by the noble greeting, I responded, "What's the occasion?" And he explained that a founder of the organization, a veritable "pillar" of support and a patron saint, was to play against me, and it would be a feather in his cap if he triumphed.

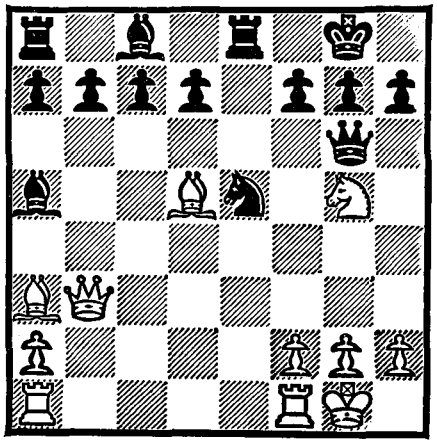
Hardly a stickler for the moral code, still, I could not agree to throw the game. The idea went against the grain. "But I'll guarantee not to win," I observed as I noted, mentally, never to cross the fourth rank with one of my men. Such restraint ought to ensure a non-win.

I was surprised, however. On my eighth turn round, my opponent fingered the men and remarked that I had worked up an invincible onslaught against which he saw no defense. "I resign," said he. And since there is no such thing as refusing a resignation, the point was scored for me, exactly against my wishes.

Below, Judge L. Labatt defeats the mighty Dr. Emanuel Lasker, world chess champion, across the board. The tale above, not exactly apropos, does apply in the sense that my own and Labatt's victories both came most assuredly unexpectedly.

EVANS GAMBIT

Labatt White	Lasker Black	Labatt White	Lasker Black
1 P-K4	P-K4	8 Q-N3	Q-B3
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	9 P-K5	Q-N3
3 B-B4	B-B4	10 NxP	KN-K2
4 P-QN4	BxP	11 B-R3	O-O
5 P-B3	B-R4	12 N-Q5	NxN
6 P-Q4	PxP	13 BxN	R-K1
7 O-O	PxP	14 N-N5	NxP



15 P-B4	P-B3	17 PxN	P-Q4
16 B-K4	Q-R4	18 PxP e.p.	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

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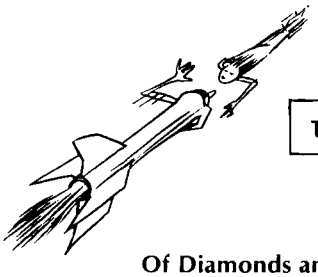

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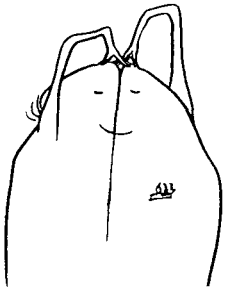

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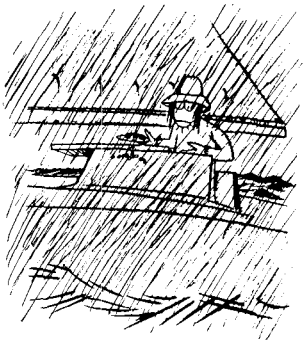

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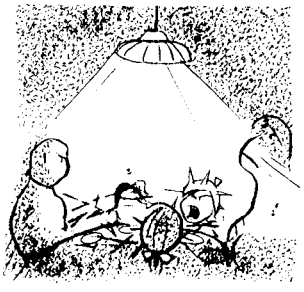

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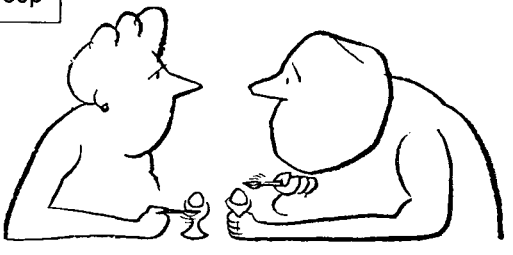

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Saturday Review
November 30, 1968

Bernard Kalb

I Remember Danang

Despite the bombing halt and the Paris negotiations, part of Vietnam remains "24-carat U.S.A.," a place where the seashore is reminiscent of Atlantic City and where the soldier lives on the brink between stateside affluence and jungle survival.

DANANG.

YOU always can tell when your aircraft is approaching the big U.S. Air Base at Danang, on the coast. You can see the water-skiers below. The South China Sea is a glittering dish of blue, and miniature men dart across the water. They careen through fleets of fishing boats. They zig and zag, as though they were on a doodling binge. It all looks like an aquatic playland. Jamaica, anyone? Closer to shore you fly over a long curve of beach, and it's a Sunday, and the sands are heavily populated. It looks as though the whole town is out today. The sun gilds it all, South Vietnam on a calendar, a kodachrome for a travel agency selling tours to the "Orient." That is the view from the right side of the Air Vietnam DC-6.

The view from the left is war.

A surging column of flame and smoke from a fuel storage tank smudges the porcelain sky. NVA rocket? Sabotage? Danang attacked while we were flying up from Saigon? But the runways are business as usual, as busy as O'Hare International, the U.S. Air Force will tell you, even busier, the busiest in the world, about 2,000 landings and takeoffs a day, sir, except that the passengers are bombs and rockets and napalm. And there, in the midst of the latest creations for war, there is a Pan American 707 of all things, ludicrously out of place, like a dowager at a hippie all-nighter. She's a piece of the U.S.A., this 707—the fifty-first state—home, upholstered and hostessed. Tantalizing, right in front of you, touchable. Replacements and future casualties have just been ferried in aboard this chartered airliner; she will be flying out with a cargo of survivors who've given their year to Vietnam. The 707 is at once a frustrating and glorious reminder that another world, "*the* world," is just a takeoff away; that all of this here—the killing and the destruction and the horror that has become almost routine and is daily in communiqués—will have to end one day, won't it? Meantime—and this is a war reverberating with meantimes, howevers, buts, and ifs—F-4Ds and other fighter-bombers hurtle down the runways, afterburners aglow, hustling in all the directions of the war.

THE civilian air terminal at Danang is a crowded, chattering mélange of generations—elderly Vietnamese gentlemen in plastic pith helmets and Ho Chi Minh goatees, matriarchs in traditional *ao dai* high-necked gowns and pantaloons, boys in tight trousers, teen-age girls self-consciously conspicuous in toreador slacks and above-the-knee psychedelic prints copied from patterns in French and American fashion magazines. There are the chewing of betel and the smell of perfume; peasant women using their conical straw hats as fans and picking their bare feet; city ladies in silks, their painted toenails showing in their spike-heeled shoes. Two babies are being breast-fed, and a doll-like three-year-old girl is playing with the circles of gold that pierce her ears.

It is all cozy and intimate and unreal, as though we are checking into a resort, not a war. It is only here, at the airport, that we learn about the mystery of the burning fuel tank. No, no NVA rocket. No, no sabotage. A passing soldier tells us there has been some kind of crazy accident, you know, but he doesn't have any other details. It is only when we arrive at the press center half an hour later that we are able to get the official story. An announcement on the bulletin board says:

> . . . the fire, which was believed to have been started by a star-cluster flare, not, repeat not, dropped by an aircraft, was confined to one of the eleven tanks on the farm. . . . Measures had been taken to prevent the fire from spreading.

Next to it is a travel poster you see at many U.S. military installations throughout South Vietnam:

> FLY FAR—FAR EASTERN AIRWAYS
> THIS VACATION
> VISIT BEAUTIFUL VIETNAM

and underneath a drawing of GIs, shells exploding around them, firing away.

The area covered by I Corps, the five northernmost provinces of South Vietnam, ranging from the DMZ south to Quangngai, is reported to be fairly quiet, with only some scattered skirmishing. So someone suggests driving to the beach for an hour or so. We crowd into a jeep

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Bernard Kalb is Southeast Asia Bureau Chief for CBS News. He is currently stationed in Vietnam. This report is based on a visit made to Danang shortly before the bombing halt of November 1.

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and take off. Our group consists of several reporters and cameramen, some of whom have been in Danang for a few weeks now. They're restless.

It turns out to be one of those days that has no high points or low, just another day in Vietnam, except that there's no such thing as "just another day" in Vietnam, because Vietnam is a planet all its own, orbiting and orbited, stunning you one minute, charming you the next, churning constantly. New reactions feel old, old new. Things you've felt, sentences you've heard last week, a month, a year ago, come back. It is one of those days.

The drive to the beach takes us through the city and the squalor of Danang: wads of refugees, shacks with corrugated tin and cardboard slapped onto their sides. It is now South Vietnam's second largest city by accident, not because it is particularly beautiful, like the cool mountain hideaway of Dalat, or particularly historical, like the ancient imperial capital of Hue (before the NVA-VC Tet offensive, that is). Danang, in other words, is itself an escalated casualty of the war.

IT used to be that Hang—the Vietnamese word for port or bay—which is what the Vietnamese once called this place, was just a waterfront town of about 60,000. It was one of Vietnam's earliest links with the West. In their colonial heyday, the French rechristened it Tourane, for nostalgic reasons. The local nationalists reacted by reviving the old local name of Thaiphien. Out of all this, somehow, emerged Danang. Hang, Tourane, Thaiphien, Danang—it may even have been charming, once upon a time, wars ago. We pass a patchwork of storefronts and broken roads and refugee huts and residential areas, and everywhere the architecture of war—sandbagged checkpoints, BOQs, barracks, fuel dumps, revetments, all of it festooned with concertina wire. The old waterfront charm has disappeared into the swollen war-messiness of Danang. Danang is now a military metropolis of about 300,000, excluding the Americans. A lot of its refugee roofing is held down by sandbags and stones.

Some Vietnamese kids along the road wave—smiling, playful. "Midget VCs" is the reaction. It is obvious that the cynicism has escalated, too. We jostle along, through the noise and the turmoil and the traffic, passing refugees who have fled from the harassing North Vietnamese military and the American bombs, not necessarily in that order, passing women in their black-and-white pajama clothes and straw hats who try to wave us down. They look like the women you see in the hamlets, the kind the military handbooks describe as worshipers of ancestors, whose world ends at the ridge of the nearest rice paddy. They are waving pillow-covering squares of satin decorated with the red and gold national colors of South Vietnam. But everyone knows that these squares camouflage the real merchandise hidden inside.

—John Schneider.

"The sand is a twenty-four-hour exit visa from endless war, providing a kind of personal cease-fire from the killing."

"One of those ladies once tried to sell me some of those dirty pictures outside the PX," someone says. "I asked her if I could first have a look and she said no; if she let me look at the pictures, then I wouldn't buy them."

FINALLY, we reach the beach, and it is as attractive, close up, as it was from the sky. But there are surprises. Strands of barbed wire split the beach in half. One side is called China Beach; it is used by the Americans. (The idea, apparently, is to keep out any VC agents who might like to spend the day eavesdropping.) The other side is called *my khe;* it is the beach used by the Vietnamese. "Let's go to China Beach," someone says. "You won't have to worry about your wallet." The beach is fine, the water warm, the swimmers GIs on a day of R and R (rest and rehabilitation). It is hot, all right. The sand is hot. The drinks get hot by the time you walk from the canteen back to the beach. Everyone seems to be having a good time—better getting a sunburn than getting shot at—yet there is something about it all that still looks disturbingly like a rice field after a fire fight.

It is the bodies.

Marines and soldiers are sprawled out, on their backs, inert. They look like GIs that everyone has seen before in the bush, sprawled out, on their backs, killed in action. KIA. You have to check an impulse to walk over and kick them out of the position of death. I find myself staring at one Marine for a long time. I watch his nose, his chest, his fingers. When he finally rolls over on his side, it is as though a KIA has come alive. "Great day for a tan," he says with a grin. In the distance, the thud of exploding bombs can be heard. Outgoing? Incoming? What will tonight's communiqué say?

Transistor radios, dotting the beach, broadcast the latest war news over the U.S. Armed Forces network. "American troops killed fifty-two enemy in a fire fight south of . . . friendly casualties were described as 'light.'" Every hour, on the hour. It is as though the very sand is shouting.

AND overhead the sky is an noisy display of gunships and medevac helicopters and fighter-bombers, shuttling between the base and the war. There is almost, at one point in the afternoon, a head-on collision between a chopper and a football. The Huey comes in very low just as a Marine playing touch football throws a high pass. The chopper leaps up, spins back, and lands in a blinding spray of sand. The pilot jumps out and asks what the hell is going on, that the football missed his rotor by just a few inches. A lifeguard rushes to the rescue. He tells the pilot that he should not have been flying so close to the beach and that he had better get his Huey out of here because he, the pilot, is not on authorized R and R. The pilot revs up, for a long

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—*UPI.*

"It isn't exhilarating to be fighting in battles that lately have been making page 6. . . ."

time, and takes off, kicking up a hurricane of wind and sand. The game resumes.

All of it is a slice of America transplanted, defying distance and geography and local culture, determined not to be diluted—24-carat U.S.A.

"We've got nothing to do with them here, I mean, in a real, not in a military, way," says a Marine. "You know what we call these people officially? 'Indigenous personnel.' As though they're second-class citizens, and we're looking down on them because we're white Anglo-Saxons. During Tet, the VC underground in Danang surfaced, and the whole town is now off limits. Hell, we might as well be anywhere else because we sure as hell are not in Vietnam." He pauses and digs into the sand. "You know why I feel this way?" he asks. "Because my wife is an Asian."

THE scene here at China Beach could be Muscle Beach or Jones Beach or Atlantic City. All you have to do is add the bikinis and the wives and the kids and the shovels and pails. Veeeeeetnammmm? Where the hell is that? "You know," one officer remarks—and he isn't happy about it at all—"when I was stationed in Japan or even Korea, in a couple of weeks I made it my business to be able to say 'good morning' or 'good night' or 'thank you' in Japanese or Korean. I don't even know how to say 'thank you' in Vietnamese. Can you beat that?"

What you do hear is the roster of urgent priority, the talk of all wars. About surviving. About how you got out of the last ambush. How smart the Vietcong—Charlie—are; how that 122-mm rocket just missed the bunker, goddamned lucky; how you clobbered the "gooks." What the last letter from home said: "My mother wrote me that she wants me to wash as often as possible. Crazy. My wife says the kids are fine and not to worry. . . . " Veeeeetnammmmm, man? Where the hell is that? Vietnam is just a place, a country, a casualty list to live through, twelve months if you're in the Army, thirteen if you're a Marine. Do your bit for democracy and all that, and make it out alive—and then, *get out*, back to "*the* world."

THE sand is a twenty-four-hour exit visa from endless war. You need moments of a kind of personal cease-fire from the killing. How much time, after all, can you spend, can you be expected to spend, in isolated artillery outposts like Mellon, in I Corps, which is the size of a band-aid unrolled on a razorback mountain; or Berchtesgaden (honest), overlooking the old (present?) NVA stronghold in the Ashau Valley; or Cates, on the peaks near that front-page saga of the Khesanh eras ago? Or just out there in the goddamned bush? "War gives me a headache," says a Marine lieutenant. So the beach, baby, is a pleasure all-American, and a hot dog is a banquet of nostalgia.

Is it all split, this war, like the beach between Vietnam and America? Yes, no. It would be wrong to say there is no contact, no stream of communication between the Americans and the Vietnamese, but mainly it seems to be the required sort—between diplomats and generals and advisers, both military and civilian. We'll forget about the girls. Otherwise, the two allies live in pretty much separate worlds. It never was love at first sight; it would have been naïve, given the circumstances, to expect even romance. These days there's a lot of sniffing going on—the Americans sniffing to find out whether the South Vietnamese military, the ARVN, is getting better; the Vietnamese sniffing to find out if the U.S. is going to sell them out in Paris. You can practically *hear* the sniffing. The cultural gap is part of the chasm, too, and it's been widened by the very marathonness of the war. Those new recruits, freshly jetted in, making their appearance so late in a war that has cracked America, aren't exactly hitting the beaches whistling. And it isn't exhilarating, either, to be fighting in battles that lately have been making page 6, mostly. It used to be that the fighting was a front-page story, sure thing, every edition; and it filled the TV screens, real people dying in your living room every night at 7. Now, the jockeying in Paris has replaced the stories of the battles and the ambushes and the casualties. Blood has been upstaged.

HOW does it feel to be a potential KIA or WIA or MIA on a battlefield that is not even accorded the courtesy of being page 1 day in and day out? Well, that's an interesting question, almost un-American, isn't it? It comes up at the beach. "I don't give a goddamn about the news of the war," a soldier says. "I just don't want to be here." Another soldier: "Well, we still have a job to do here. Haven't we?" And a Marine: "Due to a lack of interest, ladies and gentlemen, the war in Vietnam has been canceled."

Ah, it was different in early 1965, wasn't it? It was different in those heady days when the U.S., filled with illusions of a quick, inexpensive victory, first stormed the shores here with GIs and APCs and big guns. The earth shook. The South Vietnamese were displaced or thrust aside or just overwhelmed—whatever word you like—and the U.S. went to war. "I've been waiting a long time for this one," a Marine captain once told me as he was preparing to move out on an operation with his company. "I was too young for the Korean War. Missed it by a couple of years." Ratatatatatatat, and the "gooks" had better get the message. Lay the napalm in nice and fiery. War of attrition. Search and destroy. The libretto of counterinsurgency took over.

The war escalated. Then it became Americanized. Then computerized. The enemy had been IBMized to lose, but they refused to cooperate. They refuse to be data. Goddamn good little fighters,

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the bastards. "They take dope, you know," a Marine lance corporal once assured me, about a year ago. "I mean, how else can you explain how *they* fight —and how ARVN fights?" And so, the hope, the dream, that delicious expectation of a snappy American victory sank into the quagmire. The war dragged, and as the impatience and the frustrations and the casualties mounted, the vocabulary kept changing. You can hear military people refer to the Vietnamese as "zips," which is short for "zeroes" or "zipperheads." You can hear jokes like: "Where's a safe place to hide money from a Vietnamese?" Answer: "Under the soap." You can still hear an occasional pep talk on variations of the theme of "Freedom's Struggle in Asia," but the talk seems to be mostly long distance from Washington. Here, a lot of the talk, like a lot of the war, is exhausted. The simple declarative sentence no longer seems adequate. You feel that the only way this story can be told, now, is in blank verse. "*Consumers Union* might have done a better job than the Pentagon—checking out this war in advance," is a sentence I remember.

THE KIA of Americans alone has now climbed to more than 24,000, the wounded to more than 186,000. Yet Vietnam is still alien. It is almost as though the war has become institutionalized, the original motivating premises lost in the rice paddies. General Abrams has replaced General Westmoreland; President Johnson has decided not to replace himself; there are casualties of all kinds everywhere. Vietnam, though, still remains mostly a puzzle, an enigma, an Oriental jigsaw.

"There is a Vietnamese man I know," an American says, or rather confesses. "I know him very well and I have always thought of him as pro-American. One day, we had a few drinks, and he began talking, and I suddenly discovered that he was obsessed with an anxiety that the U.S. would stay here on and on and treat Vietnam like a 'colony' the way the French did. And I thought I knew this man." A sentence floats back, from an earlier visit to Vietnam: "You Americans will get to know our country only *after* the war, when you start coming back as tourists."

EVEN the PX does its bit trying to unravel Vietnam by featuring new books on the subject, lost among American magazines decorated with deformed cover girls. The latest title, by the way, is *The Birds of South Vietnam*. Not as catchy a title, perhaps, as the advertisement at one of the concession shops at the Danang PX—"Love Her. Fur Her."—where you can order a Persian lamb coat or a mink stole.

But there have been changes that are overwhelmed in the constant shuffle, that are still buried under the tombstones of old truths. It is true that the U.S., which sometimes seems to be an ad agency for South Vietnam, is interested in publicizing "favorable" stories about ARVN; but it is also true that the ARVN is getting better marks these days from some of its worst critics—no straight As, but at least passing grades, if not better, in certain tactical areas. Tran Van Huong is being increasingly recognized as a Premier in search of an honest South Vietnam to replace a corrupt South Vietnam. There has been a gathering of some confidence, no groundswell, but a feeling that now maybe Saigon is not preoccupied only with itself—but with the country as well. The VC and NVA rocketing of the cities has been an unblessed boon. Perhaps nothing spectacular, all this, but at least the start of a sensation, an intimation, that the situation may not be irretrievably rotten through and through; that Vietnamese ingenuity and talent may finally break out and at least try to compete with the enemy and rekindle a self-respect that will, in turn, produce an outburst of Vietnamese energy. Maybe. But the new realities have yet to overtake and outrun the old truths. The old image still dominates the horizon.

The jab, the catalyst behind the new Saigon effort is President Johnson's March 31 speech that was interpreted as the end of an era, the end of Americanization. "They played you Americans for suckers," is the way an Asian diplomat put it privately, in a kind of personal obituary to pre-March 31 policy. The LBJ speech (and later, of course, his announcement of October 31 halting the bombing) made it clear to the Vietnamese generals and politicians that their virtual blank check in Washington had been stopped; that they would have to do at least as much as a draftee from Iowa or Arizona or Maine. It came as a shock to the Vietnamese Establishment, all right; but that, coupled with the shock of Tet, has had some healthy overtones.

Still, it can be dangerous to plunge into instant optimism, and the situation is still frequently smitten with a syndrome known as topsy-turvyness. A few months ago, for example, the nightly curfew in Saigon began at 7. It has since been moved back to 11. Progress? Once upon a time in this war, there was no curfew. It used to be that the roof of the U.S. Embassy was just a roof. Now, ever since Tet, it's been a sandbagged fortification. Progress? It used to be that Saigon was never rocketed. Now, when a piece of the calendar goes by and Saigon is not hit, it's advertised as the latest success. Progress? The list is long.

BUT to get back to the beach. *My khe* is different. *My khe* is filled with Vietnamese men — and women, children, families. A boy digs a hole in the sand. A couple of teen-agers, arm in arm, float on a patched black tube. It looks like a beach anywhere, but that's just it, what is it doing in Vietnam? What are *they* doing for Vietnam? That question, fair or unfair, pulses through the sights, the scenes, the panorama of Vietnam, each

—U.P.I.

"It is all cozy and intimate and unreal, as though we were checking into a resort, not a war."

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American his own DA. You see Vietnamese swimming, going to the movies, dining in a restaurant. What are they doing for Vietnam? It's as though the Vietnamese are constantly on trial, all of them, indiscriminately, the committed confused with the corrupt, the dedicated lumped together with the Saigon cowboys, the innocent lost in the mob of war profiteers. It's a question that partly grows out of the cynicism of the Vietnamese, and it's catching, this cynicism. It isn't a bad thing, either; it's good ammunition to blast deception and doubletalk and hypocrisy into the open; but it can also be a booby trap, making the superficial the totality.

You walk on and you come across a couple of little houses, one behind the other, fronting on the beach. The one in the back, the pink one, they tell you, is a seaside brothel. "You can catch anything there, you better believe it," someone says. A few girls in shiny slacks and loose blouses lounge around on the terrace. Our group approaches.

"Hellllloooooo," one of the girls begins. It's really straight out of a C-grade movie.

"How much for a beer?"

"Sixty ps." (A "p" is short for a piaster.)

"How much for a kiss?"

"Kiss is free."

Business is slow.

Next door, on the beach itself, a bar. The mama-san is furious. "*Beaucoup* goddamn!," she says to two Marines and a Navy man who are sitting at the bar, quietly having a drink. I really never got it straight whether her bar is off limits. "Goddamn embees. They come here, take away my beer. People say me serve girls here. No serve girls. Serve beer. Whiskey. Me, Number One. Me no Number Ten. Me *beaucoup* goddamn."

The story is—none of us knows whether it is true—that her establishment has been raided by MPs who confiscated a haul of her beer and whiskey. Mama-san insisted that she had purchased her supplies legally, not on the black market. Big laugh. MPs win.

"Hey, mama-san," one of the Americans says. "How about you me make boom boom?"

Mama-san is angry. She reaches into her blouse and displays a crucifix on a gold chain. "Me Catholic," she says.

"Yeah, yeah, I know, mama-san," the American says. "But you me make boom boom?"

"Never happen," she says.

Everyone laughs. The voice of the Navy man, who's about twenty, suddenly surfaces. "I've been here in-country for about a year now. I like it here, pretty much. Save money. Also, got a job to do here in Vietnam. It's not too bad. Anyway, I'm not too sure I want to go home right now. All that racial violence I read about in the newspapers. I think a man is safer here." He finishes his drink. He's drinking ginger ale. He says he's from Detroit.

Mama-san emerges from behind the wooden counter. She's wearing pajama trousers and her toenails are painted a blood red. She leisurely, almost gracefully, picks up some empty beer cans and walks to the beach front. One after the other, she tosses the cans away. They clink on the rough cement stairs and then fall silently into the sand. *My khe* is her wastebasket. "*Beaucoup* goddamn," she mutters, and she isn't trying to be funny.

"Ah, they'll do anything for ps," someone says.

FOR some reason, it reminds me of a Vietnamese friend whom I shall call Tran Van Cat. He collects antiques; his collection is extraordinary, even by connoisseur standards. A rumor that an old piece of, say, sculptured stone has turned up in Phanrang or Cantho or Hue will send him on a reconnaissance mission on the morning flight out of Saigon. But he collects only Vietnamese pieces. He would rather buy something Vietnamese, whether it is made out of the crudest clay, is poorly glazed, is even cracked, than a flawless blue-and-white Ming. Each of his pieces is more than simply admired—the pieces are cherished, as though each antique plate, or lime pot, or *bleu de Hue*, displayed on his shelves, isolated from the contamination of the war and the politics and the corruption, will help insure the survival of the true Vietnam, regardless of who wins in the streets and the hamlets. His country may be mocked, scorned, belittled; to Cat, his collection is Vietnam's exquisitely silent reply.

We start back to the press—this time, using a slightly different route. We drive past newly arrived crates of ammunition and Schlitz, cement and Coca-Cola. We cross the new prefabricated bridge over the Danang River. Two or three Marine MPs are patrolling the bridge; every now and then, they point their M-16 rifles at some floating object in the river and fire. Might be a floating VC mine, you never can tell.

We keep driving. The Danang area has been hit before—about ten times in the last eight months by more than 200 rockets and mortars. Everyone is waiting for Danang to be hit again. Tonight? Tomorrow? How many will die? Who?

A truck rumbles by. It is decorated with silk banners filled with Chinese characters, and I realize that a funeral procession is underway. The lead truck—the hearse, actually—has a multicolored painting of the Lord Buddha over the hood, plus a photograph of the deceased. He looks like a man of about forty. In the uncovered back of the truck, beside his wooden coffin, sit his wife and four young children, dressed in mourning white. A few other trucks, filled with family and friends, trail behind, and the procession moves slowly through the din of Danang. The scene seems strange, out of place. Why? Then it strikes me. He *died*. You seldom hear about people in Vietnam who die. People in Vietnam get killed.

Back at the press center, there is some talk during dinner about the possibility of a military operation that might get underway in the morning. But that is for tomorrow. The 7:30 movie tonight is *River Creek*, with Henry Fonda and James Stewart. We sit under the stars on a cement square, next to the river, and the movie is splashed on a whitewashed wall. Fonda plays a cowboy, a killer with a conscience. Stewart plays a small-time sheriff, a loser who, by the time of the third and final reel, finds his courage. Real Fonda role. Real Stewart role. Somewhere in reel 2, there is a tropical downpour. The projector, protected by a huge umbrella, keeps grinding on, and we move our metal folding chairs under the tin-roofing eaves of the main press center building. Fonda is aiming at Stewart. Stewart is having trouble with his gun. Over the noise of the rain, we suddenly hear the ping of a bullet. It isn't Hollywood. It is a Marine MP on the Danang bridge, shooting at something floating. Might be a VC mine, you never can tell.

—U.P.I.

"The beach is attractive. But there are surprises."

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Saturday Review

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What's Happening at the Peace Talks?

THE undercutting for several weeks of the Paris negotiations by the Saigon Government puts on public view some of the internal difficulties in ending the Vietnam war through a political settlement.

Saigon's opposition to negotiations has been a consistent problem for the United States ever since Washington decided that any attempt to force a military solution would set the stage for a big-power showdown and increase the corresponding danger of world nuclear war. South Vietnamese officials have not been moved by such larger considerations, finding it difficult to conceive of a political settlement that would be as favorable for them as the existing situation. They recognize that any new elections or test of self-determination could result in representation for all major political factions in the civil war. It is by no means certain that the present Saigon Government could survive such a test. Indeed, President Dwight D. Eisenhower was authority for the statement that the reason the South Vietnamese Government broke the Geneva agreements of 1954 calling for nationwide free elections was that a large majority of Vietnamese would probably have voted against Saigon.

Recognizing the overriding need to develop popular support for the Saigon Government, President John F. Kennedy and President Lyndon B. Johnson persistently sought to move South Vietnamese officials in the direction of broad-based social programs. Despite their prodding, the Saigon Government has lagged badly. Land reform, the heart of any program for upgrading the prospects of the people, is still a remote hope. U.S. Representatives and Senators who have visited Saigon have reported widespread corruption in the Government. Billions of U.S. dollars have been poured into the Vietnam war. Black-marketing and misuse have created a number of personal fortunes. Weapons shipped to South Vietnam from the United States have been resold on the international black market. U.S. arms in substantial volume have turned up in the hands of the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese forces. President Eisenhower once estimated that 85 per cent of U.S. military supplies sent to Vietnam were used against American troops. This was, of course, before the war was escalated, but the estimate is perhaps indicative.

Under these circumstances it is apparent that South Vietnam feels it has nothing to gain and much to lose from a political settlement. So long as U.S. forces continue to carry the main military burden of the war, it is not surprising that Saigon should do everything possible to thwart the Paris negotiations. What is much less understandable and far more disturbing is the attitude of those among the American military in South Vietnam who encourage Saigon officials in their opposition to peace talks, and who mount considerable pressure in Washington and the Congress for resuming the bombing and driving for total victory. This corrosive action against the President's policies has yet to break into the open, as Saigon's stand against the talks has done, but it is an important factor nonetheless in the course of the war and the Paris negotiations.

One incident may be instructive in this case. On November 14, 1966, U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge met with Ambassador Janusz Lewandowski, Polish representative on the International Control Commission charged with the responsibility for superintending the Geneva agreements which ended the French Indo-China war in 1954. Ambassador Lodge expressed the hope that Poland might bear witness in Hanoi to the good faith of the United States in seeking to end the Vietnamese war through negotiations. Ambassador Lewandowski communicated with the foreign office in Warsaw that afternoon and informed Ambassador Lodge that Poland would be glad to undertake the mission to Hanoi provided it had assurances that Ambassador Lodge's request was being made on the authority of the President of the United States. These assurances were given. The next day, Ambassador Lodge met with Mr. Lewandowski at the home of the Italian Ambassador and discussed in broad outline the essentials of the American position with respect to negotiations.

Mr. Lewandowski then flew to Hanoi where he had a series of meetings with President Ho Chi Minh. At first, President Ho insisted on an unconditional bombing halt by the United States before definite arrangements could be made for the negotiations. The Polish representative pointed out that the United States would halt the bombing once there was substantial assurance that talks would go forward. He finally persuaded President Ho to withdraw the demands for an unconditional bombing halt, and obtained Hanoi's agreement to begin talks with the United States in Warsaw on December 15.

On November 29, Mr. Lewandowski went to Saigon and conveyed to Ambassador Lodge the good news that the mission requested of Poland by the United

(*Continued on page* 66)

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Letters to the Editor

Violence and American History

In his article, "The Dark Heart of American History" [*SR*, Oct. 19], Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., admits that 200 million Americans did not strike down John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, or Martin Luther King, but adds: "two hundred million Americans are plainly responsible for the character of a society that works on deranged men and incites them to depraved acts." He asserts that Oswalds, Rays, and Sirhans existed in the Thirties—angry, alienated, frustrated men—then adds: "But our society in the Thirties did not stimulate such men to compensate for their own failure by killing leaders the people loved."

In 1933, Joseph Zanagara shot at President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt and fatally wounded Chicago Mayor Anton Cermak. Roosevelt had been elected by the people of the nation and Cermak by the people of Chicago; they were obviously well regarded by the populace. In 1935, U.S. Senator Huey Long was murdered by Dr. Carl Austin Weiss. Long was a demagogue, but the people of Louisiana must have had a high regard for him because they kept electing him. In 1932, the son of Charles Lindbergh was murdered.

The argument that our present society "stimulates" the demented elements of the country doesn't sound too rational itself. The fact is that some mentally unbalanced persons can be "stimulated" to violent acts by almost anything. Some mental cases have been known to become violent just upon hearing a certain piece of music.

Woolsey Teller,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has provided a lucid commentary on violence in America. I believe, however, that another element, possibly affecting potential assassins, needs comment. The disaffected, alienated individual often responds to apparent opportunities to ingratiate himself to persons or groups having power. If the psychotic person who is desperately seeking acceptance comes to believe that an influential group desires the destruction of a person, he may also come to believe that his acting out the desire of the group may bring about his social salvation, fantasizing himself as a hero.

The potential assassin may possess peculiarly sensitive insights into the destructive impulses at work in many people. The defamatory programs of charismatic persons who, as Eric Hoffer puts it, would build their careers on the "slime" of other people's frustrations are founded upon constellations of obscene factors. The alienated assassin, responding to these factors, performs an act he thinks the shouting is about.

Tom Lockwood,
Albuquerque, N.M.

Improving Indian Life

Peter Farb's article, "The American Indian—A Portrait in Limbo" [*SR*, Oct. 12], contains statements which should not go unchallenged.

It cannot be denied that many Indians still live in poverty, but for thousands there has been real progress, as is evidenced in many ways in Indian country, from increased school attendance and increased completion of higher levels of education to far greater participation in tribal, community, and political leadership, and increasing adaptability to industrial employment.

L. Madison Coombs, director of research and evaluation in our Division of Education, analyzed the article. Mr. Coombs stated: "Mr. Farb fails to say that while Indian students do indeed tend to lag increasingly behind national norms as they go through school, this is characteristic of every economically and socially disadvantaged group of children in the country. The BIA itself first documented the phenomenon for Indian youngsters in 1958, but later studies, most notably the Equal Educational Opportunity study of the U.S. Office of Education (the now-famous Coleman Report), have shown that it is true for Negro, Mexican-American, and Puerto Rican children as well.

"Most significantly it shows that Indian-American children achieve higher in school than any minority ethnic group except the Oriental Americans."

Mr. Coombs points out that many of Mr. Farb's criticisms are anachronistic: "What he [Mr. Farb] says about a deliberate aim on the part of the BIA to alienate children from their native culture and to denigrate Indian culture may well have been true forty years ago, but it is not the aim, either expressed or implied, of the BIA today. He ignores the substantial efforts being made today to develop and use curricular materials which dignify Indian culture and which are relevant to Indian life."

Farb states that "it is time that Washington allowed Indians on their own reservations to make their own decisions about their futures." President Johnson said in a message to Congress last March: "I propose, in short, a policy of maximum choice for the American Indian: a policy expressed in programs of self-help, self-development, self-determination." Within the limits of existing law, this is now the policy of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and other federal agencies involved in Indian programs.

W. Joynes Macfarlan,
Chief, Office of Public Information,
Bureau of Indian Affairs,
Washington, D.C.

In recent months, there has been a dramatic change in Indian policy in the direction Mr. Farb advocates – toward tribal self-government. However, the question remains whether the new policy will be translated into action on a broad front at the reservation level. As Mr. Farb suggests, progress will only take place if the Bureau of Indian Affairs will surrender much of its power and its money to the Indian communities it seeks to serve.

Despite the fact that it is against Washington's new education policy, it is a day-to-day reality that many Indian children are still sternly forbidden to speak their own language in federal Indian schools. Despite the fact that it is universally acknowledged that separating children from their parents at an early age can cause severe emotional damage, about 10,000 Indian children between the ages of six and nine are forced to attend federal boarding schools, and there is little prospect that the BIA or the Congress is moving rapidly to change the situation.

Articles such as Mr. Farb's will help bring the Indian tribes into a more equal partnership with the federal agencies designed to assist them.

William Byler,
Executive Director,
Association on American Indian Affairs,
New York, N.Y.

"I'm lonely, Miss Fairchild. Send in a gifted conversationalist."

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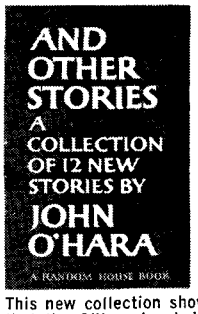

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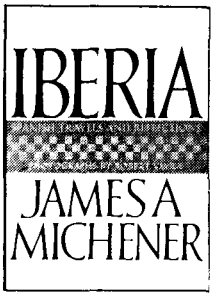

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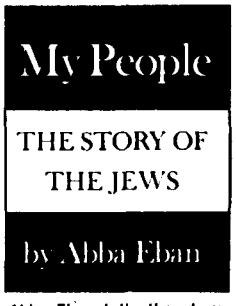

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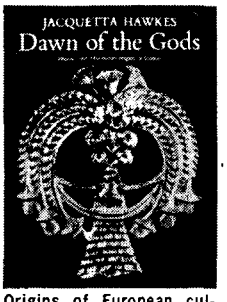

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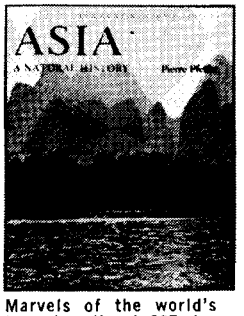

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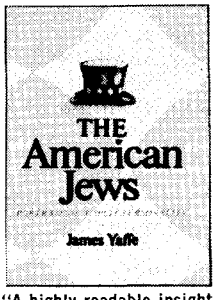

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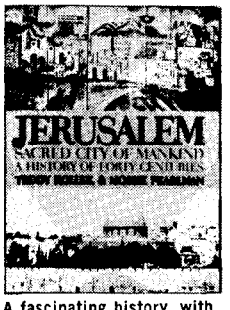

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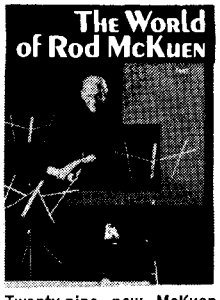

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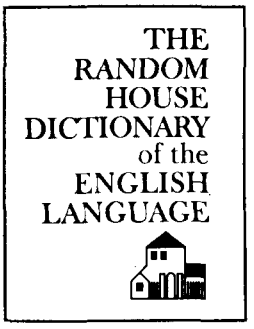

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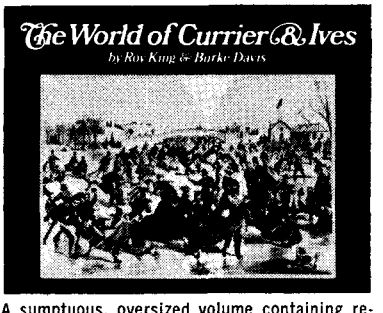

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PETER BEREK

Using Black Magic with the Word on the World

To create his own esthetic must the Afro-American "make ineptitude and unfitness desirable, even mandatory"?

IS BLACK beauty different from white beauty, or are questions of race irrelevant to questions of esthetics? Is "black" a skin color? A subculture within the larger American society? A history, rooted in the African past, now flowering in Mississippi, Ghana, and Harlem? A political program uniting W.E.B. Du Bois, Malcolm X, Ben Bella, Ho Chi Minh, and Mao Tse-tung? A coherent esthetic enabling us to see the achievements of James Brown, Otis Redding, Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, Ralph Ellison, and LeRoi Jones as interconnected expressions of a relationship among artist, work, and audience? *Black Fire,* edited by LeRoi Jones and Larry Neal (Morrow, 670 pp., $8.95), is a polemical anthology of essays, poems, stories, and plays by some seventy contemporary Afro-American writers, and the editors, by implication, set for themselves and their authors an enormous and revolutionary task: both to define a black esthetic and to illustrate scope and vitality. The ambitions of *Black Fire* make it newsworthy and instructive, but the disparity between its ambitions and its achievement is painful and embarrassing.

The first essay, by James T. Stewart, and the last, an afterword by editor Larry Neal, try to explain what black art is and, one presumes, tell us something about the intentions of the authors here collected. Stewart says that the black man must construct a new cosmology and a new esthetic "because existing white paradigms or models do not correspond to the realities of black existence." The Negro artist mistakenly tries to follow white models, but in truth they are "antithetical to his existence." "The models must be nonwhite." In following black models, "we will merely be following the natural demands of our culture. These demands are suppressed in the larger (white) culture, but, nevertheless, are found in our music and our spiritual and moral philosophy. Particularly in music, which happens to be the purest expression of the black man in America."

With jazz as his paradigm, Stewart contrasts the "matrixed" quality of all Western arts—by which he apparently means their insistence upon order, unity, and permanence—with the continual flux and improvisation that should characterize black art. "In this dialectical apprehension of reality it is the act of creation of a work as it comes into existence that is its only being. . . . Art goes . . . Art can not be fixed. Art is change, like [*sic*] music, poetry and writing are, when conceived. They must move (swing)." This nonmatrixed, dialectical, improvisatory, "ontological" black art will also be revolutionary; "change is what it is all about." And, "the purpose of writing is to enforce the sense we have of responsibility—the responsibility of understanding our roles in the shaping of a new world. After all, experience is development, and development is destruction."

What will be the response of art's traditional audience towards this new

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Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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52 **"The Quest for Timbuctoo,"** *by Brian Gardner*

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54 **With a Camera Eye on Christmas,** *by Margaret R. Weiss*

56 **Pick of the Paperbacks,** *by Rollene W. Saal, with suggestions for stocking and holiday hostess gifts*

58 **Criminal Record,** *by Sergeant Cuff*

Peter Berek teaches English at Williams College in Williamstown, Mass.

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creation? "In our movement toward the future, 'ineptitude' and 'unfitness' will be an aspect of what we do. These are the words of the established order—the middle-class value judgments. We must turn these values in on themselves. Turn them inside out and make ineptitude and unfitness desirable, even mandatory."

The black artist, Stewart asserts, ought to be estranged from the white critic; "he cannot be 'successful' in any sense that has meaning in white critical evaluations. Nor can his work ever be called 'good' in any context or meaning that could make sense to that traditional critique."

Larry Neal takes W. E. B. Du Bois's idea of a black "double-consciousness"—the sense of always measuring oneself against conflicting "American" and "Negro" styles and ideals—and says that the function of a black ideology and a black esthetic is to resolve the tension of the double-consciousness into a new and meaningful sense of black identity. Too often Negro art has merely provided "exotic entertainment for white America"; now it must address the needs of black people. "We must make literature move people to a deeper understanding of what this thing is all about, be a kind of priest, a black magician, working juju with the word on the world." Traditional considerations of artistic craftsmanship are irrelevant: "Do I not find the craft of Stevie Wonder more suitable than that of Jascha Heifetz?" "We can learn more about what poetry is by listening to the cadences in Malcolm's speeches, than from most of Western poetics. Listen to James Brown scream. Ask yourself, then: Have you ever heard a Negro poet sing like that? Of course not, because we have been too tied to the texts, like most white poets. The text could be destroyed and no one would be hurt in the least by it. The key is in the music. Our music has always been far ahead of our literature."

Black Fire surely intends that the imaginative literature it presents should demonstrate the validity of its esthetic program, yet an irreverent reviewer could merely repeat Larry Neal's own statement and say, "The text could be destroyed and no one would be hurt in the least by it." A few of the assembled works have a scatological energy that succeeds in impressing one with the violence and passion of the author's emotions, but the expression never achieves the precision and control which are the hallmarks of successful art (including the "black" arts of jazz and rhythm and blues). Characteristically (and sometimes ludicrously) the poet substitutes the announcement of an intention for its fulfillment. Thus Yusuf Rahman glorifies black womanhood by saying:

> you are my life because you are life
> naturally black &beautiful
> LOVE ME EBONY LADY
> YES! I see blue-crystal teardrops
> burning scars on your soul's cheeks
> your tears splash acidly in my stomach
> of reality.

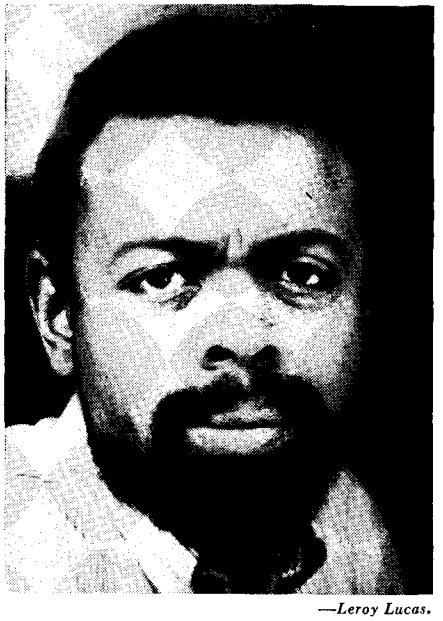
A burning heart is not the same as acid indigestion. In a more explicitly political vein, Edward S. Spriggs says of "My Beige Mom":

> i
> took her strength
> in thirty-four
> now with love i
> lay it at the
> third world's door

For a black American to pledge his strength to the nations of the "third world" may be admirable, but what does Spriggs think he is accomplishing by ending each line as he does?

Most of these writers have clearly been reading American poets of the Beat and Black Mountain varieties; some of them owe debts to E. E. Cummings; a few even seem to be echoing T. S. Eliot. None of this is surprising or deplorable, but it does make one doubt the total "blackness" of the tradition in which they work. "Blackness" seems here to be more a matter of subject matter than form. One reads poem after poem in praise of Sun-Ra, Charlie Parker, and Sonny Rollins; these are perfectly possible subjects for poetry, but even the pulse of good jazz seems to have done nothing to make this stumbling verse swing.

The short stories and plays in *Black Fire* tend to be explicitly didactic. C. H. Fuller, Jr., gives us a simple-minded cautionary tale demonstrating that little black schoolboys have to beat the daylights out of their white tormentors instead of following a Negro schoolmarm's advice to turn the other cheek. Jimmy Garrett's play *And We Own the Night* shows us how a black revolutionary warrior must reject his kind-hearted-Mammy mother as Harlem flames in Armageddon. The success of the plays seems to vary inversely with the grandeur of their apocalyptic ambitions; the two best, by Ben Caldwell and Ed Bullins, are witty vaudeville sketches poking fun at assimilationist Negro pretensions.



—*Leroy Lucas.*

LeRoi Jones—"an enormous and revolutionary task."

Obviously enough, I don't like most of the imaginative writing in *Black Fire*. But the writers in the anthology don't think I should; they claim to be writing for the souls of black men, not the minds of white critics. The volume places in sharp focus the old controversy between the particular and the universal relevance of esthetic standards, and makes one consider afresh the relationship between political and cultural programs and the achievements of the human imagination. Men have been telling writers to use their art to further political purposes since time began; a recent American example is the Marxist movement in literature in the Twenties and Thirties. Marxism may or may not be a better political system than American capitalism, but the effort to prove its superiority through works of art led to no masterpieces and to many promising talents gone wrong. Similarly, there is no denying that black men in America—and perhaps even all the colored races in the world—have been systematically oppressed by a racist white culture, but trying to prove the abstract point in a poem or play will very likely only succeed in turning honest sociology into bad art.

ART is made of the concrete and the particular. Of course it can expose injustice and perhaps even provide the impulse for social action, but it does so by the vivid creation of special cases, not by the generalized illustration of problems or programs. In this volume David Henderson's "Boston Road," with its lively account of the life of a single unsuccessful Bronx Rock group in the middle Fifties, is far better—and far more effective—than LeRoi Jones's garish "Madheart," an allegory of the corruption of all black women by all white women. There may be times when it is more important to lead a revolution than to write a poem, but the two acts are not the same.

The history of literature is filled with examples of failed attempts to make art conform to abstract ideals of what it ought to be. The efforts at the end of the sixteenth century to write English verse in Latin and Greek meters; the demands, a century later, that English plays conform to French neoclassical rules; some of Wordsworth's disastrous

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endeavors to take literally his assertion that poetry ought to use the language of ordinary men; in our own century, the even more ludicrous revivals of nineteenth-century "poetic diction" and decorum—all these illustrate the ways in which the best will in the world cannot make living literature conform to prescription.

A language, a nation, a people, perhaps even a race, has to live not with the literature it wants but with the literature it gets. For a political liberal-to-radical like myself, it is painful to contemplate the fact that the best poetry of my own century was written by men like Eliot, Pound, and Yeats, whose views on society were deplorable. If we are ever to have a distinctive black literary consciousness, it will arise from the genius of some black artist making his own use of whatever elements of tradition, black or white, Western or non-Western, are relevant to his unique sensibility. No anthologist's fiat can make art happen. And when it does happen, as it surely will, then we readers will need not polemical anthologists, but intelligent critics sympathetic to the artist's style to help us respond to the new glory.

I say "us," and in doing so deliberately contradict the anthologists' implication that black art exists solely for a black audience. Larry Neal calls Ellison's *Invisible Man* a "profound piece of writing," but one that has "little bearing on the world as the 'New Breed' sees it. . . . We know who we are, and we are not invisible, at least not to each other. We are not Kafkaesque creatures stumbling through a white light of confusion and absurdity. The light is black (now, get that!) as are most of the meaningful tendencies in the world."

The evidence of this anthology suggests that Neal is wrong. His black writers, whatever the complexion of the illumination, are stumbling through a world of confusion and absurdity, aware that the literary forms of the past may well be as outworn as its creeds and its social structures. As black writers, they feel the danger of being alienated from the mass of black men for whom literature may well seem an irrelevant luxury. Their quest for an "Afro-American" or "black" history is quite analogous to the search by other modern men for new ways of affirming man's identity and humanity in a world that offers few certainties. Perhaps blackness, like Yeats's mythologies, will someday be seen as no more—and no less—than a powerful, if private, system of metaphors for staving off confusion and chaos. Though his pain may be deeper than ours, the black man is not alone in seeing the decay of our—and his—Western traditions, and we all, whatever our color, have an equal stake in the search for truer words and newer worlds.

Edward Margolies—isolates the man from his work.

Literature and Soul with Syntax

Native Sons: A Critical Study of Twentieth-Century Negro American Authors, *by Edward Margolies (Lippincott. 210 pp. $5.95), examines a number of black writers in terms of literary quality rather than of protest. Charles R. Larson teaches courses in Afro-American literature at Indiana University.*

By CHARLES R. LARSON

THERE WAS A TIME, and not very long ago at that, when the expression "Negro literature" provoked either condescension or inquisitiveness. But those days are behind us, and we who have been teaching (or, more probably, hoping to teach) courses in Afro-American literature find it somewhat difficult to restrain our smiles at the current vogue of black writing. Colleges and universities that in the past offered no courses in Negro American literature (or even included a black writer as required reading in some other course) are screaming for professors to teach the subject. Publishing houses are digging up long-forgotten "Negro" classics (and not just Booker T. Washington's *Up from Slavery*) in an attempt to cash in on an area that used to be a guaranteed publishing risk but has suddenly turned into something quite lucrative. One wonders, however, if things haven't gotten slightly out of proportion.

A similar change may be noticed in the books written about Negro American literature. Some years ago the tone of most white criticism was, to say the least, patronizing, unless the study was "historical," making no critical evaluations. Either way, Negro writing was treated as an appendage of white American literature. But recently white critics have been re-examining black writing for what it is in itself. Edward Margolies's *Native Sons* belongs to this category: looking at fiction by Negro American writers as literature first and protest only incidentally (the word "protest" rarely even appears in his book), Margolies has produced an unusually fine work.

The subtitle is slightly misleading, for although there is a lengthy chapter on important Negro writers of the early 1900s, the main concern is with those who have appeared since 1940, the year Richard Wright published his first novel, *Native Son*. And of the dozens since that time who could have been included, Margolies has chosen only eight: William Attaway, Richard Wright, Chester Himes (Margolies is, I believe, the first critic to treat Chester Himes as a serious writer), James Baldwin, Ralph Ellison, Malcolm X, William Demby, and LeRoi Jones. Simply by making these choices Margolies is telling us something about his attitudes toward the current state of black American writing. Yet his concern with quality instead of quantity is clearly what raises his work above those of many of his predecessors. The time is past when a book about Negro-American writers has to say something nice about everyone.

Several of the writers upon whom Margolies focuses have been ahead of their time. He has rediscovered some long-forgotten works of high artistic value, such as Attaway's *Blood on the Forge*, of which he says: "It is undeniable that [Attaway] has written a beautiful and moving novel. Nor can one deny that his vision of earth as sanctified remains persistently embedded in the American *mythos*. It is, after all, out of such nostalgia that art is created."

Margolies rightly devotes the largest portion of his chapter on James Baldwin to *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, though there are penetrating comments about the novels. Discussing *Giovanni's Room*, Margolies says, "The world and experience become somehow the equivalent of the body." But Baldwin's fiction has never reached the excellence of his essays.

SUCH is not the case with Ralph Ellison, though Margolies is not afraid to mention weaknesses in *Invisible Man*. Nor is he the first to note the complex use of music and rhythm in Ellison's only novel. "Not surprisingly, Ellison's understanding of his early life corresponds to his definition of Negro jazz. And ultimately it is jazz, and blues especially that becomes the esthetic mainspring of his writing."

If the chapters on Richard Wright, Malcolm X, and LeRoi Jones are somewhat weaker than the others, nevertheless here again Margolies is for the most part on fresh ground. With these three writers especially, the problem facing the literary critic will always be to isolate the man from his work. Margo-

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lies does this well. In some moving comments on Malcolm X he writes:

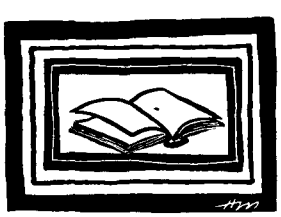
> What raised Malcolm above the common herd of men was his immense compassion for his people and his almost fanatic sense of being called to the role he was expected to play. He was often bigoted, ignorant, and misinformed—yet he possessed the malleability to grow and learn. He was the best and worst of Americans. He might have made a great leader.

As LeRoi Jones's works "have deteriorated," Margolies states, "he has been attracting more notoriety." Deterioration is something Margolies is quite clearly justified in worrying about. Not all of the authors he has treated have been able to escape it. Some have stopped writing; others have given up on America and moved to Europe. However, as Margolies observes, "The successes and failures of these writers have been the successes and failures of American writing generally, and there have been no more significant recent works in American literature than some of those described in this book."

It is in the concluding paragraphs on William Demby that Margolies makes his most penetrating comment on the current state of what for the present must still be known as "Negro American literature":

> Demby is one of those rare Negro Americans, immersed in the culture of the West, who has discovered himself at home in a civilization that has deeply wounded him. His acceptance of the West has not negated his Negro identity but has enhanced it.
>
> And here lies the best—and only—hope for the future. For if America is to survive and the races are to live in peace, the Negro can neither be rejected nor integrated out of existence, but must instead proudly take his place in the sun as a black man, to enrich and reinvigorate a civilization now sadly deficient in its best traditions.

In statements such as these Edward Margolies reminds us once again of the vitally important part the Negro has played in the growth of American literature. Over and over he tells us that these writers are worth reading, not simply because we can learn something from them about Negroes but because we might also learn something from them about literature.



Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Involvement Is Built In

TOM F. DRIVER, in his review of *Liberty, Laughter, and Tears* [*SR*, Oct. 12], identifies the author with several interests, but not the appropriate one. Horace Kallen is a philosopher.

It is rather generally known that Kallen is a pragmatist, the last of the great school of James, Dewey, Mead and Perry, rather than an imperfect existentialist. The introductory chapters, which Driver finds unclear, do necessarily assume some acquaintance with pragmatist literature. But they are not recapitulation; they are original and brilliant. The book is an enormously important one: it is a pragmatist esthetics. It follows that Driver's reproach that Kallen refrains from involvement is wide of the mark. The virtue—for its critics, the vice—of pragmatism is precisely its anthropocentric outlook. Involvement is built in.

The book, says Driver, should produce laughter or tears. At least his review is successful.

FRANCIS D. WORMUTH.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

No Privacy for Reading

ELAINE L. KONIGSBERG'S ARTICLE, "A Book Is a Private Thing" [*SR*, Nov. 9], should be read by the "surburban mothers" she so aptly describes.

I identified with what the author says on two levels. First of all, my childhood reading pattern was remarkably like hers, and equally as important to me. Secondly, as an English teacher of junior high school students, I am aware of the dreadful *lack* of reading privacy teen-agers today face. Mothers have come to me expressing concern about why their children are reading certain books, and what books they *ought* to be reading. Since I believe the most important goal I have is to develop in my students a love of reading, I cannot see this parental "interest" as anything short of intrusive, and therefore futile, if not harmful.

We need to help parents to understand that a child who enjoys reading anything and everything is the best candidate for an adult who reads selectively, with discrimination, and, above all, enjoyment.

SUSAN MATUS.
Flushing, N.Y.

Distortions

I FEEL THAT I MUST ADDRESS myself to the willful distortions in Mr. Harry Zohn's letter [*SR*, Oct. 19]. In my review of Hermann Hesse's *Beneath the Wheel* [*SR*, Sept. 28], I said, "America's interest in Hermann Hesse has led to recent perceptive new translations of *Demian, The Journey to the East*, and *Narcissus and Goldmund*." I did not, as Mr. Zohn insists, speak of "'recent perceptive new translations' of *The Journey to the East* and other works." *Demian*, reissued here in 1965, received high praise for the quality of its fresh translation. *Narcissus and Goldmund*, released this year in a new translation, was similarly praised. *The Journey to the East* was first made available here in a Noonday paperback in 1957—which seems *recent* to me. In ten years this translation simply cannot, as Mr. Zohn avers, "have misled several generations of college students . . . as to Hesse's meaning and style." How many generations are produced in ten years?

Additionally, Mr. Zohn, who professes to have scrutinized this translation and compared it with the original text, must know that *The Journey to the East* is virtually untranslatable. In German the book is virtually unreadable too. I think the translator perceived whatever she could perceive in this dull, soupy novel. Perhaps Mr. Zohn, in order to avoid confusion, should stop reading it. However, his last remark, which implies that I praise poor translations, is contemptible. The only translation I praised in my review was that of *Beneath the Wheel*, which Mr. Zohn doesn't mention. The rancor behind Mr. Zohn's charges and discharges may be owing to the fact that he himself enjoys such a meager reputation as a translator.

EDWARD M. POTOKER.
New York, N.Y.

From a Pot-loving View

AS ONE WHO HAS READ Dr. Donald B. Louria's *The Drug Scene* and one who has done "open-minded inquiry" into the same, it is clear to me that those who heap criticism upon this book (*i.e.*, P. A. Bartlett, *SR*, Nov. 9) speak only from a narrow, pot-loving view.

Dr. Louria's warning that marijuana is not innocuous should not be taken lightly. And however one may disagree with the legal implications of drug use, the dangers of marijuana smoking itself are well documented in Dr. Louria's book.

It is fatuous to condemn this book on the basis of twelve pages; and those who do so undoubtedly speak behind their own drug-induced cloud of euphoric disregard.

STEPHEN E. AUSLANDER.
Tucson, Ariz.

Roots in Deleomai

IN CONNECTION WITH GRANVILLE HICKS'S preoccupation concerning the origin of *psychedelic*, he might be reminded that the *-delic* part could come just as easily from Greek *deleomai* as from *delos* or *deloo*. The latter words have to do with "making evident," "bringing out into the open," "making visible." *Deleomai* means "to destroy," and if that derivation is chosen, *psychedelic* would mean "mind-destroying," "soul-killing," which is perhaps closer to the truth.

MARIO PEI.
New York, N.Y.

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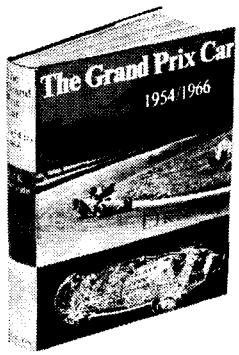

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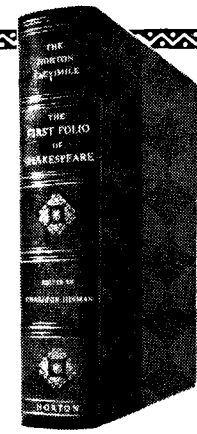

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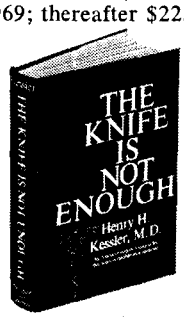

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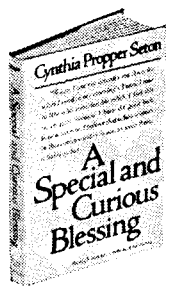

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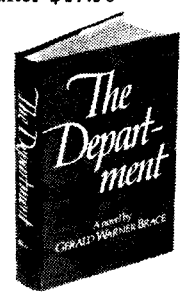

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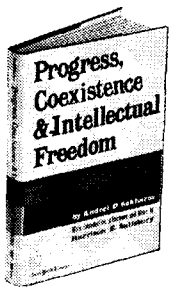

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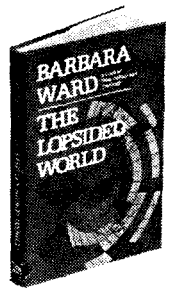

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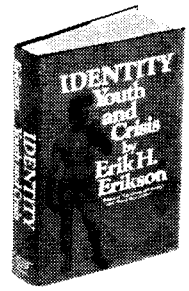

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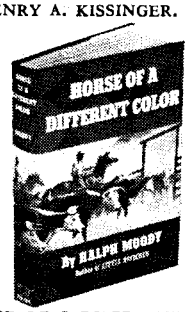

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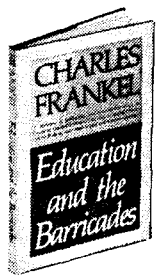

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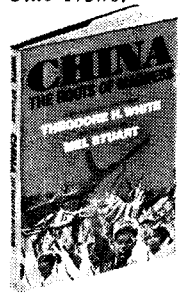

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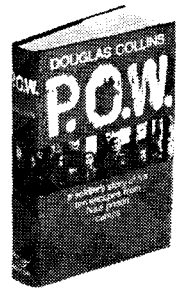

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

Seeing on my desk a copy of *Joyce Cary,* by Malcolm Foster (Houghton Mifflin, $10), a friend said, "I've never read anything of Cary's. Should I have?" How hard it is to answer a question of that sort! My friend is familiar with the writers, not only British and American but also Continental, who are supposed to have shaped the modern mind. Although I couldn't argue that Cary belonged in that class, I was surprised that she hadn't read at least two or three of his books. But she hadn't, and the question she raised was whether she ought to make an effort to catch up. I didn't know what to tell her. Cary isn't fashionable in literary circles, but that wasn't what concerned her. What she was asking was whether, for her own satisfaction, she should read something of Cary's instead of one of the scores of books she had been promising herself for months or even years she would read. I compromised, telling her she didn't have to but she might be happy if she did.

Of Cary's sixteen novels I have read eight. The first to make a strong impression on me was *Mister Johnson,* the fourth and last of his African novels. Although a moral issue is central in *Mister Johnson,* as in all Cary's novels, what aroused my enthusiasm was the characterization of the Nigerian clerk for whom the book is named. Johnson is so wonderfully alive and so perfectly believable that I have never forgotten him. (There was a play about him a while back, and I'm sorry that it fell off Broadway before I had a chance to see it.)

Cary's most popular novel was *The Horse's Mouth,* whose hero, Gulley Jimson, a sophisticated modern painter, has all the spontaneity, vitality, and outrageous charm of the primitive Johnson. Nor does he stand alone in the trilogy that is devoted to him; Sara Monday is a suitable mate. Chester Nimmo, Jim Latter, and Nina give the political trilogy—*Prisoner of Grace, Except the Lord,* and *Not Honour More*—the same kind of power.

Malcolm Foster, the first Canadian to win a Houghton Mifflin Fellowship, calls his book, which is more than 500 pages long, a biography, but he devotes considerable space to critical discussions of the novels. As a biographer he seems to have done a thorough job, consulting the various collections of Cary papers and talking with Cary's friends and members of his family. Although there is more detail than is strictly necessary, it is good to have so full an account set down while so many who knew Cary are still alive.

Arthur Joyce Lunel Cary was born in Londonderry in 1888, member of a family that had settled in Ireland in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Although most branches of the family had declined in wealth and prestige by the end of the nineteenth century, it was a far-reaching clan and Joyce Cary took pride in belonging to it. He attended Oxford without distinction, studied painting in Paris and then in Edinburgh, decided to become a writer, and finally, in 1913, joined the Colonial Service in the hope of making enough money to marry Gertrude Ogilvie. He arrived in Nigeria just before the outbreak of World War I, came home on leave in 1916 and married Gerty, and returned to Africa for a stay of more than three years. In 1920, having sold several stories to *The Saturday Evening Post* and being much encouraged by this, he resigned from the service. Then sales fell off, and he had a hard time financially, not only until the appearance in 1932 of *Aissa Saved,* his first novel to be published, but long after that.

From the photographs that appeared after Cary had won a little fame, I formed the impression that he was a man of remarkable composure. And, although the leading characters in his novels were anything but composed, the sense of him that I got from the books supported the impression. He was fond of wild men and had a great gift for creating them, but he observed them from a little distance. His friend Lord David Cecil, in a memorial that appeared in the *London Times* after Cary's death in 1957, wrote: "He made a picturesque and exhilarating first impression. His elegant, virile handsomeness, his racy, vivid, appreciative talk, and something at once heroic and debonair in his whole personality, suggested a gentleman rider in the race of life, risking his skin for sport rather than a prize, and looking on every crisis of existence as a hurdle to be surmounted gaily and gallantly, however many bruises and spills might be incurred in the process. This was a true impression but a partial one. The gentleman rider was also a sage and a saint."

Cary's life, as Foster makes painfully clear, was not free from hardships and difficulties. As a young man he was handicapped by lack of money—one of his major ambitions in later life was to provide his sons with a little income they could count on—and he had more trouble than most in finding out what it was he wanted to do. When he fell in love with Gertrude Ogilvie, he had a hard time persuading her and her parents that she should marry him, and at the beginning, because of the career he had entered to make the marriage possible, there were long separations. Literary success, as we have seen, came slowly, and after he had achieved some honor and a reasonable income, he was visited by one disaster after another: the death of his wife, the death of a son, a rare disease that stripped his powers from him one by one before it killed him. Nor, on the evidence Foster has given us, did he remain imperturbable through all this. If he became sage and saintly, it was with a mighty effort.

An interesting, attractive man. But what about his novels? In his pamphlet on Cary in the "Columbia Essays on Modern Writers" series, William Van O'Connor says: "The problem for the post-modern writer . . . has been to return the novel to something like its old form without sacrificing the modernist discoveries." He goes on, "If Cary's art is in the tradition of *Moll Flanders, Tom Jones, Great Expectations,* and *The Old Wives' Tale,* it is also in that established by James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and D. H. Lawrence." The literary ancestry of an author is never of first importance, but it is useful to understand that C ry drew strength from two traditions: his ability to tell an engrossing story from the older one, his ability to create characters that are independent of their creator from the newer. The result is something quite his own. Yes, I think my friend could do a good deal worse than to read *The Horse's Mouth* or *Except the Lord.*

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1321

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1321 will be found in the next issue.

DGMVGC QDM PC DG LVGVOJ-DPWC QDG, DGS MCF RJYFC KCJTC PDSWM.

–QVWYCJC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1320

Neither the sun nor death can be looked at steadily.
–La Rochefoucauld.

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"28 miles to Interstate 88,
turn off at Exit 6,
go north on Route 14…"
It's a language learned young
in a nation of travelers
who read their course from a road map
and plan vacations in an atlas.
At Rand McNally, the knowledge and skill
required to make our road maps and atlases
clear and accurate are very special capabilities.
Though we are always up-dating and revising,
once in a while someone still gets lost.
RAND McNALLY
publishers
book manufacturers
mapmakers

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

We all educate ourselves more profoundly than we realize, and we do it mainly in our youth. I was forcefully reminded of this while shifting a large number of books from one house to another. Many were novels—an old collected edition of Dostoevsky, the Scott-Moncrieff translation of Proust, a battered copy of *Madame Bovary,* cheap one-franc editions of Balzac bought on the Left Bank of the Seine. The past flooded back—the wonder of the books that dominated my adolescent life, as much as love and more than ambition.

I was lucky to have a room of my own, looking out on a quiet garden that consisted of an old apple tree, two herbaceous borders, a rambling rose, and a minuscule grass patch. The garden and the room were all one, an intensely private, womblike world where I could lose myself in literature. I started with maybe a score of books: a few volumes of Dickens, one or two of Scott, *The Last of the Mohicans, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,* and *Three Men in a Boat,* which I soon snobbishly buried deep. By the time I left for college I had bought or begged a thousand volumes. In order to buy *A Farewell to Arms* when it first came out, I walked eight miles a day to save bus fares to school. I can still feel and smell the newness of that book, and recall the fascination of its tale of romantic love, hatred of war, tough acceptance of fate. It was so utterly absorbing that dawn came up before I finished it.

That happened to me often enough, and the books that made it impossible to go to bed were a motley crew. I remember one winter's night being unable to put down Sylvia Townsend Warner's *Lolly Willowes,* which I had bought because I could not resist its strange, elongated shape or the beauty of its typography. I became a dedicated and persistent fan who still buys anything Miss Warner writes. How good she still is may be seen from her wise, delicate, and compassionate biography of T. H. White.

If only all my discoveries had endured so well. Some have vanished almost without trace. There was, I remember, a book about a small town in the American Middle West that was so vivid I felt I and my family lived there, although at that time I had never set foot in the Western Hemisphere. It was called *Something of a Hero.* I have never found any other books by the author, whoever he was. Was I mistaken? Or was this a book of real quality that was buried by neglect?

Other discoveries have led to a lifetime's pleasure. James Gould Cozzens is one of the few novelists each of whose latest books I am impatient to possess. I found one of his early works in a small bookshop in the English Midlands, and (rashly it seemed at the time) I bought it. But Cozzens was clearly a major novelist, combining a marvelous economy of style with a wide compassion for men and women. He possessed that combination of gravity and tenderness which drew me to George Eliot, to the early novels of Arnold Bennett, and which still attracts me to Malamud, Bellow, and Alfred Hayes.

In those years I read very little literary criticism beyond the weekly reviews, and I am glad that I did not. I wasted no time on the fashionable, or on the cults of Bloomsbury or F.R. Leavis. My appetite was kept sharp on what it liked, but it was eclectic: the classics—Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Balzac, Flaubert, and Proust—jostled with Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, Huxley, Lawrence, and Thomas Wolfe, whose *Look Homeward, Angel* I swallowed whole, moved even by those overwritten purple patches in italics. Faulkner, on whom I spent precious pounds, died on me in the first chapters of *The Sound and the Fury* and *Absalom, Absalom!* His world was too remote for an English youth to grasp.

But what a feast of fiction there was. One sped from the complex involutions of Proust to the acid prose of Richard Aldington. Style and structure scarcely mattered; character and depth of feeling were the essentials.

I suspect passionate readers of my generation had the best of all adolescences. There was a range of fiction available of incomparable richness, stretching back 100 years, and there were giants still alive and producing, so one never questioned that the art of fiction was one of the highest cultural activities of man. But over the last thirty years sales of fiction have been surpassed by those of nonfiction. In England, at least, fewer and fewer publishers will take a chance on a first novel. Throughout Western Europe there is a feeling that fiction is losing its place, and that there are few novelists left of outstanding talent. Take France: Who can compare with the giants of the Thirties, such as Martin du Gard or Gide? Who would exchange Colette for Sagan? Or the early Sartre for the late Sartre? Perhaps it is symbolic that Camus, the author of three great novels, should have more or less quit fiction in his later years, and more symbolic still that the novelist of greatest talent and potential in Europe, Georges Simenon, wastes his genius on crime stories. And how sad the prospect in England: amateurs collapsing after their first performance. Only America survives and improves, the one country with a galaxy of talent that swims confidently in the mainstream of literature, eschewing the more outrageous experimentation and dilettantism that mar so much of the fiction of Western Europe.

It is sad that there is no competition from Russia, for I feel that she is crucial to the survival of the novel as a major form. If the monolithic bureaucracy should crack and literary freedom be restored, what stresses, what anguish, what heroism may be revealed to us. Here is a human experience—revolution, terror, war—almost unbelievable in its complexity and drama, and worthy of a dozen Tolstoys. A society as open as America cannot provide so multidimensional a theme, though the astounding variety of American life, the deep social conflicts that affect so many, should insure that the American novelist's world will still be rich and varied enough to tempt the creative artist and to snare the imagination of the young.

One must hope, however, for a renaissance in Russia and in Western Europe, for nothing, I feel, not even history, can deepen and expand human experience so much as a novel of genius. That is why it enriches so profoundly the adolescent's life, opening for him world upon world. His horizons expand, and he learns that in other countries there are men and women as human as himself with the same problems of love, hope, and despair.

WIT TWISTER #88

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The — — — — — — island
drowses in the sun.

Like — — — — — — on the
hills, small silver streams

— — — — — — in ready
— — — — — —; journeys
done,

They — — — — — — to the
sea that, sighing, dreams.

(*Answer on page* 58)

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To the Manor Not Born

A World of Profit, *by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton Mifflin. 265 pp. $5.95), concerns a beautiful, brittle society woman, her crumbling ancestral manor, and a nouveau riche land developer. Robert Maurer is chairman of the Literature Department at Antioch College.*

By ROBERT MAURER

By now Louis Auchincloss and his readers must be awfully weary of reviewers who conscientiously, monotonously list his attributes, tick off his virtues and flaws, testify to his considerable talents, and then consign him to the ranks of literary entertainers. That no one complains he is neglected or predicts that soon recognition will come may simply spell out the fate of the purely competent writer. Nevertheless, repetitive stimuli arouse repetitive responses, and after a dozen or so novels Auchincloss does begin to sound like a stuck jukebox.

His latest novel is once again about New York's Four Hundred, though this time he dares to feature a *nouveau riche* Jew. The theme is stated by Elly Shallcross, one of those beautiful, brittle women who so often grace Auchincloss's opera boxes and riding clubs. "Don't you see it's symbolic?" she asks. "I suggest it's time we joined the twentieth century!" Basking in an antique, aristocratic world, Elly is assessing the nature of newness itself, of the 1960s in which she and her kind are living.

What is symbolic for Elly is Shallcross Manor, the crumbling, white-columned mansion on Flushing Bay where for generations her ancestors—and now her father and sister Sophie—have fortified themselves against change. However, from across the bay comes the traffic roar of a modern parkway. Land developers covet Shallcross property for high-rise apartments. For Elly and Martin, her stockbroker brother, joining our century means speculation, the use of money to make money, and conveniently near is the symbolic man of the future: Jay Livingston, *né* Levermore, energetic, virile, slightly corrupt but eminently attractive, a big-time entrepreneur who is shedding his ghetto past as fiercely as the Shallcrosses have clung to their aristocratic one.

With the forces of old and new outlined, ironies multiply. Thus while members of Elly's clan pay a Jewish psychoanalyst to straighten out their psyches, Jay, having bought the land, surprisingly joins forces with Sophie in efforts to save the manor. When out of fear of life itself she cuts off their developing affair, he razes the building and strengthens his ties with Martin and Elly, who eventually becomes his mistress. In a prolonged proxy battle for a financial empire Jay's manipulations tumble into embezzlement, then smash when Sophie and her father expose him. Eventually no one is spared guilt or its consequences.

Taken on its own terms, this tale works as well as Auchincloss tales always have. Not sex but plot persistently raises its ugly head, though his people are given enough autonomy and dimension to communicate what it feels like to be human. Auchincloss's discerning intelligence still moves all around its subject, describing accurately, deftly probing motives, analyzing social forces, but hesitating at the point of final judgment, as if too committed to Tory values to repudiate what is loved. As usual, characters keep asking each other—and incidentally us—why they should be taken seriously, why they matter. And do they?

For if we step outside the boundaries of Auchincloss's assumptions about the new, everything collapses. With much success he has already suggested similar ironies in works like *The Rector of Justin, The Embezzler,* or, much earlier, *Sybil,* in all of which the values of an established society were challenged

(*Continued on page* 55)

Conflicting Passions in Gibbsville, Pa.

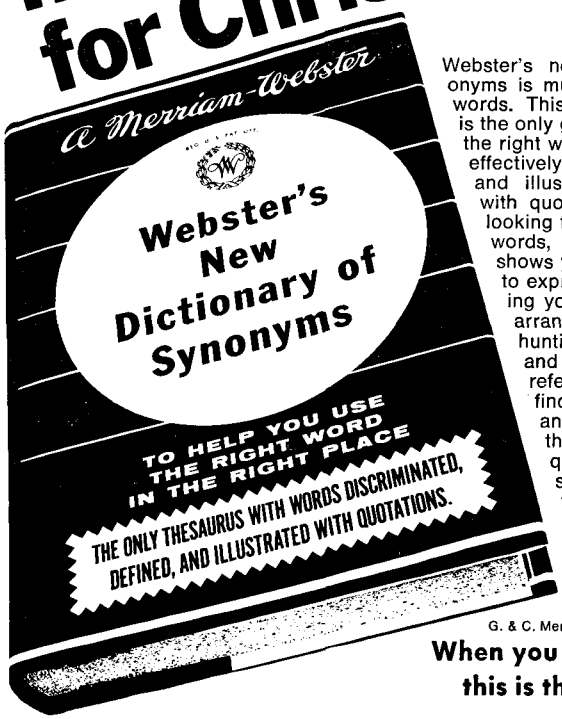
And Other Stories, *by John O'Hara (Random House. 336 pp. $5.95), set in and around the author's familiar Gibbsville, Pa., depicts people whose lives are marked by discontent and whose pleasures are gained at excessive personal cost. Peter L. Sandberg teaches writing at Northeastern University in Boston.*

By PETER L. SANDBERG

Buried in this most recent collection of John O'Hara's short stories is a 45,000-word novella entitled "A Few Trips and Some Poetry." It is by far the best piece in the book and deserves some attention. The story concerns a young woman, Isabel Barley, and her struggle to resolve her conflicting passions and to construct a satisfactory life. The "very nearly" beautiful daughter of a wealthy and socially prominent man in Gibbsville, Pennsylvania, she is a voluptuous girl who has been "accustomed to compliments and admiration." By the time she graduates from Wellesley College she has gone all the way with several boys and has enjoyed a brief affair with a Lesbian. She chooses her husbands oddly:

(*Continued on page* 58)

Give this new word guide for Christmas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Books: The Highest Compliments of the Season

By ROCHELLE GIRSON

FAR MORE than most presents, books – perceptively selected – are likely to gratify the difficult to please, and rare is the person who feels he already has enough on the subjects that engross him. For the student, the researcher, the hobbiest, the homemaker, the history buff, the political-minded, the oddball-fact collector—indeed, anybody intellectually curious, David M. Glixon suggested innumerable titles in *SR*'s Semi-annual Reference Book Roundup May 18 and November 16. Many of the best new juveniles were reviewed by Zena Sutherland in the issue of November 9. As is customary, Haskel Frankel this week reports on the hard-bound bargain counter (see page 50) and Rollene W. Saal selects the paperbacks (see page 56), while Margaret Weiss describes the choice photography books (see page 54). Costly or not—and most are—, the works described below will compliment and nourish a variety of cultivated interests. Moreover, a number of them, as well as the reference works, would be suitable as a consolidated gift from one household to another.

Little, for instance, would provide warmer family entertainment on cold winter nights than to explore together the world of the Old Testament as illuminated by *Jerusalem: A History of Forty Centuries,* by Teddy Kollek and Moshe Pearlman (Random House, $12.95); *A Land That I Will Show Thee: The Jewish People Through the Ages,* with text by Eva and Zeev Goldmann and color photos by Hed Wimmer (Putnam, $19.95), or *Asimov's Guide to the Bible: Volume One, The Old Testament* (Doubleday, $9.95). Isaac Asimov is a popularizer of science, a science-fictionist, and antiquarian; Mrs. Goldmann is art critic of *Haaretz,* Israel's leading Hebrew newspaper; Mr. Kollek is mayor of Jerusalem; the other authors are archeologists. To have at hand for cross checking the three books (they concentrate on the ancient history), plus *The Macmillan Bible Atlas,* by Yohanan Aharoni and Michael Avi-Yonah (Macmillan, $14.95), would be like tearing the veil from antiquity. For instance, we read in *A Land That I Will Show Thee:*

> During excavations at Ur and other Sumerian towns a level layer of sediment about ten feet thick was uncovered which contained no ceramic remains, while beneath it there was another layer containing potsherds. Modern methods of archeological research led to the conclusion that the population had in fact fallen victim to a local flood disaster in the fourth millennium B.C., and it could well be that stories of floods retain a memory of the tremendous inundations after the last Ice Age.

Typical of the entire volume, on the same page there are relevant quotations from the Bible, a diagram of the migration of the patriarch Abraham and his family from "Ur of the Chaldees" to Canaan, and marginal commentary. Turning to *The Macmillan Bible Atlas* for a clearer map of the region, we discover that "the form 'Ur of the Chaldees' is an anachronism, for the Chaldeans arrived there only in the eleventh century B.C." whereas the wanderings of Abraham's clan took place during the first half of the second millennium B.C. So how come Genesis is wrong? A mistranslation perhaps? There appear to be others. Quoting also from Genesis—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth"—Mr. Asimov remarks:

> The Hebrew word, translated here as God, is "Elohim" and that is a plural form which would ordinarily (if tradition were defied) be translated "gods." It is possible that in the very earliest traditions on which the Bible is based, the creation was indeed the work of a plurality of gods. The firmly monotheistic Biblical writers would carefully have eliminated such polytheism, but could not perhaps do anything with the firmly ingrained term "Elohim." It was too familiar to change.

The singular of Elohim is Eloah, used chiefly in the Book of Job.

The extremely readable Kollek-Pearlman *Jerusalem,* which, like the Goldmann volume, is lavishly illustrated with color photographs, reproductions of old prints, paintings and drawings, would have benefited from a clear map of the area because the sites mentioned are difficult to visualize even for one who has visited there. *Jerusalem,* with color plates by Werner Braun and text by Gabriella Rosenthal (Doubleday, $6.95), has an excellent map as end papers, although the book, which telescopes the city's history in ninety-six pages, is chiefly valuable to the tourist. Miss Rosenthal, whom the publisher does not identify, refers to Jerusalem as "'Salem,' a sacred city." Messrs. Kollek and Pearlman pick her up on that:

> It has long been believed that Jerusalem means "City of Peace," the Hebrew name, *Yerushalayim,* as it appears in the Bible, stemming from the two Hebrew words *Ir,* which means city, and *Shalom,* which means peace. Modern historians, however, consider that the derivation is probably *yara,* which means founded, and *Salem,* which was the name of the local god, so that the meaning would be "Founded by the god Salem."

Although *Heaven and Hell in Western Art,* by the Australian art critic Robert Hughes (Stein & Day, $14.95), is confusingly designed, and the half-tone reproductions are frequently so muddy that the symbols being explained are irritatingly hard to discern, the author amusingly imparts much erudition that will fascinate the fancier of curiosa. After reading him one can't fail to comprehend better the classic paintings of paradise and damnation.

Heretofore, without special permission, even gallery-goers could not view the drawings in the Louvre's Cabinet des Dessins. Now the greatest of them

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have been chosen by its curators and exquisitely reproduced in color and chiaroscuro in one of the year's most beautiful works, the three volumes composing *Great Drawings of the Louvre Museum* (Braziller, $15 each, $45 the boxed set). Among the 100 masterpieces selected by Maurice Sérullaz and his collaborators for Volume I, "The French Drawings," are unhackneyed specimens by such department-store staples as Toulouse-Lautrec, Renoir, and Cézanne, as well as samplings by artists whose drawings are so rare that the Louvre itself has only one—the Maître de Moulins, for example.

Similarly, for "The Italian Drawings" and "The German, Flemish and Dutch Drawings"—Volumes II and III—Rosaline Bacou has winnowed 100 pictures from each of the respective collections. Particularly appropriate for the season is the serenity induced in one leafing through the velvety pages of these unusually graceful volumes.

They may not be the Louvre's greatest but surely the numerous drawings from the Cabinet des Dessins are among the most interesting reproduced in *XIXth Century Drawings and Watercolors* (Crown, $12.50). One might find Jean Selz's exposition enlightening but flat and quibble with his insistence that oils reveal less of an artist's personality than pencil or pen, but anyone who has ever doodled a head will delight in the illustrations. Included among the 180 pictures, of which 100 are in color, are preliminary sketches for subsequent classics, tentative work by Picasso and Gauguin, and such little-known gems as the charcoal of Eleonora Duse by Ilya Yefimovich Repin in the Tretyakov Art Gallery, Moscow, and Suzanne Valadon's red chalk sketch of Utrillo as a child in Paris's Musée National d'Art Moderne. This volume is a real buy.

The *Mona Lisa* (the original of which is astonishingly small); *The Card Players*, by Cézanne; Manet's *Olympia*, and the *Victory of Samothrace* are typical of the 131 extremely familiar works reproduced in *Louvre/Paris*, the first of the five volumes in *Newsweek*'s glossy and highly informative Great Museums of the World series (distributed by Simon & Schuster, $10 each). In *Vatican Museums/Rome* full-page details from many of the 124 excellent color reproductions will especially arrest the art student and all others who, necks straining, have been hustled through the Gregorian-Etruscan, Pio-Clementino, and Chiaramonti museums on conducted group tours. A credit to the U.S. are the treasures in *National Gallery/Washington* even though the 113 reproductions concentrate on Western European and American art. Of greater diversity are the 113 selections in *British Museum/London*, which encompasses African, Oceanic, and tribal American art; Egyptian, Near Eastern, Persian, Indian, Chinese, Greek, even Celtic, Saxon and Carolingian art. Those who always thought that the graven-image prohibition forbade representational Hebrew religious art will be surprised to see depictions here of "The Temptation of Adam and Eve" and "The Original Sin: Noah and the Ark" on two thirteenth-century menorahs. Perhaps the most eye-opening of the "private guided tours" provided by European art historians for the Great Museums series is the commentary accompanying the 124 reproductions in *Prado/Madrid*, which includes Italian, Spanish, Flemish, German, French and Dutch masters. Like those in *Vatican Museums/Rome*, the full-page details from various works enhance the book's interest. Any one of the five volumes in this reasonably priced series would be treasured by those less than all-knowing about the world's art.

BULGING with intelligence concerning the Graeco-Buddhist tradition in India, Pakistan, Persia, and Central Asia, the recondite text by Madeleine Hallade in *Gandharan Art of North India* (Abrams, $25) may trouble readers to whom the Encyclopaedia Britannica is gospel. Mlle. Hallade, of the curatorial staff of the Musée Guimet in Paris, says the Buddha was "born to the family of Sakya," and she calls him "the Gautama" as if it were an honorific bestowed in recognition of the sage's early asceticism; EB states that Prince Siddhartha "was born among the Sakyas, a tribe of the (Kshatriya) warrior caste," and belonged to the *clan* of Gautama, as he later became known. This lavishly illustrated volume may prove absorbing to connoisseurs of Indian art; dilettantes will dip in.

The Buddha image, which is symbolic rather than representational, developed in the first century A.D.—some 500 years after Gautama's death—according to *Himalayan Art*, by Madanjeet Singh (New York Graphic Society, $35), the twenty-fourth title in the UNESCO World Art Series. Selected largely from Vajrayana, or Lamaist, monasteries, most of the wall paintings and sculpture so strikingly reproduced are unknown outside their exotic locales: Ladakh, Lahaul and Spiti, the Siwalik Ranges, Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan. Thanks respectively to the Jet Set and Hope Cooke, we know where Nepal and Sikkim (the derivation of which means "peace and happiness") are. One had to refer to gazetteer and atlas, though, to find that Ladakh is located in east Kashmir; Lahaul and Spiti border the disputed Indian state to the north; the Siwalik Ranges are the foothills of the Himalayas; and Bhutan nestles between Sikkim and Assam right under China to the east of India. A map would have been useful in this otherwise edifying study of the demonic mysteries of a Tantric cult.

Anyone who relishes folktales, in fact, anyone who appreciates fine bookmaking and the exquisite in art will revel in *Indian Painting: The Scene, Themes and Legends*, by Mohinder Singh Randhawa and former United States Ambassador to India John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin, $35). In addition to elucidating the history and customs of the country, Professor Galbraith drolly relates the stories—gathered by his colleague—that are illustrated in the book's thirty-five rare Mughal paintings. Sample:

> The Rajput chieftain was furious; he could not have his daughter marrying a Muslim. To save the honor of the family he gave orders that she should be poisoned. The family priest, evidently a sensitive man, asked that the action be postponed so that the holy festival day would not be defiled by a murder. This appeal to better nature succeeded. Ropmati was confined to a room with orders that poison be given the next morning.

With the entire world growing increasingly homogenized, at least in dress, it is refreshing to see pictured in *European Folk Art*, edited by H. J. Hansen (McGraw-Hill, $25), the variety of intricately woven and embroidered costumes that not long ago prevailed in the countrysides of the Continent. These are but a minor aspect of a huge volume that surveys the spectrum of everyday artifacts and traditional decorative motifs in households of Europeans, as well as their descendants in the Americas. Unfortunately, the 601 illustrations, of which 109 are in truly glorious color, overburden the book's spine, if the fractured binding of the review copy is representative.

Architecture, furniture, tableware, as well as painting in the New World are the ostensible concern of Richard McLanathan in his pleasurable exposition, *The American Tradition in the Arts* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $12.50). But with felicitous style the author, who has been curator of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and director of the Museum of Art in Utica, also unobtrusively weaves America's social history into his account. He writes, for instance, that following the popularity in Europe and the USA of Hiram Powers's insipid marble *The Greek Slave*, for most ad-

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mirers of art during the rest of the eighteenth century "the female nude remained 'deprived of her clothing' but heavily draped with the double mantles of morality and sentiment, appearing sometimes as a *Circassian Slave* and sometimes as a *Triumph of Chastity,* an *Andromeda,* an *Eve,* a *Hope,* or a *Startled Nymph,* for the pruderies of the period were as energetic as its pursuit of culture." The book's 298 illustrations are all black-and-white, sharply reproduced.

Primitive and folk art figure in one chapter of *A History of American Marine Painting,* by John Wilmerding (Little, Brown, $25). A handsome work, it is printed on such heavy stock that—with half the number of pages—the book is as hefty as, and double the price of, the McLanathan above. Perhaps the sixteen full-color plates in the marine work account for the inflation. Concentrating on the artists' craftsmanship, Professor Wilmerding, who is chairman of the Department of Fine Arts at Dartmouth College, speaks more to the knowledgeable aficionado than to the casual lay reader.

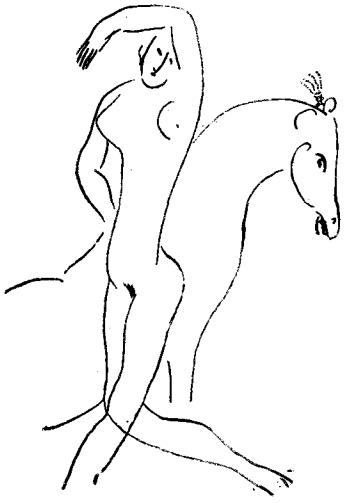
Anyone interested in United States history or simply amused by the ingenuous would be entertained by *Currier & Ives: Chronicles of America,* edited by John Lowell Pratt (Hammond, $14.95), which contains 215 vivid reproductions. Faithfully copied from the original hand-colored stone prints manufactured by the country's most enterprising lithography firm, the cheeks of the firemen are as rosy and the soldiers' uniforms as blue as when the tints were applied by the girls responsible for the respective hues in Currier & Ives's assembly line of a dozen women. Most of them were daughters of German immigrants, according to *The World of Currier & Ives,* by Roy King and Burke Davis (Random House, $25), who credit the vitality of their approximately sixty reproductions from Mr. King's private collection to a six-color deep-etch offset. In the Hammond volume the lithographs are grouped according to their subjects—The American Revolution, The War of 1812, The Sea and Ships, The West are some—and the descriptive matter is limited to chapter introductions by various authorities. Too large for the coffee table (with legs it would make a nice brunch table) and too leaden to be lifted above it, Random House's holiday greeting can only be perused on a desk—and the tome deserves that, for novelist Burke Davis's text accompanying each picture in this miscellany is brisk and informative. Moreover, although it would be a shame to rip up such a book, virtually all the reproductions are worthy of framing.

Especially pertinent so soon after the election is *The American Heritage History of the Presidents of the United States,* by Marcus Cunliffe and the editors of *American Heritage* (distributed by Simon & Schuster, $35). Like the magazine's other publications, the three volumes in this boxed set are distinguished by a lively, literate text, an artistic format, and bright reproductions of rare contemporary cartoons, portraits, and prints. Among the most poignant is the photograph of a tragic-eyed Sarah Lincoln, who when told of her stepson's assassination said, "I knowed they'd kill him."

WHAT the discovery, early exploration, and colonization of America was actually like is conveyed in the first-person accounts by frequently unknown participants unearthed and quoted by Charles Norman in *Discoverers of America* (Crowell, $7.95). Not all, however, expressed themselves as graphically as George Percy, a son of the Earl of Northumberland, who reported the search for a colony site in his *Observations*:

> When we landed the werowance [chief] of Rapahanna came down to the waterside with all his train, as goodly men as any I have seen of savages or Christians, the werowance coming before them playing on a flute made of a reed, with a crown of deer's hair colored red, in fashion of a rose, fastened about his knot of hair, and a great plate of copper on the other side of his head, with two long feathers in fashion of a pair of horns placed in the midst of his crown. His body was painted all with crimson, with a chain of beads about his neck, his face painted blue, besprinkled with silver ore, as we thought, his ears all behung with bracelets of pearls, and in either ear a bird's claw through it, beset with fine copper or gold. He entertained us in so modest a proud fashion, as though he had been a prince of civil government, holding his countenance without laughter or any such ill behavior. . . .

In the year 1500 A.D., scholars estimate, 300,000 Indians inhabited California; today their number has shrunk by nine-tenths, their culture destroyed. Reproduced in *Almost Ancestors: The First Californians,* by Theodora Kroeber, author of *Ishi in Two Worlds,* and Robert F. Heizer (Sierra Club, $15) are 117 photographs of Indians typical of the fifty West Coast tribes that the white man has made very nearly extinct, although before the depredation this land had been their land for perhaps as long as twenty centuries. Most of the pictures in *Almost Ancestors,* which has been sensitively edited by F. David Hales, were taken by amateurs in the early 1900s; snapped head-on, the subjects are self-consciously posed, which,



"Woman and Horse," about 1926. Ink.

"The Merry-go-round," 1925. Ink.

Spontaneous and buoyant, the sketches in *Chagall: Unpublished Drawings* (Skira/World, $7.50) combine with a perceptive text by Jacques Lassaigne to fashion a graceful and intimate dialogue with the spectator.

"Valentine with Doves," 1964. Pencil and Ink.

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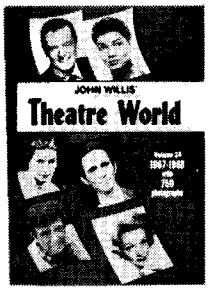

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curiously, reveals a defenselessness that more artful photography would have missed. Describing the ways of the Yurok-Karok-Hupa people, the co-authors write:

> The Yurok took no scalps and did not decapitate a foe. They held no victory dance or other celebration; instead they held a "settlement" dance when the bickerings and disagreements over the amounts of the indemnities each side must pay had been agreed upon; all damage to people and property must be paid for. A wealthy and prominent man paid more than a poor and obscure man, and, in private feuds as well as one involving many people, the victor or victors paid higher than the vanquished: *noblesse oblige*. . . .

Part II of *Almost Ancestors* quotes snatches of Indian songs, describes indigenous religious beliefs, and offers vignettes of individuals.

The Indians, who killed animals only for necessary food or hides, were outraged by the white man's wanton slaughter of birds and beasts, which resulted in near-extirpation for numerous species and obliteration for too many others. In *Wild Sanctuaries: Our National Wildlife Refuges—A Heritage Restored* (Dutton, $22.50) Robert Murphy tells how the decimated fauna are being encouraged to multiply in the havens now scattered across mainland America, Alaska and Hawaii. The least nature-minded can't fail to find endearing the expressiveness and inherent dignity of even the most comical-looking creatures pictured in the book's 250 photographs, a number of which in color deserve to be framed. The enlightening captions indicate, for instance, why the morose muskox chewing a straw appears so glum: ". . . this young bull, ousted by the harem master, must go through a period of fighting before being allowed to rejoin the herd. . . . When he grows too old to compete with younger bulls, he will again be ousted from the herd, leading a solitary life until his death." Evidently, the sanctuary established for his kind on Nunivak Island doesn't afford him much social security.

Extinct as the passenger pigeon are most of the 266 pioneer automobiles pictured in contemporary advertisements in *Cars of the Early Twenties*, by Tad Burness (Chilton, $17.50). Although Jack Benny has kept the memory of the Maxwell green, how many recall the Owen Magnetic, "the car of a thousand speeds"; the Playboy, manufactured by Jordan Motor Car Corporation especially for the "broncho-busting, steer-roping girl"; the Haynes brougham with its "exquisite vanity and smoking cases"? And what about the Apperson, a car whose "lasting beauty" was symbolized by the Parthenon and the Taj Mahal, before which it was frequently pictured? It's odd that none of the ads tracked down in *Sunset, Country Gentleman, Saturday Evening Post, Country Life* and other magazines of the day is for the Model "T" Ford; the "flivver," the beloved "Tin Lizzie" that was such a gas, is shown in a line drawing by Mr. Burness, who describes the mechanism of each automobile illustrated.

The Model "T" made its debut in 1908, and fifteen years later every other car was a Ford. First in its evolution was the Quadricycle, which in 1896 allowed the option of a 10 or 20 mph spin with a four-cycle, two-cylinder engine created from discarded scrap metal and a plumber's pipe. The Quadricycle is among 101 extraordinarily handsome colorplates that Clarence P. Hornung made for *Portrait Gallery of Early Automobiles* (Abrams, $35), which begins with the 1853 Dudgeon Steam Wagon and concludes with the 1915 Locomobile Town Coupe. Previously issued in a limited edition costing $500, the vol-

"Doña Nestorita," 1942.

Little known except to a few collectors, the lithographs of Peter Hurd form an important facet of this American artist's work. The country, life, and people of the Southwest are his subject, drawn with sharp definition. *Peter Hurd: The Lithographs* (Baker Gallery Press, Lubbock, Tex., $16.95) offers the complete collection in fifty-eight faithfully reproduced plates, which are accompanied by anecdotes and reminiscences by the artist and introduced with a tribute by Andrew Wyeth. Edited by John Meigs, the volume also includes numerous drawings, photographs, and an essay on the technique of lithography.

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ume has notes and comments by James J. Bradley, head of the Automotive Historical Collection at the Detroit Public Library. If it didn't contain a word, the book would be one to covet, although Mr. Hornung, an artist-engineer who has been dubbed the "Audubon of the Automobile," just may have idealized somewhat the color schemes of his horseless carriages and cars.

EVEN with Joseph DiMona's literary assistance, one period picture is worth a thousand words in stripper Anne Corio's narration for *This Was Burlesque* (Grosset & Dunlap, $9.95), an icebreaker for the cocktail table. Miss Corio, who originally wanted to be a legitimate actress, is modest about her histrionic ability ("I doubt that the stage lost a potential Sarah Bernhardt") as well as her person (photographs of her in bikinis show the navel decently erased). And the "Queen of Burlesque" is generous in her fashion to the competition: "I'd be the first to admit that I never made it as big as Gypsy Rose Lee. Gypsy had a fair body—nothing sensational—but she had sensational brains and a beautiful face. . . . In a way, she did us all a favor because she proved that strip-teasers could have brains along with their more well-known attributes."

Although *This Was Burlesque* will contribute to the season's merriment, nothing makes a holiday glow like good eating. A zestful way to vary the perennial Christmas fare and still remain within *somebody's* tradition is to venture into the kitchens of nations that have contributed through their immigrants to the ever-expanding U.S. cuisine. Indeed, Stephen and Ethel Longstreet's *A Salute to American Cooking* (Hawthorn, $8.95) might more precisely be entitled "A Salute to the Melting Pot," for the 500-odd recipes in the book range from Mitzvah Veal Schnitzel through Laredo Chili con Queso to Mott Street Cabbage Suey. In the New England section of *Salute*, which has both regional and ethnic divisions, one finds such culinary sports as sliced ham, preferably hickory smoked, simmered in strong coffee and light cream.

Left-over Beaujolais can thriftily make ragoût out of stew but, short of drinking it, what can you do with a few ounces of Old Granddad at the bottom of the decanter? In *Whiskey in the Kitchen* (Bobbs-Merrill, $10) Emmanuel and Madeleine Greenberg urge one to plunge beyond merely refining victuals with brandies and cordials by dosing even an omelet with high-proof hard liquor. The Greenbergs make a viable case for their contention that spirits (vodka excepted) should be thought of as condiments by reciting the components of gin: juniper berries, cassia bark or cinnamon, coriander seed, angelica

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and orrisroot, bitter almonds, fennel, dried lemon or orange peels and cardamom. Furthermore, sensitive nostrils have detected in bourbon—the potential of which as a condiment "has barely been tapped"—whiffs of caramel, vanilla, dry wood, cumin and cereal, fruity undertones and buttery, nutty scents. During the cooking process the alcohol evaporates along with the calories (which, we learn, per ounce approximate the proof). Reason enough to give that adventurous cook *Whiskey in the Kitchen*? An equally valid one is that most of its 400 or so recipes are worth trying even without raiding the bar.

NEITHER the Longstreet nor Greenberg work is especially designed for the holidays. *A Merry Christmas Herbal,* by Adelma Grenier Simmons (Morrow, $5.95), and *Jingle Bells and Pastry Shells,* by Alma Smith Payne (World, $6.50), are—although the latter is subtitled "Holiday Baking Favorites for All Year Round." The Christmas season at Mrs. Simmons's Connecticut farm, Caprilands, stretches from December 4, Saint Barbara's Day, through Epiphany on January 6, during which members of the household happily construct wooden reindeer, weave a potpourri of wreaths, trim an imaginative variety of trees, and hang bundles of herbs from the rafters—directions for all of which are provided. Many of the foreign customs kept alive at Caprilands with traditional decorations and dishes are, Mrs. Simmons cheerfully admits, of pagan origin. The hospitality spree ends with the Twelfth Night Feast, a masquerade made heady with pungent burning resins and spices. "As the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews knew," comments Mrs. Simmons, "the proportion should be approximately six frankincense to one of myrrh."

Jingle Bells is even more international in scope, and it, too, describes various customs. Beginning with Austria's Gugelhupf, which resembles an English tea cake, the author skips about the world for here a quick bread from Argentina, there a cardamom date cake from Thailand. Persian sesame bread and Jewish challah are included in this cosmopolitan cornucopia, along with a Yule log from France and some half-dozen medleys of mincemeat.

"In the time before the Reformation," Mrs. Payne tells us, "mince pies were made oblong in shape to represent the manger. Sometimes a little figure of the infant Jesus would be placed in an indentation on the top crust. Thus the pie was served as an object of devotion as well as part of the feast. The 'baby' was removed, and the 'manger' was eaten. This custom was suppressed by the Puritans, who thought it was unreligious to eat the pastry manger."

On the Fringe

Haskel Frankel

Well, here comes Christmas again, and with it this annual look-around the bookstores to see what's available for giving by the broke and budget-minded. The price is still $5 top. What with the mounting cost of everything, you will not be surprised to learn that while quantity is ample, quality is on the wane.

And now to the lists. As usual, I do not include paperbacks or children's books (both handled by others in these pages). Remember, the following books do not make up your bookstore's entire stock. Do check for yourself.

First Choice:

A delight at any price and a bargain at $4.95 is *An Exaltation of Larks, or The Venereal Game,* by James Lipton (Grossman). What we today call collective nouns were once terms of venery (from the Latin *venari,* meaning "to hunt game"). Mr. Lipton's researches go back to the fifteenth century, when many of the terms were invented and codified. He has also contrived some of his own. The result makes joyous and informative reading: "a skulk of foxes," "a murder of crows," "a school of fish" (which turns out to be a corruption of "shoal"). Handsomely illustrated by well-selected engravings, this is a perfect gift for anyone on your list with an I.Q. worth noting.

Another bargain is *The Peanuts Treasury,* by Charles M. Schulz (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95). The volume contains more than 600 cartoons selected by the creator from among his favorites.

Fine art at a fair price marks the Q.L.P. Art Series (Crown, $3.50 each). This year's new additions are *Pascin,* by Gaston Diehl, and *Bonnard,* by Raymond Cogniat. Each monograph is illustrated with fifty-four plates in color, twenty in black-and-white. Run through the entire series.

Worth Considering:

Tom Lehrer's Second Song Book (Crown, $2.95) offers words and music to fifteen of the professor's pointed and funny compositions. Obviously, this is a sequel. The first book contains twelve songs.

Adultery for Adults, by Joyce Peterson and Marilyn Mercer (Coward-McCann, $3.95), a guide to what the authors call "horizontal enrichment," might provide extramarital reading fun for some of your broader-minded friends.

The Cerfs, *père et fils,* both have offerings for the giving season. *Bennett Cerf's Treasury of Atrocious Puns* (Harper & Row, $3.95) is just that, while Christopher Cerf's *The World's Largest Cheese* (Doubleday, $4.95) is something else again. The publishers suggest it is either an anthological novel or an indulgence. Perhaps. Anyway, it has something to do with cows and cheese, and it is decidedly wacky. *Drat!,* edited by Richard J. Anobile (World, $4.95), is an anti-dog and pro-alcohol diatribe by the immortal W. C. Fields, profusely illustrated with stills from his pictures.

Wonders and Surprises (Lippincott, $3.95) comprises more than 100 poems, serious and nonsensical, selected by Phyllis McGinley. A very nice gift, indeed. Judith Viorst is a poet of the ordinary, the everyday. There is more reason than rhyme in her work, and more humor than either. I think her collection *It's Hard to Be Hip Over Thirty and Other Tragedies of Married Life* (World, $4.95) makes a dandy gift for anyone who has ever loved and won.

As I am not much in the kitchen you'll have to check out the cookbooks for yourself, but I can at least tell you of a few that look attractive. *The Side Dish Cookbook,* by Roy Ald (Essandess Special Edition, $2.50), contains a slew of easy-to-make recipes to accompany the main course, and it tells you what main course works best with the side dish. *Stew!,* by Nika Hazelton, and *Cookies!,* by Patricia White, (both Simon & Schuster, $2.95 each), are new additions to the series of one-subject cookbooks. The first offers forty-five meat, fish, and vegetable stew recipes, while the second contains sixty-six recipes plus some baking know-how. *The Wine and Food Society's Guide to Eggs,* by Margaret Sherman (World, $4.95), should appeal to both the beginning cook (scrambling, frying, boiling eggs) and the expert (soufflés, mousses, egg soups). I think this cookbook is the best of the lot that I've seen in the under-$5 area.

Wit and wisdom meet in two books that should please a lady. *Mrs. Parkinson's Law,* by C. Northcote Parkinson (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95), does for the housewife what *Parkinson's Law* did for the businessman—reduce her occupation to a shambles.

Ladies, Please Come to Order!, by Peggy Cameron King (Grosset & Dunlap, $3.95), is a light-hearted look at

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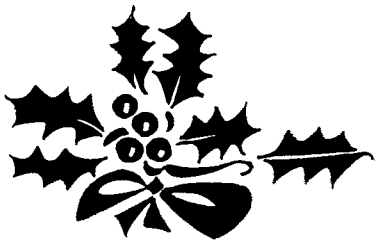
women's clubs. It also includes advice for ladies about to start a club.

For the house-proud you might consider *Creative Home Decorations You Can Make*, by Karen Carlson McCann with Sue T. Garmon (Doubleday, $4.95). The suggestions are geared for the non-mechanical and the non-monied. Some of them are a bit too cute for my taste, but there are others that are downright handsome, such as an old pair of ice tongs that have been turned into a candelabra. *With Love—and Elbow Grease*, by Elizabeth Lowry Browning (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), is a how-to book on antiquing, decorating, and finishing practically anything.

If his game is tennis or golf and he has a sense of humor about it, you might give him *The Underhanded Serve*, by Rex Lardner (Hawthorn, $3.95) or *Golfmanship*, by Stephen Potter (McGraw-Hill, $4.95). Both are manuals on the art of playing dirty and winning. *The Record Breakers*, by Maury Allen (Prentice-Hall, $4.95), recalls fifteen great moments in sports history, including those created by Joe DiMaggio, Wilt Chamberlain, Gordie Howe, and Maureen Connolly. A shade of difference exists in *Winners Never Quit*, by Phil Pepe (Prentice-Hall, $4.95). His fifteen stories concern athletes who triumphed over pain and adversity to become champions. Both books contain photographs.

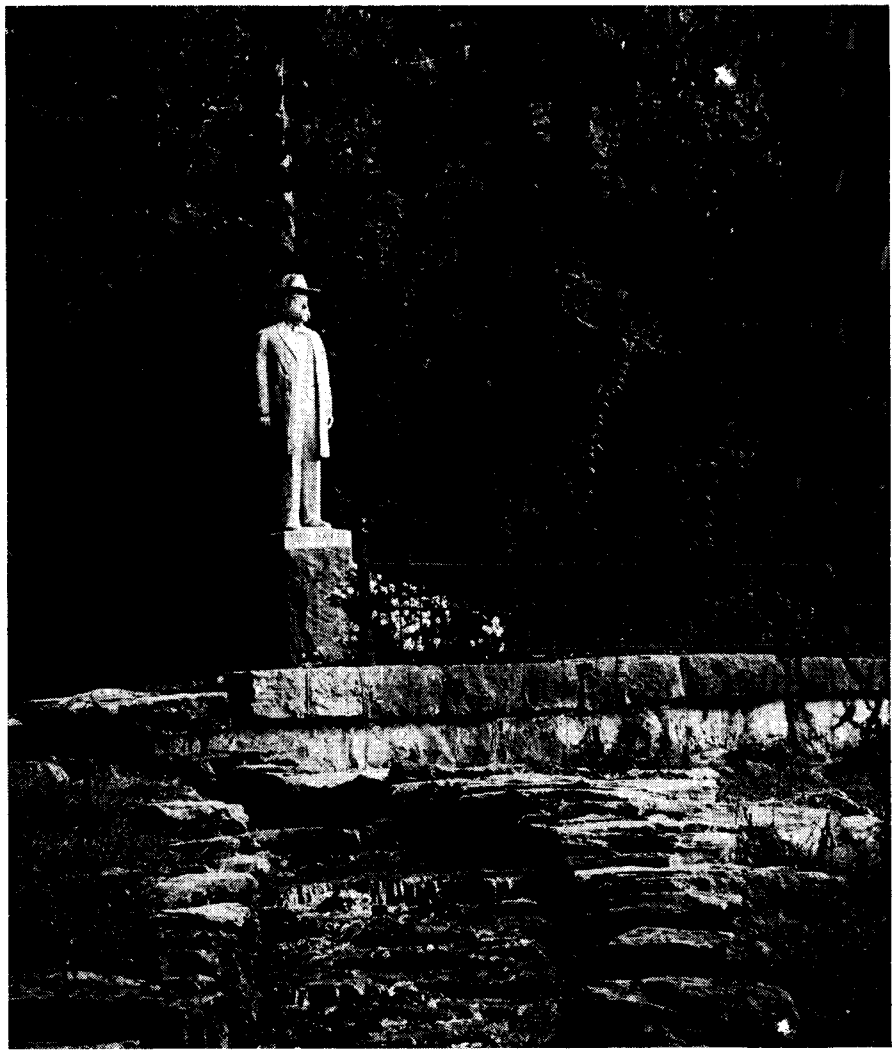
In *Star in the East*, by Hans Holzer (Harper & Row, $4.95), the author reports on archeological findings that prove the Nativity to be more than legend. If there's a literary scholar on your



gift list, consider *Washington Irving's Contributions to "The Corrector,"* edited by Martin Roth (University of Minnesota Press, $4.50). This volume makes available, for the first time in collected form, forty-five pieces that were published anonymously in a New York political newspaper in 1804.

If they're old enough to have memories, *Whatever Became of . . .?* (Second Series), by Richard Lamparski (Crown, $4.95), should please. I'm old enough, and I enjoyed finding out whatever became of Fay Wray, Thomas E. Dewey, and Sonny Tufts. Each subject's story is illustrated with then and now photographs.

And that's it for another year. Merry Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight. (Whatever became of me? I collapsed with a bad case of typing fingers.)



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BRANDINGS
A Book of Poems by
KATHERINE ARNSTEIN HEINEMANN
Wood engravings by Roderick Mead
..."a dark flaming music"
—Muriel Rukeyser
The Cummington Press/West Branch, Iowa 52358/$12.50

Roofs of Gold Were Mud and Myth

The Quest for Timbuctoo, by Brian Gardner (Harcourt, Brace & World. 212 pp. $5.75), chronicles the adventures of explorers who, after often incredible ordeals, found not a legendary "sub-Sahara Camelot" but a squalid village of mud huts. Charles Miller is a free-lance writer and critic specializing in African history.

By CHARLES MILLER

APART FROM THE SOURCE OF THE NILE, the most sought-after goal of nineteenth-century African exploration was the fabled city of Timbuctoo—and not many objectives in the annals of discovery can have been less worth the trouble of finding than this undistinguished cluster of flyblown mud houses on the bottom edge of the Sahara Desert. Yet the men who tried to reach Timbuctoo didn't know they were wasting their time, and they willingly underwent ordeals as frightful as any ever experienced by explorers, for little more than the deceptive magnetism of a name. Their courage, resolution, and at times incredible endurance have helped Brian Gardner to write what I suspect may be the year's best adult adventure history.

Few myths have been more durable than the beguiling malarkey that accumulated around Timbuctoo for the better part of 500 years. True, the legend did have a modest basis in fact: at the end of the fifteenth century the city flourished as a hub of trade and culture in the great West African Songhai Empire. But by the early 1600s Timbuctoo began to slide, and it has yet to stop. This decline, however didn't keep gaudy rumors of a sub-Sahara Camelot, its every roof tiled with solid gold, from filtering steadily and tantalizingly into Europe. With a name like Timbuctoo it had to be good, and despite its geographical isolation—not to mention the body- and mind-breaking hazards of climate and xenophobia—a "Timbuctoo rush" became only a matter of time. By the beginning of the nineteenth century it was in full swing.

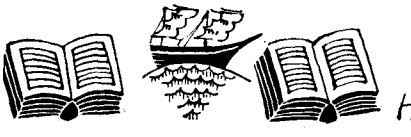
Not that the search was altogether frivolous. The city's known location on the Niger river, and the mystery of the Niger's course, made Timbuctoo a place of considerable importance to such titans of early West African exploration as Mungo Park, Hugh Clapperton, and Richard Lander (although none of them ever reached the city). But for the romantics, Timbuctoo seemed more of a fun thing (to use the least appropriate expression possible), and *The Quest for Timbuctoo* is at once a roll-call of bravery and a catalogue of credulousness. Drawing extensively on the explorers' own writings, Gardner gives personality and muscle to an impressive list of heroic amateurs (and not a few professionals) who might well have passed up the dangers paving the way to the purportedly golden metropolis had they heeded the one visitor who didn't want to make the trip.

This man was Robert Adams, an unlettered American seaman who reached Timbuctoo in 1811 as a slave, after shipwreck and capture on the northwest African coast. During the march across the desert to the city, Adams often had nothing to drink but camel urine. Upon managing, after a long purgatory, to regain his freedom, he wrote an as-told-to account of the visit, but the book won immediate and widespread denunciation as a fake, because "Adams's description of Timbuctoo was of a dull, filthy and exceedingly unattractive town." So the mad sweepstakes went on.

Of the three men to finish in the money ($5,000 offered by the Geographical Society of Paris) I found myself especially intrigued by two: a breathtakingly self-centered Scot, Alexander Gordon Laing, and a likable French youth named René Caillié. Although neither had any real scientific interest in Timbuctoo, both saw it as a personal Eldorado. For Laing, who made the journey in 1826, getting there was in large measure a ticket to self-glorification: "I shall do more than has ever been done before," he wrote, "and shall show myself to be what I have ever considered myself, a man of enterprise and genius." But if short on modesty, Laing compensated with a quadruple ration of ruggedness. During a pre-dawn ambush by Tuaregs, he sustained—and survived—no fewer than twenty-four bullet and saber wounds, of at least a dozen of which any single one could have been fatal. Then, although 600 miles still separated him from Timbuctoo, he contrived somehow to remount his camel, push forward, and reach the goal. He found that Adams hadn't been a fraud after all. Although he tried to conceal his disappointment in his letters, "Timbuctoo . . . must have seemed to him the final and most cruel twist of the rack." (It wasn't quite; on the third day of his return journey, Laing was bushwhacked once more, and this time his attackers cut off his head.

Caillié made his bid two years later, impelled by patriotism, zeal for pure discovery, and a wish to please a lame sister. He did it the easy way, disguis-

(*Continued on page* 89)



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A Grisly Day in June 1815

***Waterloo: Day of Battle**, by David Howarth (Atheneum. 239 pp. $7.95), depicts the horrors and the faux pas that characterized Wellington's celebrated victory. Simon Schama is a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, where he lectures on the French Revolution.*

By SIMON SCHAMA

THERE ARE TWO PROSPECTS from which to describe a battle: bird's-eye view and worm's-eye view. The first is favored by historians whose job is to perpetuate the elaborate myths of military science. To help make complexity simple and madness logical, blank or shaded rectangles are used to designate a battalion here, a battery there. The death and mutilation of thousands are recorded in geometric diagrams of chilling lucidity—the shorthand of massacre.

Then there are those who write from beneath the horses and in the mire, free of any obligation to make sense of an act for the most part nonsensical. Their object is to record what Cavalié Mercer, the artillery captain on whose superlative chronicle David Howarth heavily relies in *Waterloo*, called "pure simple gossip for my own amusement." The modesty of this ambition is more apparent than real. In relating the events of this single grisly day in June 1815 Mr. Howarth competes with some distinguished predecessors, not the least of whom is Stendhal. Unlike the author of *The Charterhouse of Parma*, Mr Howarth has not had the benefit of Napoleonic service to refresh his account. Perhaps this distance tells in the lack of the intimate irony that so illuminates Stendhal's story. Among the marshalled squares and reckless cavalry there is no Fabrizio del Dongo, no baffled youth wandering into the front line, inquiring whether he was present at "a *real* battle."

Mr. Howarth has pieced his narrative together by means of concealed anthology. Directing the reader's attention from one character to another, he has tried to give both an intensive and a comprehensive account. There is nothing reprehensible about this technique, although here the balance of sources is heavily weighted to the British side. Tolstoy used fundamentally the same episodic narration with sublime effect to describe Austerlitz and Borodino in *War and Peace*. But Mr. Howarth can no more be ranked alongside Tolstoy than Stendhal. The result occasionally resembles those Hollywood movies in which epic events are reduced to a series of cameos to assist the identification of the audience with heroes and villains. At

(*Continued on page* 66)

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Climbing Mont Blanc Range, 1880. Photo by Vittorio Sella from *The Alps and Alpinism*

With a Camera Eye on Christmas

By MARGARET R. WEISS

LIKE the gaily trimmed tree and the festive holiday table, the photographic "gift book" is a seductive composite of appeals to eye and inner man. Some of this season's eye-tempters again reveal the camera doing what it does best—spanning space and time to make shared experience of the remote or the remembered, the inaccessible or the inconstant, the treasured old or the topically new.

Two of Viking's Studio Books are among the colorful spectaculars for "gracious giving." In *Buckingham Palace and Its Treasures* ($25), photographers Lionel Bell, Kerry Dundas, and Sydney Newbury make a human document out of their grand tour of the royal residence and its fabled collections, justifying John Russell's appraisal that "the great house can stun with splendor, where splendor is called for, but its general tone is one of unaffected commodity."

Wondrous works of another civilization concern Alexander Liberman in *Greece, Gods, and Art* ($19.95). Retracing a personal odyssey, his color photographs aim not so much at strict documentation as at evocation of mood to create a classic harmony of light, landscape, architecture, and sculpture.

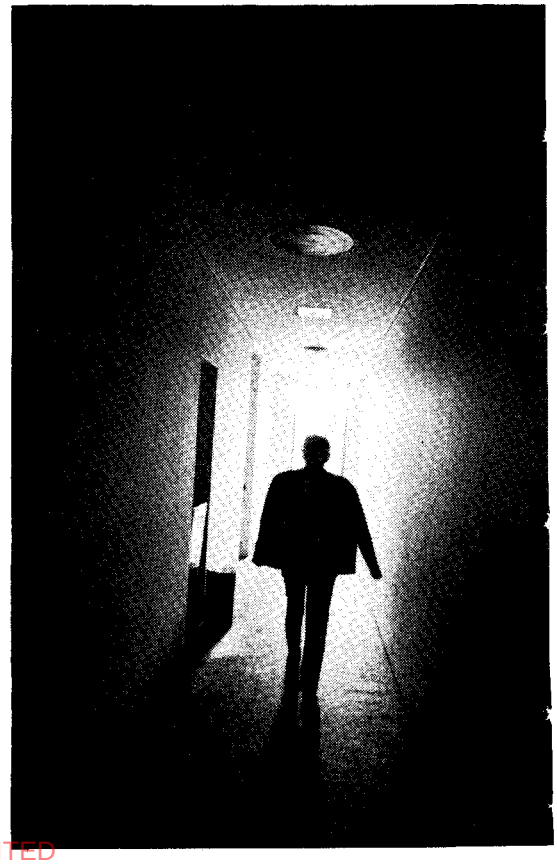
For painstaking photo-cataloguing, there is Erich Steingräber's *Royal Treasures* (Macmillan, $19.95), in which the twin lenses of Claus and Liselotte Hansmann portray in close-up the dazzling acquisitions amassed by Europe's crowned heads.

Grandeur is the theme—and largesse the effect—of the newest architectural anthologies in Putnam's Great Houses series. For the eye's delight and envy, Nigel Nicolson and photographer Ian Graham tour majestic mansions in *Great Houses of the Western World* ($20.95), and the editors of *Réalités* preside over detailed camera visits to historic *palazzi* and villas in *Great Houses of Italy* ($22.50).

An expedition of an entirely different character is shared by Eliot Porter in his two-volume color documentary, *Galápagos: The Flow of Wildness* (Sierra Club, 2 vols. boxed, $45). Borrowing texts from Darwin, Melville, William Beebe, and his own journals, Porter records the islands that straddle the equa-

Indochina (Vietnam), 1952. Photo by Werner Bischof from *Photographs of Werner Bischof*

Philharmonic performance. Photo by Ken Heyman from *The Private World of Leonard Bernstein*



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At home in Fairfield, Conn. Photo by Ken Heyman from *The Private World of Leonard Bernstein*

tor 650 miles west of Ecuador. As each image exposes tortoise and land iguana, finch and flamingo, cinder cone and lava, his plea for conservation gains in eloquence. For him, Galápagos epitomizes an insular refuge of natural diversity and wildness, "where man still has the opportunity to see the earth, rising black-ribbed from the sea, and the profusion of life that has risen with it through time." Not many may possess Porter's vigor and enthusiasm for "a simplified environment," but the photography in his books will give any recipient a valid passport to vicarious escape.

There is other terrain to be visited—or revisited—in novelist-photographer Wright Morris's *God's Country and My People* (Harper & Row, $10). Poised between the real and the imagined, this visual meditation seeks to salvage in words and pictures a disappearing America—the people and private landmarks of a Nebraska childhood, the haunting memory of sun-dried denim and the kiln-dried earth of the prairie, a sector of God's country that "is still a fiction inhabited by people with a love for the facts."

Nostalgia and the social historian should both have a field day with *American Album: How We Looked and How We Lived in a Vanished U.S.A.* (Simon & Schuster, $17.50), a collection of rare vintage photographs compiled by the editors of *American Heritage*. In *The Alps and Alpinism*, edited by Karl Lukan (Coward-McCann, $17.95) past and present meet in the story of the alpine world from Neanderthal caveman to present-day ski buff, mountain climber, and aerial photographer. Illustrated throughout with hundreds of black-and-whites and a generous amount of tipped-in color plates, the book includes a section on early mountain photography and film-making that provides insight into the picture-taking problems such pioneers as Vittorio Sella faced almost ninety years ago.

Even those who are not among the composer-conductor's coterie of admirers will find Ken Heyman's adroit camerawork in *The Private World of Leonard Bernstein* (Ridge Press/Viking, $12.50) more than a match for his volatile subject. Viewed in the context of Heyman's images and John Gruen's commentary, Bernstein offstage—occasionally offguard—has never appeared in a more appealing or revealing light.

Two slim little books—almost stocking-stuffer size compared to the overscaled dimensions of most picture books—deserve attention. *Brassaï*, with an introductory essay by Lawrence Durrell (New York Graphic Society/Museum of Modern Art; hardcover, $5.95, softcover $2.95), highlights some of the atmospheric night scenes, views of café life, and graffiti subjects that years ago earned this Hungarian-born photographer his epithet of "the eye of Paris." Long overdue, a hand-span retrospective of the late Werner Bischof's work is just off the press. Though the brief text betrays evidence of its hasty compilation, the pictures in *Photographs of Werner Bischof* (Grossman/Paragraphic, $1.95) display rich human content and an engaging sense of design.

To the Manor Not Born

Continued from page 43

from within by a new sensibility. The difference in *A World of Profit* is that threats come from beyond, from outsiders who say "pleased to meecha" and call curtains "drapes."

Yet why Jay should be a symbol for the 1960s rather than the 1920s is hard to see, sharing as he does much more than a given name with a fellow named Gatsby. Why, lacking Gatsby's destructive illusions about the rich, he should pursue Shallcrosses is even harder to figure out, despite his private-school, Ivy-League-college upbringing. If truly new, his stamping grounds would more likely be Las Vegas, Miami Beach, or pleasure palaces in the Catskills.

Garrulous as old lawyers tend to be in fiction, Eben Shallcross lectures Sophie's fiancé at the close of the novel. "There's only one real truth," he declares, "and that is that we're individuals. There are no generations or tendencies." Though there is a modicum of truth in that, and though out of that truth real novels can be made, most readers will sense in their bones that our generations and tendencies do not inhabit this world of profit. Novels about the rich may not be passé, but if Elly and Sophie are really going to encounter our century, they will have to do it not in the language of Henry James and Edith Wharton but in some other, newer tones. Resurrecting antique modes to try to deal with "the future" is like attributing our present situation to the decline of Emily Post as a social force.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

MORE TITLE ROLES

Eric Marcus of Summit, N. J., has unmasked a fresh assortment of men and women (listed at the right) alluded to in titles from American and British literature. If there are any you can't identify, turn to page 89.

1. *The American* ( )
2. *As I Lay Dying* ( )
3. *The Catcher in the Rye* ( )
4. *Death Comes for the Archbishop* ( )
5. *Death of a Salesman* ( )
6. *The Egoist* ( )
7. *The Last Adam* ( )
8. *The Last Angry Man* ( )
9. *The Last Puritan* ( )
10. *The Man Who Came to Dinner* ( )
11. *The Man with the Golden Arm* ( )
12. *The Pathfinder* ( )
13. *She Stoops to Conquer* ( )
14. *The Woman in White* ( )
15. *A Woman of No Importance* ( )

a. Dr. Samuel Abelman
b. Oliver Alden
c. Rachel Arbuthnot
d. Dr. George Bull
e. Natty Bumppo
f. Addie Bundren
g. Anne Catherick
h. Holden Caulfield
i. Kate Hardcastle
j. Jean Latour
k. Willy Loman
l. Frankie Machine
m. Christopher Newman
n. Willoughby Patterne
o. Sheridan Whiteside

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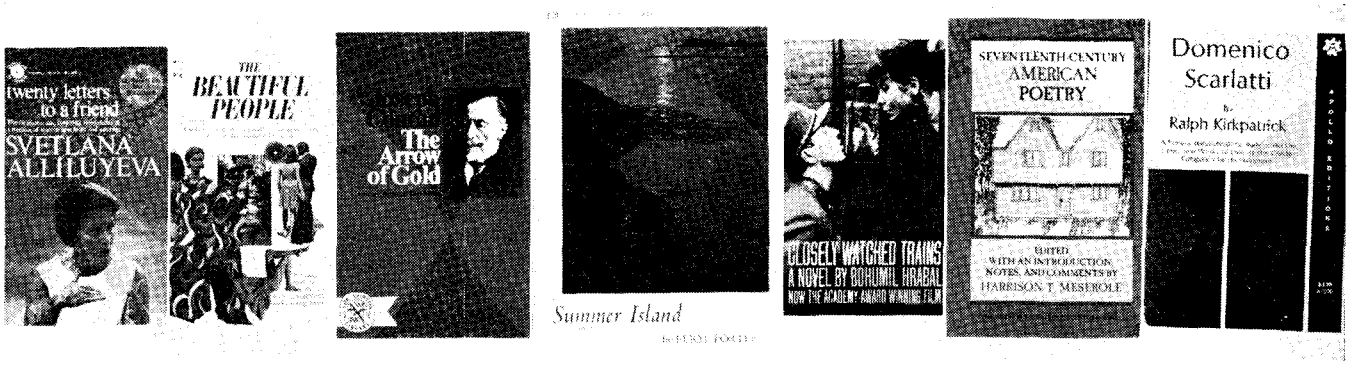

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Half the fun of the holidays is the giving, half the list-making. What now follows is not only a list of books appropriate for the season—to tuck into stockings and under the tree and leave on coffee tables at festive parties—but a reminder of the dazzling quantity and variety of paperbacks published during this past year. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

THE ARROW OF GOLD. CHANCE. THE RESCUE. By Joseph Conrad. Norton. 3 vols. $1.95 each. Conrad called *The Arrow of Gold*, "A Story Between Two Notes"; *Chance*, "A Tale in Two Parts," and *The Rescue*, "A Romance of the Shallows," but this modesty won't fool readers for a moment.

SNOW COUNTRY. By Yasunari Kawabata. Translated by Edward G. Seidensticker. Berkley. 75¢. A cool love story as subtle and muted as a pebbled Japanese garden, by this year's winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature.

THE BENSON MURDER CASE. THE "CANARY" MURDER CASE. By S. S. Van Dine. Fawcett Gold Medal. 75¢ each. Here comes Philo Vance, that urbane amateur who taught the professionals a thing or two about crime, in the first two books of that highly successful and literate mystery series.

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS. By Bohumil Hrabal. Translated by Edith Pargeter. Grove/Evergreen Black Cat. 95¢. A hefty prize-winning film was made from this slender, poetic novel about a fearful young Czech who compellingly establishes his manhood.

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER. By William Styron. Signet. $1.25. Whether the slave rebellion is reported as it was is less important than that it makes dramatic telling in the fictional account that won the Pulitzer Prize.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. By Charles Dickens. Penguin English Library. $1.95. No Christmas list is ever complete without Dickens. Here's Pecksniff and Mrs. Gamp and a whole gallery of Dickensian rogues all in a handsome edition with the traditional "Phiz" drawings.

NEW AMERICAN REVIEW. Edited by Theodore Solotaroff. 4 vols. Boxed. Signet. $4. The Sixties' version of the "little" magazine presented as a boxed quartet—and taken all together it's a remarkably sparky collection. Philip Roth, Grace Paley, Mordecai Richler are a few who light the fire.

THE NOVELS OF GEORGETTE HEYER. Bantam. 6 vols. $4.50. If there is anyone who has not yet tasted the delights of Georgette Heyer's Regency and Georgian romances, here's a boxful selected from her dozens of novels. Included for connoisseurs are *Regency Buck*, *The Convenient Marriage*, and *These Old Shades*.

THE WHITE DEER. By James Thurber. Drawings by the author. Harbrace. 95¢. In a fairy-tale land three princes set out to prove themselves all for the love of a lady. Somehow Thurber manages to be at once both sweet and witty, and joyously right for Christmas.

THE WOLFE PACK. By Rex Stout. Bantam. 8 vols. $4. A howling success for Nero Wolfe fans, who can have a real feast on some of the best corpses around town.

THE WORLD OF JOHN STEINBECK. Bantam. 6 vols. $5. A random harvest which, ranging from the wrathful earlier books to the more amiable *Travels with Charlie*, charts some forty years of Americana.

Seeing and Hearing

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE VOCAL MUSIC. Edited by Noah Greenberg. Norton. $1.95. For anyone who thinks Agnus Dei is the name of a second-grade teacher, it's not.

CLASSIC FILM SCRIPTS. 3 vols. MODERN FILM SCRIPTS. 2 vols. Simon & Schuster. $1.95 each. Movie buffs will relish these glossy photographs, word-for-word texts (even stage directions are included) of such screen greats as *Grand Illusion*, *Potemkin*, *The Blue Angel*, or—for more contemporary-minded—*Jules and Jim*, *The Bicycle Thief*, and *Ikuru*.

MODERN BRITISH DRAMATISTS. Edited by John Russell Brown. Prentice-Hall/Spectrum. $1.95. Much of the liveliest interest along Broadway in recent years has been generated by London's West End. Critics Robert Brustein and Martin Esslin among others talk over what John Arden, Harold Pinter, Arnold Wesker are all about.

DOMENICO SCARLATTI. By Ralph Kirkpatrick. Apollo. $3.95. The greatest living harpsichordist and a Yale scholar of real note has written a book on a subject about which he knows more—and plays more—than anyone else around.

THEATRE NOTEBOOK: 1947-1967. By Jan Kott. Translated by Boleslaw Taborski. Doubleday. $2.95. Some of the vitality of the theater in Poland, Paris, London, and New York as recalled through two decades of personal annotations.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY. By Walter Kerr. Clarion. $2.45. *The New York Times* critic here discusses classical drama, then applies its criteria to contemporary theater. This will give you a laugh or a good cry.

People

BARBARA. Edited by Harold Grier McCurdy in collaboration with Helen Follett. Chapel Hill/University of North Carolina. $1.95. An odd, special book about a gifted child, a little girl whose poems and fragmentary writings reveal something not only about that youngster but about the nature of inner life.

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THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. By Marylin Bender. Dell. 95¢. It may not be everyone's *haut monde*, but here they are from Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis to Baby Jane Holzer (Baby Jane who?) accompanied with some guidelines on what just anyone might need—like money, beauty, a publicity agent—to join the pack.

THE LIFE OF HENRI BRULARD. By Stendhal. Translated by Jean Stewart and B. C. J. G. Knight. Minerva Press. $2.50. Stendhal insisted that sheer boredom drove him to write his youthful autobiography, but luckily these zesty recollections of a Gallic childhood recalled by a worldly Frenchman are anything but dull.

MR. CLEMENS AND MARK TWAIN. By Justin Kaplan. Pocket Books. $1.25. There's a Jekyll-Hyde quality to the complex portrait drawn here. The crusty iconoclast Sam Clemens became as Mark Twain a wise and delightful writer, and somehow Kaplan in his authoritative biography understands them both.

TWENTY LETTERS TO A FRIEND. By Svetlana Alliluyeva. Translated by Priscilla Johnson McMillan. Avon. $1.25. This remarkable woman's highly personal memories of her youth in Russia are touched with such warmth and perception that, even had she not been her father's daughter, they would be valued.

Art

ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Bernard Berenson. Phaidon. 2 vols. $3.95 each. That Golden Age is glowingly recreated in this classic exposition. Most major paintings discussed are illustrated in color or black-and-white. Very giftlike.

MUSEUM WITHOUT WALLS. By André Malraux. Translated by Stuart Gilbert and Francis Price. Doubleday. 172 photographs. $2.95. Here is the first volume of Malraux's *The Voices of Silence*. Expanded in this edition, it presents a new way of regarding art in terms of the technological age in which we live. Edmund Wilson has called it "perhaps one of the really great books of our time."

PICASSO'S PICASSOS. By David Douglas Duncan. Ballantine. $3.95. Well tended at his Mediterranean villa, the artist's own treasures, some of his finest paintings, are splendidly reproduced and admired in photographs and text.

THE PROUD POSSESSORS. By Aline B. Saarinen. Vintage. $1.95. When Mrs. Isabella Stewart Gardner wanted to buy a picture, she put her servants on rations. Other grand American collectors had their oddities too, but fortunately they always included garnering some of the best art around. Mrs. Saarinen makes a peppy guide.

SUMMER ISLAND: PENOBSCOT COUNTRY. By Eliot Porter. "IN WILDNESS IS THE PRESERVATION OF THE WORLD." By Eliot Porter. GENTLE WILDERNESS: THE SIERRA NEVADA. Photographs by Richard Kauffman. Text from John Muir. Sierra Club-Ballantine. $3.95 each. The extraordinary, diverse beauty of the natural world is lyrically captured in photographs and text in these finest examples of paperback bookmaking.

TURNER'S SKETCHES & DRAWINGS. By A. J. Finberg. Schocken. $2.95. Turner's consecutive sketchbooks read nearly like a diary of that artist's life and career. First published half a century ago, and important as art history, they are here reassessed by Lawrence Gowing, former Keeper of London's Tate Gallery, which fairly glows with its Turner collection.

The Current Scene

MIAMI AND THE SIEGE OF CHICAGO. By Norman Mailer. Signet. 95¢. All Norman Mailer—in fiction or not, as polemicist or poet—demands notice. Here the reporter's eye, somewhat jaundiced, peers into the political conventions.

MISSION TO HANOI. By William C. Baggs and Harry S. Ashmore. Berkley. 95¢. A low-keyed but ultimately dramatic account by two veteran newspapermen of the events during and following their two visits to North Vietnam.

TO MOVE A NATION. By Roger Hilsman. Delta. $2.95. One of the men who knew best the workings of the Kennedy Administration reviews those years and especially its foreign policy.

Poetry

THE AENEID OF VIRGIL. Translated by John Dryden. Edited by Robert Fitzgerald. $2.45. THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Translated by Alexander Pope. Edited by Reuben A. Brower and William H. Bond. $2.95. OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. The Arthur Golding translation. Edited by John Frederick Nims. Collier Books. $2.95. The original classic verses in sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century translations, amply bolstered with modern notes and scholarship.

OLD POSSUM'S BOOK OF PRACTICAL CATS. By T. S. Eliot. Decorations by Nicholas Bentley. Harbrace. 75¢. About Mr. Mistoffelees, the Original Conjuring Cat, Growltiger, and Jennyanydots, in fact a whole menagerie of feline fantasy recreated in a manner most droll by that master poet.

SELECTED PROSE OF ROBERT FROST. Edited by Hyde Cox and Edward Connery Lathem. Collier. $1.25. While poetry was Frost's formal statement, prose was for him an informality. He talks here about a lot of things: other poets, education, even the pleasures of an all-star baseball game.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN POETRY. Edited by Harrison T. Meserole. Anchor. $3.95. Colonial America has only recently been discovered as a rich poetic field. This new, original, and first-rate collection offers not only such major figures as Anne Bradstreet and Edward Taylor but exhumes as well the works of such sometime poets as Cotton Mather and Captain John Smith.

Grab Bag

ALL ABOUT WORDS. By Maxwell Nurnberg and Morris Rosenblum. Signet. 95¢. A pair of unsung heroes of the English language give a few thousand words a witty once-over. By the time you finish with this you can beat anybody at Scrabble.

THE CHEERFUL CAT COOKBOOK. THE HAPPY DOG COOKBOOK. By Roy Ald. Illustrated by Randall Enos. Essandess. $1 each. Would you like recipes for Moosh Meow or Vege-Woofburgers? The author promises creative cookery to enrich any canine or cat life.

FIVE TOP FAVORITES FOR BOYS. FIVE TOP FAVORITES FOR GIRLS. Dell Yearling. 5 vols. each. $3.75 each. Meant to please most youngsters, these especially select boxed sets offer, for boys, Esther Forbes's *Johnny Tremain* and E. B. White's *Stuart Little* (which girls like), and, for the girls, Lois Lenski's *Strawberry Girl* and E. B. White's *Charlotte's Web* (which boys like).

I MARRIED AN ITALIAN COOKBOOK. By Bette Scaloni. Essandess. $2. And everything goes between the covers, from antipasto to zuppa inglese. Mama mia!

YOUR LITERARY I. Q. Collected and edited by John T. Winterich. Hawthorn. $2.50. *SR* readers already know all about these lively quizzes on books and authors. Here are 135 very choice brainteasers.

THE SKIER'S BIBLE. By Morten Lund. Doubleday. $1.95. An aid to prayer (that you don't break a leg), this contains a lot of advice and 300 photographs.

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Criminal Record

Fact

The Sleeping Truth: The Hiss-Chambers Affair Reappraised. *By Donald Seth. Hart.* $5.95. This latest inquiry into the case that will not die is by a British authority on espionage who has studied it thoroughly. His conclusions richly deserve the sober consideration they are certain to receive.

Three Sisters in Black. *By Norman Zierold. Little, Brown. Illustrated.* $5.95. The tragedy is like something straight out of the Middle Ages, but the year was actually 1909 and the place East Orange, New Jersey. The offense was the murder of a young woman, presumably by her mother and her two aunts. Object: financial gain.

Casebook of a Crime Psychiatrist. *By James A. Brussel. Geis.* $5.95. The Mad Bomber, the Career Girls, the Boston Strangler, the Coppolino trials are all vividly re-examined in this survey by a specialist in his field.

The Tangled Web. *By Philippe Ganier-Raymond. Translated from the French by Len Ortzen. Pantheon.* $4.95. This is a detailed account, in so far as the facts are known, of an espionage plot that failed from the British and Dutch points of view, though it succeeded brilliantly from the German.

No Deadly Drug. *By John D. MacDonald. Doubleday.* $7.95. If you have read Paul Holmes's account of the trials of Dr. Coppolino, published earlier this year, this book is compulsory reading; if you haven't, read Holmes first and then MacDonald, who will be your usher to "a seat in court" at this first (New Jersey) trial.

The Rector and the Rogue. *By W. A. Swanberg. Scribners. Illustrated.* $4.95. The rector's church was Trinity, at the head of Wall Street, whose spire was the loftiest edifice in New York in 1880, and he was as respectable as all get-out. Why should anyone want to send him a pair of horses he hadn't ordered, or wigs he wouldn't dream of wearing, and why should packs of clergy pile into his residence for lunch when he hadn't asked them? It's an incredible story that happens to be as true as true can be.

Fiction

The Valentine Estate. *By Stanley Ellin. Random House.* $5.95. Florida tennis-bum (his own characterization) accepts 50G offer to marry lass who aims for far bigger prize, but murder plot threatens to disrupt nuptials; lively action takes place in Boston, London. Who's on first, who's on second?

QED: Queen's Experiments in Detection. *By Ellery Queen. NAL/World.* $5.50. Here are sixteen problems in deduction with the reader invited to do the deducing; the answers are not in the back of the book but wrapped up in the text. Good fun all around.

A Grave Matter. *By L. P. Davies. Crime Club.* $3.95. Birmingham (Eng.) architect, revisiting scenes of his childhood in Cheshire, finds much of area familiar, but what are those two small bodies doing in a rutted country lane? Motion is sedate but pleasant.

Best Detective Stories of the Year. *Edited by Anthony Boucher. Dutton.* $4.50. The twenty-third annual offering consists of fourteen shorts, all previously serialized (one is from *The Baker Street Journal*, and why not?).

Bowmanville Break. *By Sidney Shelley. Delacorte.* $4.95. This story of a German plot to bust loose from a Canadian POW camp, based on an actual incident, has punch and drive and is headed for Hollywood.

Kill or Cure. *By Joan Fleming. Washburn.* $3.95. South-of-London doctor finds self in hot water (unsterilized) when he comes to aid of wealthy nonmedical friend who may or may not have sponsored an abortion. Despite gravity of offense, hilarity abounds.

Figurehead. *By Bill Knox. Crime Club.* $3.95. Crew of Fishery Protection Service cruiser off Scottish coast are not amused when a young woman scientist comes aboard in search of a sea serpent. This is not a gag, nor is it science fiction, but a rousing land-and-sea tale in which blood flows and family pride abounds.

The Annulet of Gilt. *By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Norton.* $4.95. If you don't know the difference between an annulet and an amulet, this reissue of a thirty-year-old Asey Mayo Cape Cod mystery will speedily enlighten you.

A Small Town in Germany. *By John Le Carré. Coward-McCann.* $6.95. The small town is Bonn (population now crowding 150,000), where the author won his diplomatic spurs, as he tells it, "about 500 years ago." Two other foreign office juniors, fellow-nationals, are the main characters in his latest tale of this era of crisis.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 42: silent, tinsel, Enlist, inlets, listen.

Conflicting Passions

Continued from page 43

the first is a homely Dartmouth boy who talks through his nose and does not treat her well, the second an eccentric semi-recluse with a dark and perverse history.

Isabel is deeply troubled by her sexuality. People, she says, always approach her on this level first. "I seem to send out messages. Here I am, here it is . . ." She adds, with typical frankness, "I'm a good-looking woman and I seem to have hotter pants than most." But while the intensities of her passions are clear, the directions they will take are not.

Isabel gains dimension through an active if unorthodox conscience. Driven by her instincts beyond the perimeters of what Gibbsville society would find acceptable conduct, she nevertheless operates within the framework of her own unconventional morality. Intuitively she seems to sense the potential destructiveness of unchecked passion and she consciously places limits on her life. In an attempt to explain her second marriage (with Samuel Turner, the eccentric) she says: "I know you think he's wicked. But a *good* man would never have been able to—to be a restraining influence on me. And God knows what I'd be without that."

A final ingredient in Isabel is her innocence. She is a woman who can sin without becoming sinful. Whatever damage she does to the people around her is unintentional, like that of a boat broken loose in a crowded harbor during a storm—destructive but not malicious.

The story is narrated by a young writer of Irish descent named Jim, who has dated Isabel in high school. They have exchanged kisses and other intimacies but have not spoken of love. When Jim leaves Gibbsville for a career in New York City, Isabel gives him a silver cigarette lighter, "noncommitally engraved with [his] initials and the date, and no more of herself than ever before." The lighter becomes an emblem of the relationship that develops between them, characterized as it is by long periods of darkness interrupted by brief flare-ups of passion.

In their way, Jim and Isabel grow to love each other, but their pride and fear of failure and Isabel's conflicting desires prevent commitment. They share the tragedy of people who can only sustain love by denying it. They become "the team of Isabel and Jim, sporadic, permanent lovers." Isabel brings her random affairs and dilemmas to Jim, who submits to the role of confidant. "I'm in a bit of a jam," Isabel says. And adds, ". . . you're still the only person I can go to." In the end, their lives having settled around different fixed points, Jim and Isabel have taken a few trips to-

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gether into the world of passion and have made a little poetry. The reader feels deeply what they have accomplished, and what they have not.

"A Few Trips and Some Poetry" is a rich work, and it is puzzling that the publishers did not focus the collection on it. The characterizations are careful, the themes significant and manifold. Sex enriches rather than debilitates the narrative. Isabel's battles are fought at a sexual level, but they are part of a larger war that rages between her body and her soul. She cannot become whole until, in whatever way she can, she assuages equally the demands of lust and conscience.

There are eleven other stories here, all competent and readable enough although not as ambitious as the novella either in treatment or theme. The surroundings are familiar (O'Hara country, with Gibbsville at the center), as are the people (Pennsylvania Dutch farmers, Irish miners, gentry and newly rich). The people tend to lead lives marked by discontent, their few pleasures gained at such personal cost they often turn into pain. O'Hara, in his foreword to the book, says of short stories, "No one writes them any better than I . . ." Taken as a whole, this collection will not support his boast. Taken alone, "A Few Trips and Some Poetry" will.

Before leaving *And Other Stories* a word should be said about O'Hara's use of dialogue. He has been praised for it regularly ever since *Appointment in Samarra* appeared in 1934. Yet in this collection he tends to overuse it. He will introduce two people at the start of a story and have them talk to each other without major interruption until the end. All the exposition and narrative development come to the reader through conversation. There are 300- and 400-word "Let me fill you in" speeches, often flat and sometimes tedious. The reader doubts that people do "fill each other in" this way, and he begins to lose his sense of involvement with the story. He yearns for some scene-writing; he wants to see O'Hara handle the language outside quotation marks.

What is more, there is a dated quality to many of O'Hara's stories which this overreliance on dialogue tends to underline. He continues to write about the 1920s. When his people mention movie stars, they name Pickford, Fairbanks and Chaplin; when they discuss automobiles, they refer to Packards, Pierce-Arrows and Cunningham 8's. They talk about Coolidge and Prohibition. When a man is a loser, they call him a "wet smack." Younger readers will find this quaint, and the more perceptive among them will look for qualities that are timeless rather than timely. When O'Hara is at his best, as he is in "A Few Trips," he provides timeless qualities in abundance.

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

A Fixer with Nothing to Fix

THE OTHER EVENING I witnessed an extraordinary film "happening." John Frankenheimer, the dynamic young director of such pictures as *The Manchurian Candidate, Seconds,* and *Grand Prix,* addressed a symposium at the University of Southern California's Cinema Department, and showed the students his newest work, *The Fixer,* based on the Bernard Malamud novel. The result was a standing ovation, a tribute both to the picture and to him. No one who is not close to the student film-maker scene can realize how very rare this is. Students tend to be so hypercritical in their reactions, so probing in their questions, that many a veteran director or producer has fled shattered into the night following one of these sessions. Even the young people's applause is generally fairly perfunctory unless they have been genuinely moved.

What brought them to their feet after *The Fixer* was, I suspect, a recognition that Mr. Frankenheimer had attacked his forbidding, formidable subject without compromise, without lightening it to make it more commercial and appealing. There is a sense of total commitment about the film, an urgency to state the case against anti-Semitism in the most dire, most trenchant terms that Frankenheimer could muster. To this end, all of the glossy accouterments of big-time moviemaking—popular stars, glittering sets, a sweeping symphonic score—have been utterly abandoned. Perhaps the best-known performers in the cast are Alan Bates, in the title role, and Dirk Bogarde as Bibikov, the hapless "fixer's" defense lawyer; but both were chosen at least as much for their acting abilities as for the box-office potency of their names. Settings, for the most part, run to the shabby interiors of ghetto homes, and the forbidding cells and corridors of a Kiev prison. And the music, composed by the same Maurice Jarre who wrote the lush scores for such films as *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Dr. Zhivago,* is strikingly sparse and spare of orchestration.

Even the decision to film *The Fixer* in Hungary rather than in Hollywood was one that the students sympathized with and applauded. (Frankenheimer indicated that he would have preferred to find his stand-in for turn-of-the-century Kiev within the Soviet Union, but added wryly that subsequent events have revealed why the Russian authorities were less than enthusiastic about his project.) Curiously, for a picture shot entirely on location, *The Fixer* has notably few large settings or mass scenes, which are the usual reasons for leaving the studio. Indeed, apart from a few exteriors in the first half-hour, and in the final scene when Yakov Bok proudly accepts the acclamation of the crowds while climbing the steps to the courthouse, the action is virtually confined to prison examination rooms and cells. But even if a studio art designer could have duplicated their bleak misery, they would still lack the intangible presence of real men who had undergone actual tortures and humiliations in those same cells in times gone by.

One might ask if Frankenheimer's unremitting catalogue of inhuman brutality and calculated degradation might not in the long run alienate at least some of the very people whose sensibilities he was seeking to arouse. Be that as it may, a large roomful of future film-makers saw clearly the intentions of his picture, understood the problems that faced him in its execution, and saluted both the courage and the ability that brought *The Fixer* so forcefully to the screen. Like few pictures in recent years, it turned them on.

Jean-Luc Godard is another film-maker with a rare ability to get through to today's youth—although less so to today's critics, and far less so to today's general audiences. Perhaps that is why his *Pierrot le Fou,* filmed in 1965, has taken so long to find a general release, and why its American premiere (apart from a showing at the 1966 New York Film Festival) is currently taking place in Los Angeles. To describe it as uneven, elusive, and thoroughly contemporary is merely to identify it as a Godard picture. It offers in addition, however, a sequence as poetic and sensual as anything in *Elvira Madigan,* Jean-Paul Belmondo's most assured performance since *Breathless,* and a fantastic suicide finale that invites all sorts of disturbing interpretations.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

And then he wrote . . .

THE AIM of any organization that labels itself a "repertory theater" ought to be the presentation of a number of different productions in nightly alternation. This procedure is valuable to the actors, who flourish when they do not have to repeat the same old thing every night, and indirectly to the audiences, who sense the aliveness of actors on the *qui vive*. It also makes it possible to sustain a worthwhile but less popular production by scheduling it for a lesser number of performances than the more salable attractions. Theater economics, however, tend to make such alternation expensive, and the majority of American "repertory" theaters find themselves obliged to operate a "stock" basis, presenting each production for a continuous limited run of several weeks and then abandoning it for the next.

Now at last the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center is attempting to offer the first two plays of its current season in true repertory. And, interestingly enough, the two plays it has selected are somewhat related. One, *King Lear* (see *SR*, Nov. 23), is written by Shakespeare; the other, *A Cry of Players*, is a hypothetical biography of a young man named Will who leaves a wife named Anne and a daughter named Susanna to go off to London with an acting troupe headed by Will Kemp.

In *A Cry of Players*, the playwright, William Gibson, has tried to weave together two plays. The less successful of the two simply starts with the much-challenged assumption that a country boy from Stratford became the author of the plays and poems credited to William Shakespeare, and works backward. Thus we find Gibson's melancholy protagonist – surrounded by local figures resembling some of Shakespeare's best-known characters—spouting poetry and witty puns. A fat ne'er-do-well who lost an arm in the wars suggests Falstaff; a crookback game warden, Richard III; a buxom wench, Doll Tearsheet.

Wisely, the playwright has not made too much of these resemblances, nor has he used actual dialogue from Shakespeare's plays. Instead he has tried for a kind of poetic dialogue that shows his protagonist's concern with some of the questions that preoccupied Shakespeare, and he has strained it through his own talent. While this is an honest way of proceeding, one would have to be a considerably more accomplished poet than Gibson appears here in order to be consistently convincing. What does emerge is not-quite verse, not-quite prose; not-quite colloquial, not-quite formal; not-quite modern, not-quite Elizabethan.

Fortunately the other part of *A Cry of Players* is much better. Here, Gibson explores the struggle of all artists to obey the urge of their vision and their talent at the cost of comfort, happiness, and social responsibility. Will loves his wife, but has periods of impotence with her. Gradually we see that this is partly a symptom of the repression of his talent in order to fulfill his responsibilities to his family. She wants him to take a job as a schoolteacher. He subconsciously fights this by committing adultery, which ruins his reputation and thereby removes the possibility of a job. Furthermore, he seems to hit the nail on the head when he points out to her that she is willing to trade him a "wild oats allowance" in return for his agreement to take the secure job.

The play's most effective scene is one in which Will and Anne agree to tell each other the absolute truth. That truth is full of a pain and humor that is momentarily healthy. Yet when we see Will gain a sentimental satisfaction because Anne in her one adulterous escapade failed to have an orgasm, we recognize immediately the impracticality of the truthful approach to solving problems of marital discord. In this same scene a nice effect is achieved by having Will tell his daughter a fairy story, which he concludes by saying, "And they lived happily ever after, until they were old lovers and died of complications."

Similarly sarcastic is Will's condemnation of small-town society. And there is a sad eloquence to his berating of the actors, who bring splendor to people only to send them back to drab lives. Later in the play Kemp states the case for the actors by comparing the discomforts of being a traveling actor with the happiness of home, wife, and children. But it is the virtue of *A Cry of Players* that we accept Will's ultimate choice not as self-indulgence or rebellion, but as his ordered acceptance of a greater responsibility.

Frank Langella gives a sensitive performance as Will, full of intelligence and ache. He doesn't embrace the opportunity to express his torment. He faces it with appropriate human apprehension. Anne Bancroft is remarkably unsentimental and hardheaded as Anne, who cannot help "throttling a love to death." We admire her courage more than we pity her loss. Stephen Elliott plays the town's leading citizen with such strength and profundity that the character seems a better candidate for Shakespeare authorship than Will. Susan Tyrrell supplies a delightful Hogarthian portrait of Jenny, the wench, whose "dumplings" attract Will, and Rene Auberjonois is amusing as an actor rehearsing Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, and disdainfully asking Kemp to tell his noisy visitors to leave.

Gene Frankel has directed the play shrewdly and imaginatively, creating the sense of a whole town by the use of slow-motion mass movement around the main actors. David Hays has designed a simple stage platform backed by a scrim and two roads in perspective to suggest the lonely route to London.

Happily, this production has pretty well avoided the dangers of pretension that lurk both in the dialogue and in the biographical facsimilizing. And the ensemble appears to be working together in a more relaxed fashion than is usual at Lincoln Center. Perhaps they are happy at not playing *King Lear*. For while *A Cry of Players is* in some ways a preposterous work, it is also one that holds our interest by constantly wrestling with a large and universal human dilemma.

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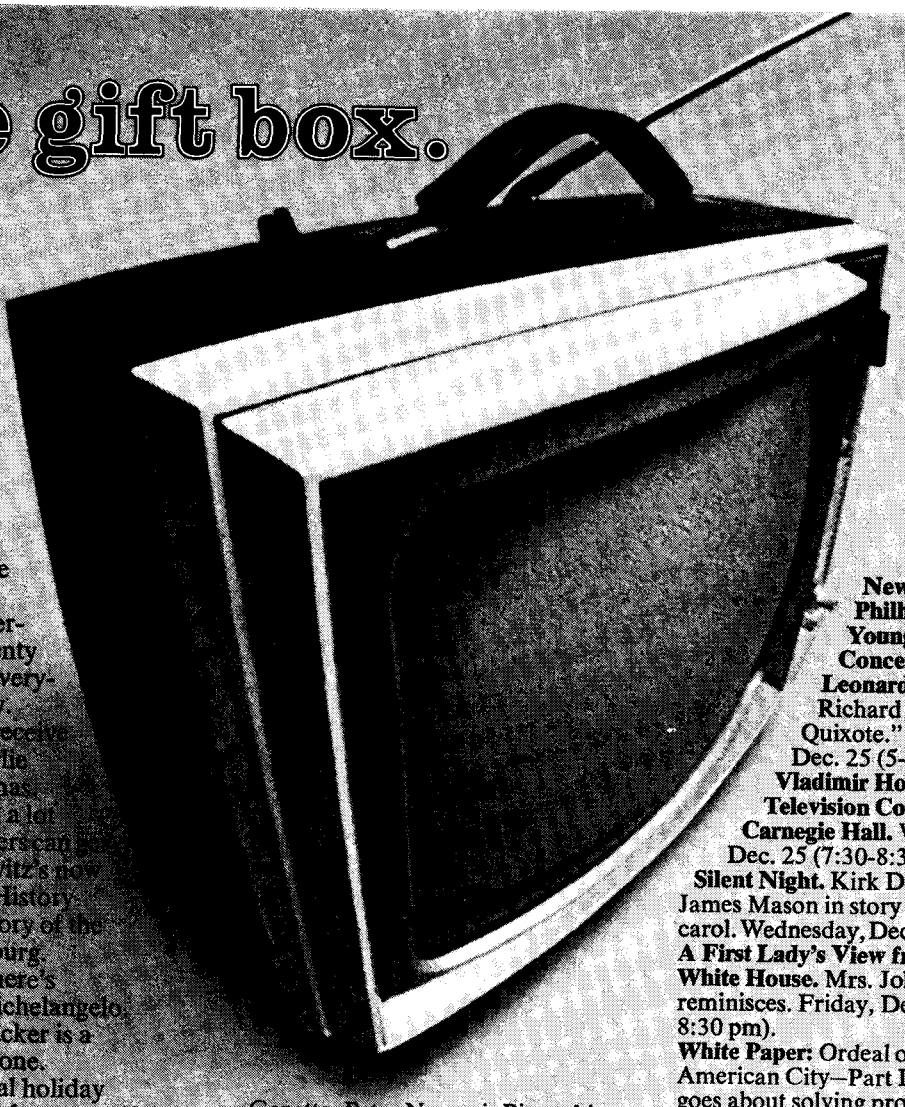
The gift box.



Look into before Christmas. And during. And afterwards. It has plenty of presents for everyone in the family.

The kids will receive Pinocchio, Charlie Brown's Christmas, Stuart Little and a lot more. Music lovers can get Vladimir Horowitz's now famed concert. History buffs have the story of the battle of Gettysburg. For art lovers, there's The Secret of Michelangelo. And The Nutcracker is a delight for everyone.

Here's a partial holiday shopping list of what your gift box offers. Pick out whatever you would like to receive.

Discovery. Greenfield Village—Age of Mechanical Marvels; New York; The ASPCA; New Zealand; Moscow's Young Americans. Sundays, Dec. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (11:30-12 Noon).

Reptiles and Amphibians. National Geographic Society—Life cycle of reptiles. Tuesday, Dec. 3 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Mr. Justice Black. Martin Agronsky and Eric Sevareid interview the Supreme Court Justice. Tuesday, Dec. 3 (10-11 pm).

Saturday Adoption. CBS Playhouse: Original drama about a white boy who tries to help a young Negro. Wednesday, Dec. 4 (9:30-11 pm).

The Secret of Michelangelo: Every Man's Dream. Michelangelo's fresco in the Vatican's Sistine Chapel. Christopher Plummer, Zoe Caldwell narrate. Thursday, Dec. 5 (9:30-10:30 pm).

Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer. Animated version of the story. Friday, Dec. 6 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Pinocchio. Burl Ives portrays Gepetto, Peter Noone is Pinocchio. **Sunday, Dec. 8 (7-8:30 pm).**

A Charlie Brown Christmas. The "Peanuts" characters' holiday. Sunday, Dec. 8 (7:30-8 pm).

The Road to Gettysburg. The battle and the soldiers who fought it. Monday, Dec. 9 (9-10 pm).

Down To The Sea In Ships. Project 20: the dramatic and historic story of men on deep waters. Wednesday, Dec. 11 (10-11 pm).

Eternal Light Hanukkuh Special. Roberta Peters visits Israel. Sunday, Dec. 15 (12-12:30 pm).

The Little Drummer Boy. Vienna Boys Choir sings in animated story; Jose Ferrer narrates. Thursday, Dec. 19 (7:30-8 pm).

The Nutcracker. Ballet with Edward Villella, Patricia McBride, Melissa Hayden. Friday, Dec. 20 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Stuart Little. E. B. White's charming children's fantasy. Saturday, Dec. 21 (10:30-11:30 am).

Christ Is Born. Dramatization of events surrounding Christ's birth. Tuesday, Dec. 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The World of Christmas. Bell special of holiday music. Tuesday, Dec. 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert With Leonard Bernstein. Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote." Wednesday, Dec. 25 (5-6 pm).

Vladimir Horowitz: A Television Concert At Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 25 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Silent Night. Kirk Douglas and James Mason in story of the famed carol. Wednesday, Dec. 25 (9-11 pm).

A First Lady's View from the White House. Mrs. Johnson reminisces. Friday, Dec. 27 (7:30-8:30 pm).

White Paper: Ordeal of The American City—Part II: How a city goes about solving problems. Monday, Dec. 30 (9-11 pm).

Correspondents Report—Part I. Year-end review of the major news events. Monday, Dec. 30 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour ("60 Minutes"/ CBS Reports/Who, What, When, Where, Why, With Harry Reasoner)

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/ABC's Wide World of Sports/G-E College Bowl/Frank McGee Saturday Report/CBS News with Roger Mudd

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Discovery/The Eternal Light/Issues and Answers/Animal World/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Martha Graham: Still in the Vanguard

FESTIVAL OF DANCE 68-69 is by all odds the most ambitious undertaking that Greater New York, let alone the Borough of Brooklyn, has embarked upon in the entire field of American dance. Co-sponsored by the Brooklyn Academy of Music (Harvey Lichtenstein, director) and Theater 1969 (headed by Richard Barr and Edward Albee), the venture involves the talents of thirteen companies (twelve modern dance and one ballet), calls for more than 100 performances (most at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, some in Manhattan's Billy Rose Theater), and places the dance spotlight on approximately eighty dances (from modest concert pieces to spectacle ballet), several of them premieres.

Martha Graham, appropriately enough, opened the festival with a two-week engagement in the really very lovely opera house at the Academy. Miss Graham, chronologically, is the senior modern dancer (she herself has been a performer for more than half a century) of the roster, and the undisputed queen of America's contemporary dance. Some of her artistic descendants head what is known as today's avant-garde—and a stirring group they are—but Miss Graham, in her seventies, remains in the vanguard of the art she serves, for she is still shocking, still sexier than any of her younger colleagues, outrageous at times and unpredictable, but always theatrical.

Linda Hodes, who danced the lead in another Graham revival.

—*Jack Mitchell.*

Helen McGehee, a senior dancer in the Martha Graham company, is one of the inheritors of a Graham role in *Errand Into the Maze*.

Miss Graham did rather poorly at the box office in Brooklyn, although those present were noisy in their approval of her great accomplishments as a choreographer and the trainer of one of the world's great dance troupes. Why was attendance sparse? Perhaps because the *aficionados* knew that she would be on Broadway in the spring, because she had no premieres, and because Brooklyn seems to invite a trek, although it's easier to get to the Academy than to a Broadway theater at curtain time.

But if Miss Graham didn't draw packed houses, she still made history, as she always does. There were three revivals—two important and one minor—along with enduring repertory pieces which bluntly took into account the fact that Miss Graham herself not only cannot dance forever, but also that she cannot perform dances now that she could a decade ago. Wisely, she gave her roles—as she has been doing slowly in recent seasons—to others in her company. Off the top of the head, this seems only sensible, prudent, and logical. A genius is none of these. Miss Graham has always considered herself a dancer and, secondarily, a choreographer.

There were dire warnings that if the press and public found fault with her dancing in her senior years she would not only quit performing, but also disband her company and call it a day. Those who pleaded with many of us to overlook her dancing deficiencies thought only of her Black Irish temper. They forgot her other side—Mayflower Puritan. The latter, traditionally, faces facts head-on. Miss Graham, reluctantly or not (we shall never fully know), has decided that the art of Martha Graham can enjoy a span far greater than the act of Graham the dancer.

Of particular importance during the Brooklyn season was the policy which allowed a onetime Graham role to become public domain. Thus, there was not simply a single inheritor for a Graham part, but two and, perhaps ultimately, three or more. Logically, the more mature members of her troupe were assigned to these parts, since all of them were initially created in Miss Graham's mature years. But even the junior roles were subject to cast changes. For ballet, all this would be standard—a company would have four or five Swan Queens, two or three Giselles, a batch of Princes and a grab-bag of soloists expected to do *tour de rôle*—but modern dance has always been more of a personal dance expression in which the choreographer and the star dancer were usually the same person and for which roles were made for specific performers.

This fall, Miss Graham has changed all that on a sweeping scale, as she has commended her remarkable repertory to posterity. I was generally impressed with the successors and alternates—her dancers, veterans and newcomers, are superb—and I shall be reporting on each

—*Martha Swope.*

Martha Graham rehearses her dancers—"the art of Martha Graham can enjoy a span far greater than the act of Graham the dancer."

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of them when Miss Graham's Broadway season is held. For the present, I would like to touch upon the three revivals.

The minor one is *Alcestis*, in which Miss Graham herself continues to appear. It was never prime Graham to begin with, and it is the least emotionally volcanic of the dances she created from the resources of ancient Greek drama, myth, and incident. (Vivian Fine composed the score, and Isamu Noguchi designed the really marvelous setting.)

Errand Into the Maze, on the other hand, is a Graham masterpiece. It is only vaguely connected with Greek mythology, for although one of the two characters might be considered as the Minotaur, the labyrinth which the heroine travels is within her own being. Miss Graham herself describes it as "an errand-journey into the maze of the heart's darkness in order to face and do battle with the Creature of Fear." *Errand* was created twenty-one years ago, but its potency remains unsapped. If it is dated at all, it is not in terms of either choreography or psychology, for, in it, Miss Graham has given physical substance, form, and shape to fear, a condition which exists only within the being. So if *Errand* is dated in any respect, it is because the key figure assumes that she must "do battle" with fear. The youth of today would cop out of such a situation, but a descendant of the Puritans would fight the battle and state, as Graham does, "There is the accomplishment of the errand, the instant of triumph, the emergence from the dark." And, when the besieged steps through the exit portal from the labyrinth of her own heart, you sigh as if you had been caught up in a cliff-hanger. And you find your own heart pounding as it echoes the Gian Carlo Menotti score with its stethoscopic pulsations of beats lying deep within the body.

Long before performers stripped (for art and not burlesque) on Broadway, off Broadway, and in the movies, Martha Graham gave choreographic celebration to the body and its functions. Her third revival, *Dark Meadow* (1946), has to do with love, fertility, continuation, faith. It is a ritual which ranges from the ceremony involving the pure beats of ancestral footsteps to a menstrual libation and a stripping of a huge phallic symbol. The hope for renewal, if not eternity, is mirrored in these acts as well as in a flower, an awn of wheat, the Cross. You might not rally to all of the Chávez score—in the era when Miss Graham danced it herself, you didn't *hear* the piece, you *saw* it—but you will to the sextet, an Amerindian sarabande which beguiles eye and ear.

So if Miss Graham didn't happen to jam them in for the Brooklyn festival, she made modern dance history and she made her special brand of magic.

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

A Fischer-Dieskau-Bernstein-Mahlerfest

ANY MUSIC SEASON which provides not one or two, but no fewer than five concert appearances by a singer of such qualities as Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's is one to be remembered with gratitude as well as pleasure. This takes in not only the rewards he has offered to three audiences in Carnegie Hall and several more in Philharmonic Hall, but also his services, generally, on behalf of great music beautifully sung. It is a reassurance—sometimes long deferred—that the existence of a worthy literature will, eventually, bring into being an interpreter worthy of it.

In his Carnegie Hall appearances (see MUSIC TO MY EARS, Nov. 2), Fischer-Dieskau has ranged through song cycles by Schubert and Brahms (the seldom-heard "Magelone" romances), in collaboration with the excellent Norman Shetler as his pianist. In Philharmonic Hall he has appeared with the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Leonard Bernstein in Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* in the multiple sequence of its subscription series. And he has also generously offered his services for the benefit of UNICEF (The United Nations Children's Fund) in another *Mahlerabend*, for which Bernstein made himself available in the unaccustomed role of piano accompanist. It was all reminiscent of bygone times when such an artist as McCormack would settle down for a while and engage in such uncommon activities rather than, in the current manner, be here and gone in a matter of days.

The Fischer-Dieskau collaborations with Bernstein in Mahler were each of provocative interest. It is difficult to remember a prior instance in which a single performer, male or female, has sung an equivalent amount of Mahler in a New York concert hall within a period of days. Or another conductor since Bruno Walter who has ventured a public comparison with the specialists of the accompanying craft.

The performance of the *Kindertotenlieder* was, as noted, an incident of the Philharmonic's subscription series. These are no longer broadcast, and thus the experience, once it has occurred live, is beyond recapture (save by presently illegal means). But the UNICEF program was broadcast (from a tape) by WQXR several days after the original happening, and thus could be reheard, or taken down by anyone with the enterprise to do so. And it will also be marketed as a record.

The absorption of Fischer-Dieskau and Bernstein with the literature of Mahler is an indication of the extent to which his music fills a need in today's concert repertory. It speaks unmistakably in terms which relate to current considerations and anxieties, in values and symbols less remote than those of Schubert and Schumann, even Brahms. It brings to us the products of a man whose troubled mind became a consideration of Sigmund Freud himself, which is, perhaps, as contemporary as an artist need be.

But, as one listened to these great and gifted artists apply themselves to the problems of the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, for example, one wondered whether they were not adding more than justly to the "significance" in the music. There is, assuredly, emotion, pathos, and

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a certain tinge of self-pity in the opening "Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht." These are among the qualities that make the music of Mahler as appealing as it is to today's audiences. But is it tinted so dark, put into musical imagery as despairing as Fischer-Dieskau and Bernstein painted it? Not for this taste.

In his new function (publicly, at least) Bernstein added one more to the possible careers he might have pursued exclusively, and with distinction, bringing the total to what?—six, seven, eight? He began with a commendable, if not altogether justifiable, restraint, while in search of the exact amount of pianistic force to balance, but not overpower, the Fischer-Dieskau voice. By the end of the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (which followed an opening succession of the "Fantasie" and "Serenade" from Tirso de Molina's *Don Juan*, "Nicht wiedersehen!," "Fruehlingsmorgen," "Erinnerung," and "Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz' "), Bernstein was blending his sound with Fischer-Dieskau's as though he had been doing nothing else all his professional life.

Mahler, as a composer, was unquestionably motivated by strong emotions he felt deeply. So great was his realization of those emotions—especially when he was setting words—that they need, for fulfillment, only to be faithfully represented. Too much involvement (as Fischer-Dieskau now and then indulged) can misserve a composer as much as too little.

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With the Kimbroughs in Gaul

—Illustrations by Mircea Vasilu, from "Floating Island."

OTHER TOURISTS who have visited St. Florentin remember the cathedral. It is starred in the guidebook. The post office is not mentioned, but it is the building Emily, Brother and I will remember and for all time associate with the town. We spent there a period of time whose minutes were not winged, but fitted with the leaden shoes of a diver. Nevertheless, the visit was rewarding. When we came away, we had bought stamps.

The post office of St. Florentin stands on a corner where two streets converge sharply. It is not much to look at from the outside and has a dismal interior. My relatives joined a line standing in front of a grilled window with the sign "Timbres" above it. I sat down on a bench against the wall. Had I not done that, because my legs were tired, I might have missed two signs that gave me deep pleasure. One identified the section below it as the "Caisse Nationale de Prévoyance." By my translation this is the National Counter or Cash Room of Foresight. If I were French, I thought, I would find it reassuring to know there was a place in my local post office to which I could go when I needed foresight on a national scale. On another wall I read a framed illustrated announcement of a telegraph service. "These Illustrated Telegrams Deluxe," it read, "carry a surtax of the heart." The reproduction of this illustrated telegram deluxe included in one corner a large bouquet of flowers in staggeringly bright and assorted colors. Have we in America, I asked myself, a surtax on the heart carried by telegram? And I answered myself no. While I was ruminating enviously on the benefits France was offering, Brother and Emily reached the head of the line and almost immediately summoned me. Emily's eyes, very brown and very large, were more than ever like a startled deer's.

"I think the man is telling us," she said when I had reached them, "I cannot send these letters and postcards airmail to America."

She indicated the pile of mail she had pushed under the window to a thin, elderly, stooped clerk whose eyes were not so large but as apprehensive as Emily's.

Brother was nodding agreement. "That's what I think he's saying."

I addressed myself in French to the clerk. "Is it possible, monsieur," I inquired, "that it is not possible to send these letters and postcards to the United States by airmail?"

The old gentleman spread tremulous hands palm upward and lifted his shoulders to his ears.

"Ah, madame," he said, "it is not certainly that it is not possible, it is only that I have not the proper stamps. It is therefore necessary that I make the computations among stamps of other prices to arrive at the proper number and amount, is it not?"

Certainly it was. I let him know I was with him.

"Then, madame," he continued, extending a hand toward me to make us one in understanding, "certainly you will know that this will have need of time and of work and it might be that you are pressed," the soft brown eyes were pleading pitifully, "and do not have the time for waiting and so you would take the ordinary stamps that I have do you see at my hand and if the messages are perhaps not so important?" His voice trailed up to a hopeful question.

Three heads shaken in unison convinced him there was no way out. Nevertheless, I explained. It is a failing of which I am often accused.

"You see, monsieur," I told him, "we come from the United States very far away. I have twin daughters; each is married, I have seven grandchildren. This is my brother, and sister-in-law," indicating my companions. "They too have children, a son and a daughter. The

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son is married, and they are expecting their first baby."

"Why don't you tell him you were born in Muncie, Indiana," Brother muttered, "and that I went to Yale?"

I ignored the interruption.

"So you see we do not write these letters to amuse ourselves. They are to say we are well and that everything marches, so the young mother expecting her baby can remain tranquil and that my grandchildren can have education from the postcards of the beautiful places in your country we are seeing; so everything must go quickly."

The old man sighed deeply. "It is indeed so," he conceded, and drew up a high stool.

From a drawer beneath the counter he took a copybook such as children use at school. He closed the drawer and seated himself on the stool, drawing it to the counter. Stretching as far as the bars of the window would permit because I wanted to watch this undertaking, I saw him twist his legs around the rungs of the stool—a substitute I thought for a clenched fist—that would emphasize his determined saying to himself, "If this thing has got to be done, let's get on with it."

From arm's reach he brought a memorandum pad and placed it beside the copybook—meticulously because he shifted it three times. This pad was an assemblage of small pieces of paper, backs of envelopes, scraps of stationery, brown pieces, undoubtedly left over from wrapping a package. They were held together by a string run through a hole that had been punched in the top of each.

From a rack in front of him the mathematician selected three pencils, but the selections were not entirely to his liking. He took a penknife from the same tray, opened it carefully and certainly slowly, placed each pencil in turn point down on the top sheet of the memorandum pad and, bending low over it to gauge exactly how far to go, sharpened the point. He arranged the pencils in a row at the top of and just beyond the copybook, eased the pad to the edge of the counter, delicately blew the graphite to the floor, waved the pad in the air, inspecting it between times, and only when it bore no trace of the recent operation on it, replaced it as meticulously as he had selected its position. Evidently there was no further delay that occurred to him. With a heart-rending sigh he opened the copybook. It held between the pages the stamp supply, the denominations separated. I am sure the greatest number of these could not have been more than twenty. There was no index, even homemade, to show between what pages what stamps or any stamps could be found. So our lightning calculator had to turn each one in order to find and spread before him the material for his figuring.

The post office of St. Florentin will have to make a new memorandum pad. This one can never be used again. Every sheet was covered with figures.

Something, perhaps a telepathic cry for help, attracted the notice of the postmaster. Through an open door behind the counter I had seen a man with an air and position of authority, seated at a large flat desk. He rose, came without haste to the clerk, leaned forward, patted his shoulder, made an inquiry in a low tone. The clerk without looking up nodded miserably and showed the array of stamps spread before him and his calculations. The postmaster patted him again, returned to his inner sanctum, and reappeared a minute later with a sheet of airmail stamps of the denominations proper for America. Evidently these were so precious he must have kept them put away in a safe.

Though pathetically grateful for his salvation, the clerk now had to start his calculations all over again, not, however, before he had returned to their proper places all the stamps he had accumulated —each denomination between two pages in the copybook. After this he dove again into figures. He was no wizard at addition, but after three or four tries he reached a sum he liked or at least accepted, and we did not question it.

Coming out of the building, we were surprised to find it was still daylight. On our way to the barge [the Floating Island of the book's title] we overtook Frances and Sophy, Frances triumphant because she had found a workman's blouse. Sophy, commissioned by Cornelia, had bought one for her. I was not happy to learn they had loitered at a number of antique shops, and I did not care to hear what the others had done.

When we came on the barge, Margalo and Romney were playing solitaire at separate tables; Emma was behind the bar. Nothing had changed. I wondered if this was the way it had seemed to Marco Polo returning.

As I started down the stairs to my cabin, Emma called: "Richard wants me to tell everyone we now have a supply of stamps on board. You can buy them from me." —EMILY KIMBROUGH.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Emily Kimbrough is an avid traveler and author of "Forever Old, Forever New," among other books.*

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Editorial

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States had been successfully completed. Some forty-eight hours later, the city of Hanoi was bombed—despite President Johnson's earlier assurances that the United States had no intention of bombing the population centers.

The Polish Ambassador again called on Ambassador Lodge and protested that Poland felt it had been imposed upon in view of the extension of the bombing to the cities. Ambassador Lodge said that the bombing of Hanoi had been a most regrettable error. Authorization for the bombing had, he said, been given before the Polish mission took place; unfortunately, no one had thought to cancel that authorization in light of the newly scheduled talks. He asked Mr. Lewandowski to persuade all concerned parties that the inadvertent bombing of Hanoi should not be allowed to interfere with the infinitely more important negotiations that could end the war.

Mr. Lewandowski undertook to reschedule the talks. Once again he was successful and so notified the United States. On December 13 and 14, the city of Hanoi was hit again by U.S. bombers. Washington at first denied that the bombings had taken place, then said they were the result of pilot error. President Johnson decreed a 10-mile immunity zone outside the city. It was no use. The December 15 talks were called off.

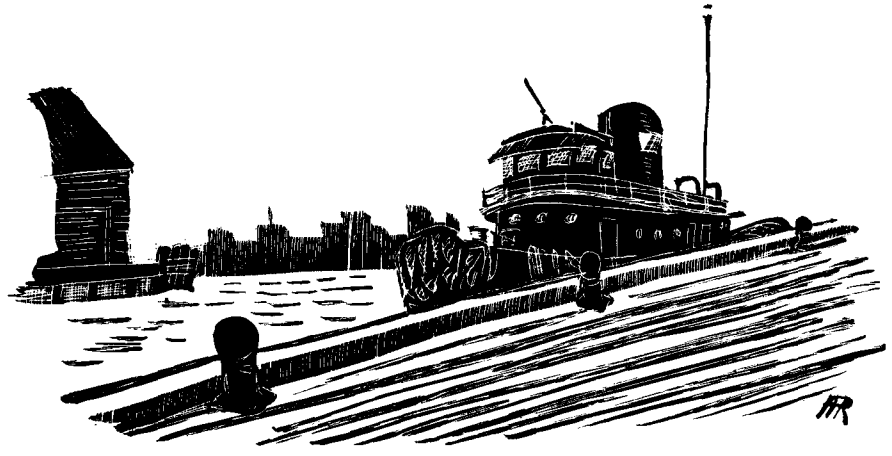
Obviously, no one knows what would have happened if the talks had been held. Even so, it is difficult to avoid speculation about the number of lives—American and Vietnamese—that might have been saved if the Warsaw meetings had materialized. It is even more difficult to avoid thinking of all the villages that were destroyed from the air in the twenty-two months between the collapse of the Warsaw talks in December 1966 and the decision to halt the bombing in early November 1968.

Responsibility for the bombing of Hanoi on the eve of negotiations in 1966 has never been publicly fixed. It seems most improbable that the bombings were carried out on Presidential orders; after all, the President had just authorized his representative in South Vietnam to transmit to Hanoi assurances of our good faith. In the absence of further evidence to the contrary, it can only be assumed that the decision to bomb Hanoi was made in the field. Similarly, it is difficult to believe that those making the decision could not have anticipated that its effect would be to uproot the scheduled talks.

PERHAPS the most significant disclosure in Senator Robert Kennedy's recent account of the Cuban missile crisis has to do with the propensity of the military to push for military solutions or showdowns in situations calling for the utmost awareness and painstaking pursuit of responsible alternatives. Not just during the Cuban crisis, but at various times during his Administration, President Kennedy was advised to take military action, the consequences of which, he felt, could have been disastrous for the United States and, indeed, for the world as a whole.

In light of these experiences, President Eisenhower's warning in his farewell address about the power of the military takes on increased urgency. Each time President Johnson would bring up the matter of a bombing halt in the inner councils of Government, he would receive elaborate and frightening estimates by the military of the number of American lives such a decision would cost. The estimate never given him, however, was of the number of lives that would be lost by the almost indefinite prolongation and expansion of the war.

It is inaccurate to assume that the only important opposition to peace negotiations comes from the Government in South Vietnam. There is significant division inside the U.S. Government itself. The implementation of U.S. policy is not of a piece. Until it is, it will be difficult for the American people, or anyone else, to make complete sense of what we are trying to do in the world. —N.C.



A Grisly Day

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Waterloo there is de Lancey, Wellington's quartermaster-general, leaving his new bride repining in Brussels; Rees Gronow, who had actually been educated on the playing fields of Eton, impeccably turned out as Picton's aide de camp, and Mercer himself, stoically digging potatoes on the eve of battle.

Flying from scene to scene, Mr. Howarth creates a pointillist impression, but the vividness of his palette captures a landscape to haunt the memory. The tableaux are bizarre: a defeated French prisoner defiantly hurling his amputated leg in the air with a shout of *"Vive l'Empereur"*; a sabred cuirassier riding erect but headless away from the British guns; the field in war's aftermath echoing to a chorus of wounded howling their own requiem as they are stripped naked by peasant looters. The soldiers are rightly portrayed as expensively dressed animals governed by the primal instincts of ferocious courage and icy fear. In the roar of the guns they are deaf; in the stench of the powder they are nauseated; in the smoke of the fire they are blind. In Mercer's words, they can "see no further than the length of their noses."

And there was scarcely anyone to lead them. Waterloo was a parade of *faux pas*. All the great commanders spoiled their records. Napoleon was out of sight of the battle for most of the day brooding on his piles, while the Duke of Wellington rode around the beleaguered center administering his peculiarly austere brand of comfort to the "infamous army" giving and receiving "a damned hard pounding."

The stage really belonged to Marshal Ney. This was his day and his disaster. In his volatile person all the contradictions of the campaign were summarized. He had forced Napoleon to abdicate in 1814, had boasted of bringing him back to Paris in a cage, only to succumb to the magnetism of his old master once more. Too slothful to press home an advantage while Blücher and Wellington were still far apart, Ney was later too rash to restrain the massed cavalry charge on the British center which destroyed the heart of his army. Five horses were shot from under him; after screaming at the retreating Guards to "come and see how a Marshal of France dies," the "bravest of the brave" met his end at the hands of a firing squad. The balding, cystitic Emperor fled to a bare rock in the Atlantic and a world of reverie untroubled by defeat. The victorious Duke was too sober for elation. Much later he confessed that Waterloo had prompted him to reflect that "next to a battle lost the greatest misery is a battle gained."

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

Dedicated to Excellence

IN MANHATTAN'S East Sixties, a unique art gallery dedicated to excellence is about to round out its eighth year. There are certain institutions that, due to deliberately limited size, clearly defined objectives, and adequate financial support, can maintain a fortunate purity despite modern competitive temptations. Such an institution is Asia House Gallery, where in an appropriately chaste building (designed by Philip Johnson) one encounters a continuing series of peerless exhibitions devoted to the finest and rarest art of the East. Since promotional antics are unnecessary, the Gallery has never bowed to compromise. It quietly offers the public, free of charge, an opportunity to see beautifully presented Asiatic masterpieces borrowed from all corners of the earth.

Obviously, the program is not geared to mass approval. Most Americans know relatively little about Oriental art, and even the few who have some familiarity with it often find themselves at a loss when confronted by objects steeped in recondite Eastern traditions. There are those, of course, who claim that a great work of art need only be seen to be understood. And in some cases this is true, but I have my doubts where Asiatic objects are concerned. For here, subject, symbolism, function, craftsmanship, history, and meaning are often so closely interwoven as to demand expert knowledge from the viewer. One need not know much about Rembrandt to understand his poignant self-portraits, but it is mandatory to have investigated Chinese attitudes toward man and nature if one is to understand a Sung landscape painting.

Asia House Gallery is more concerned with the thoughtful viewer than with attendance statistics. As its director, Gordon Washburn, says, "Even the thoughtful viewer is not always acquainted with our material, since general education in America has not stressed Asian studies. Our visitors are sometimes vague about the geography of lesser-known Oriental countries; hence, our generous supply of detailed maps both on the walls and in our catalogues."

As for the catalogues—they merit special attention. The shows, which are selected by distinguished scholars who also prepare the accompanying publications, sometimes take as long as three years to organize. Extensive travel and intensive research pay off in handsomely illustrated book-catalogues that are often more than comprehensive reports on given exhibitions; they also provide invaluable documentation on little-known cultures. For instance, the publication by Stella Kramrisch which accompanied "The Art of Nepal" exhibition happens to be the only serious book in English on that subject.

Asia House Gallery is not a museum; it neither acquires works of art nor contemplates a permanent collection. These activities it leaves to institutions in Cleveland, Boston, Kansas City, and San Francisco where the most important Oriental concentrations are now centered. However, three times each year the Gallery presents an exhibition which, as a rule, is extraordinary for the rarity of its objects, their quality, and absorbing interest. Here archeological oddities and artifacts find less favor than works of transcendent luster. The emphasis is esthetic rather than documentary, but even so, the art exhibited often provides valuable clues to life in Asia. Installations grow out of the material on view, and hence each setting is different. Peasant and nomad rugs of Asia present one problem; Khmer sculpture another. Iranian ceramics would scarcely adapt themselves to a milieu designed for Mus-

—*Collection Boston Museum of Fine Arts.*

Flying Angel **from the exhibition Japanese Arts of the Heian Period.**

—*Collection Kabul Museum.*

Head of Buddha **from the exhibition Ancient Art from Afghanistan.**

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lim miniature paintings. The Gallery, intimate and always elegant, changes its face with each exhibition, but wisely no suspicion of naturalistic habitats are suggested. The works of art are allowed to speak for themselves.

And they are often breathtaking. Certain shows have had particularly strong impact on the public. "Japanese Arts of the Heian Period: 794-1185" was a spellbinder. Flying angels, raging guardians, omniscient Buddhas turned the exhibition into virtual theater. The usual contemplative Oriental containment gave way to emotional exaggerations which nonetheless remained urbane, for a recurrent characteristic of Oriental art is its seasoned sophistication. Nothing is purely subjective nor accidental; nothing is wholly divorced from a long line of common experience. If the Heian period in Japan seems at times to approximate the realistic violence of the Occident, still it tends to preserve certain Eastern stylizations. And it is these stylizations that can be confusing, for each passionate gesture, each delicate nuance takes on double, even triple meanings, often rooted in ways of thinking that we of the West must laboriously learn.

Another show that impressed the public was "The Art of Nepal," chiefly because of its intense fervor. Visitors sensed the unworldly quality of these reverential figures. They even brought flower offerings to the copper-gilt statue of Avalokiteshvara which was lent to the exhibition by Nepal's Golden Monastery of Patan and which, prior to shipment, was sprinkled with sindur (vermilion) powder to assure the beloved idol's safe voyage (see cover). Only through the intervention of the King was this treasure allowed to travel. We are told that the entire congregation of the Golden Monastery—numbering several hundred members—signed the loan agreement person by person, thus permitting a still actively worshiped fourteenth-century image to leave home. And with the statue, the congregation sent flowers and sindur to protect its sanctity.

NOT long ago an unpremeditated but welcome political tie-in developed during an Asia House exhibit. At the time of an Afghanistan show, treaty negotiations between the United States and Afghanistan were in progress and were certainly not handicapped by the Gallery's important exhibition of ancient objects from the Kabul Museum, an exhibition which enjoyed the patronage of Afghanistan's King. Asia House Gallery, however, is not politically oriented. As its founder and top sponsor, John D. Rockefeller 3rd, says, ". . . our underlying program seeks to help Americans achieve a deeper knowledge of and appreciation for the great cultures of the Orient. . . . We know that art is a primary medium of cultural communication and that, often enough, we might better reach people through the arts than by other channels." And who, indeed, will deny that respect for a nation's art can lead to greater tolerance?

—Collection Alice and Nasli Heeramaneck.

***Jahangir Embracing Nur Jahan* from the exhibition Art of Mughal India.**

One show follows another to point up Asia's incredible cultural wealth. The material presented is exotic, erotic, subtle, primitive, naturalistic, abstract, profound, or playful, depending, of course, on source and period. I suppose we could trot out pretty much the same adjectives for Western art. But in the West we are apt to depend more on daily life for stimuli, whereas in the Orient, it is less daily life than inner life that motivates the artist. True, the Japanese, in their prints, meticulously recorded their immediate surroundings, and Hindu sculptors frankly described the love habits of their people, but, more often, outstanding Asian masterpieces represent man as a contemplative pawn of nature or of the supernatural.

—Collection William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City.

Wine vessel from the exhibition Ritual Vessels of Bronze Age China.

A VISIT to Asia House during its current show, "Ritual Vessels of Bronze Age China," is further proof of Oriental accomplishment. Here, enigmatic vessels, though exhaustively studied over the years, remain something of a mystery, for we still do not precisely know their original purpose. Most scholars agree they were connected with some form of worship. Today Chinese bronzes are collected avidly by connoisseurs all over the world. The degree to which the West has pursued these rare objects is demonstrated by this show, which has been borrowed solely from Europe and America. Despite occasional surface designs of unparalleled complexity, the vessels have a structural nobility that evokes memories of heroic architecture. They are the joint work of artists and craftsmen who developed a consummate mastery of bronze casting. In the entire history of art, this material has rarely been handled more authoritatively.

When we realize that works in the current exhibition were produced chiefly during the Shang and Chou Dynasties, some of them as early as the fifteenth century B.C., then their controlled sophistication becomes all the more extraordinary. Decorated with mysterious inscriptions which often supplement scholarly knowledge of ancient Chinese history, these hieratic objects presuppose a highly advanced civilization. Their makers and users, at least from the evidence on view, were far beyond primitive practices. Variety of design, refinement of detail, and an overriding inner vitality make these ceremonial vessels rank with the world's top works of art.

One might wish we in America had access to numerous small specialized galleries of top quality. In Europe they are relatively frequent and act as reminders of earlier aristocratic family collections. New York City is fortunate in having three such institutions—the Frick, the Primitive Art Museum, and Asia House Gallery. Providing oases of excellence, they at once meet the needs of intelligent viewers and yet encourage the neophyte to explore poetic new worlds.

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The Quartet at its most characteristic—The photo bears the autographs of Joseph Roisman, first violin; Alexander Schneider, second violin; Mischa Schneider, viola; and Boris Kroyt, violoncello.

FAREWELL TO THE BUDAPEST QUARTET

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article is based on a chapter in a forthcoming book on the history of quartet playing. Mr. Kriegsman's collaborator is Tibor Bartok of Washington, D.C. (no kin of the composer).*

By ALAN M. KRIEGSMAN

LOOKING back on a half-century of achievement soon to be celebrated by a commemorative exhibit in the Library of Congress, the Budapest Quartet has now come to terms with a milestone of another sort. Its performing days are no more. The present, final members of the Quartet—Roisman, Kroyt, and the two Schneiders—are ready to acquiesce, albeit with a certain wistful reluctance. Health problems have impeded their joint activities for several years. First violinist Joseph Roisman, who is sixty-eight, suffered a heart attack in 1960 and has been forced to observe a careful regimen since. Cellist Mischa Schneider, sixty-four, underwent a serious back operation not long ago, and violist Boris Kroyt, seventy-two, is presently recuperating from surgery. Second violinist Alexander "Sascha" Schneider, the baby of the group at sixty, is in good health and remains fully active.

But medical questions aside, the realization has gradually come upon the four that to resume their mutual career would subject them to a pace and strain they would be wiser to avoid. The Friedberg Management, sole representative for the Budapest since 1930, ceased operation after the 1966-67 season, and the Quartet has not listed its availability elsewhere. But in this era of the phonograph's pre-eminence for chamber music, which the Budapest itself did so much to engender, the Quartet will continue to be heard as long as there are spindles and speakers, and beyond. Indeed, the "last word" has not been heard, for Columbia is guarding a trove of taped performances yet to be processed for release on disc.

For those acquainted with one or another account of the Quartet's background, the choice of 1968 as the year for a retrospective exhibit may seem a ploy for some current consideration, as the Quartet's founding has been placed in every year between 1917 and 1922 but the right one. Verification of 1918 comes not only from remembrances of the oldest continuing member, but from a small medallion in his possession. It belongs to Roisman and was received by him from a Dutch chamber music society which had the medallion struck to commemorate the Budapest's tenth season. The inscription on the back reads: "1918/1928."

As for the choice of the opening date, December 18 (this year, a Wednesday) is a special occasion at the Library of Congress every year, marking the anniversary of the death of Antonius Stradivarius, who built the five magnificent instruments used by the Library's resident quartet. This was, for twenty-two years, the Budapest ensemble. Under the supervision of Dr. Harold Spivacke, chief of the Library's Music Division, an exhibit of letters, scores, pictures, and other memorabilia will be housed in the anteroom and corridors of the 527-seat Coolidge Auditorium, where, until 1962, the Budapest performed for entranced thousands who paid 25 cents a ticket for the privilege of attendance.

To date, no one has ever set forth a complete and accurate chronicle of the

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Membership of the Budapest Quartet

	1918	1921	1927	1930	1932	1936	1944	1949	1955
1st Violin	Hauser	Hauser	Hauser	Hauser	*Roisman*	Roisman	Roisman	Roisman	Roisman
2nd Violin	Indig	*Pogany*	*Roisman*	Roisman	*A. Schneider*	A. Schneider	*Ortenberg*	*Gorodetzky*	*A. Schneider*
Viola	Ipolyi	Ipolyi	Ipolyi	Ipolyi	Ipolyi	*Kroyt*	Kroyt	Kroyt	Kroyt
Violoncello	Son	Son	Son	*M. Schneider*	M. Schneider	M. Schneider	M. Schneider	M. Schneider	M. Schneider

Italics indicate changes of personnel or function in the Quartet.

Budapest Quartet, with its changing constituencies over fifty years; this would appear a fitting moment to try. To be fair about it, mention must be made of a still older Budapest Quartet, which flourished during the 1880s and 1890s and earned the admiration of Brahms. Its founder was the eminent violinist Jenö Hubay, a pupil of Joachim and teacher of Szigeti. Brahms himself once performed his C-minor Trio with Hubay and the Quartet's cellist, David Popper (Budapest, 1886). But we come now to the year 1918, a year marked not only by the great Armistice, but also by such events as the death of Claude Debussy and the creation of Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat*. The same year saw the birth of a second Budapest Quartet, the one that, fifty years and 4,000 concerts later, is still among us.

The original members—the Hungarians Emil Hauser, Alfred Indig, and Istvan Ipolyi, and the Dutchman Harry Son—played together in the orchestra of the Budapest Opera. They decided to take their chances on the road as a quartet at a time when the prospects for making a living in this fashion were exceedingly dim. Nevertheless, the group thrived; by the 1925-26 season, they were playing 115 concerts in virtually every European nation, England included. The succeeding fluctuations in personnel can be grasped more readily by referring to the accompanying table.

The years at the top represent points of change, and the names in italics indicate new or returning members. As the table reveals, altogether there were eleven men who sat in the Budapest chairs at one time or another. The positions of first violin, viola, and cello changed hands only once. Most of the turnover involved the second fiddle, including the unique case of abandonment followed by a later return (Alexander Schneider). It can also be seen that Roisman was the only member ever to move from one spot in the ensemble to another; as things turned out, that was to be a crucial permutation.

Indig was the first to leave, in 1920 (his subsequent whereabouts are uncertain, but he is believed to have played in the Concertgebouw Orchestra). His place was taken by Imre Pogany, who had studied violin with the same Hubay who founded the Budapest's earlier namesake. Invited to join the Cincinnati Symphony under Reiner, Pogany immigrated to the United States. Later he held the post of principal second violinist in the New York Philharmonic under Toscanini, until his retirement in 1959. Pogany was succeeded by Roisman in 1927. The following year, the Budapest made its earliest recordings with Roisman as second fiddle (there were a handful of previous pressings during Pogany's tenure) for HMV in London, and the Quartet played the concert in Holland at which the decennial medallion was presented.

When Roisman entered the Quartet, he found himself constrained to alter his bowing technique at the cost of much agonizing practice, because of a peculiarity of Budapest style at the time. Passages that other quartets would take *spiccato*—that is, with a skipping bow (e.g., most of the Scherzo in Beethoven's Op. 59, No. 1)—the Budapest played at the point of the bow using very short, incisive strokes. This was so much of a Budapest cachet in those days that the German press had dubbed them the *Spitzenquartett* (the "Point Quartet"). It was an invention, however, of which necessity was clearly the mother; Roisman insists that the device was adopted because some of his confreres had a very weak *spiccato*. Five years later, when Roisman was elevated to the leadership of the Quartet, they reverted to stylistic tradition; a brilliant *spiccato* has been a prominent feature of Budapest playing ever since.

Bridge passage—Joseph Roisman (right), when he joined the original group of (left to right) Emil Hauser, first violin; Harry Son, violoncello; and Istvan Ipolyi; in 1927.

IN 1930, the ensemble undertook its first visit to the United States, as part of a world tour. Before the departure, Harry Son resigned. (Eventually he returned to his native Holland, was captured and presumably killed by the Nazis. Son was not the only member who tasted the bitter medicine of the New Order. In later years, Ipolyi had to flee from Norway to Sweden to evade the Wehrmacht, and a sister of Mischa and Sascha Schneider, Manja, a gifted pianist, was exterminated at Dachau.

(*Continued on page* 84)

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The Year's Best Recordings

FOR CHRISTMAS shoppers (and others), RECORDINGS presents its annual compilation of classical releases reviewed favorably in these pages since the appearance of the last such list a year ago. Within each of the three major categories (orchestral; chamber and instrumental; vocal), collections of miscellaneous content follow the items listed by composers' names. All discs listed are available either in separate mono and stereo editions or in "compatible" form, unless otherwise noted. The designation "E" after the name of the record company indicates "electronically rechanneled stereo" from a monophonic source; the designation "M" denotes an item available in mono only. An asterisk (*) before a listing indicates a reissue. Especially recommended items are indicated by †.

Orchestral

Bach: *Keyboard Concertos Nos. 3 (in D), 5 (F minor), & 7 (G minor).* Glenn Gould, piano; with orch. under Vladimir Golschmann (Columbia).

Bartók: *Piano Concerto No. 3.* **Ravel:** *Concerto in G.* Julius Katchen; with István Kertész cond. London Symphony Orch. (London).

Beethoven: *Piano Concerto No. 1.* Christoph Eschenbach; with Herbert von Karajan cond. Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Beethoven: *Violin Concerto.* Adolf Busch; with Fritz Busch cond. New York Philharmonic ("Private" disc, M).

Beethoven: *Leonore Overtures Nos. 1-3 & Fidelio Overture.* George Szell, Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia).

Beethoven: *Symphony No. 6 & Egmont Overture.* Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt cond. Vienna Philharmonic (London).

Beethoven: *Symphony No. 9.* **Brahms:** *Haydn Variations.* Wilhelm Furtwängler cond. Berlin Philharmonic (Unicorn, M, mail-order).

Richard Rodney Bennett: *Symphony No. 1.* **Bax:** *Overture to a Picaresque Comedy.* **Berkeley:** *Divertimento.* Igor Buketoff cond. Royal Philharmonic Orch. (RCA Victor).

Berlioz: *Symphonie fantastique.* Seiji Ozawa, Toronto Symphony (CBS); *Symphonie fantastique & Lélio.* Pierre Boulez cond. London Symphony Orch.; with soloists & chorus (CBS).

Berwald: *Sinfonie capricieuse.* **Blomdahl:** *Sisyphos Suite.* **Rosenberg:** *Voyage to America* (excerpts). Antal Dorati, Stockholm Philharmonic (Victrola).

Bizet: *Carmen & L'Arlésienne Suites.* Charles Munch cond. New Philharmonia (London Phase 4).

Brahms: *Piano Concerto No. 1.* Daniel Barenboim; with Barbirolli cond. New Philharmonia (Angel).

Brahms: *Piano Concerto No. 2.* Wilhelm Backhaus; with Karl Böhm cond. Vienna Philharmonic (London).

Brahms: *Serenade No. 2.* Leonard Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

Britten: *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra.* **Mussorgsky-Ravel:** *Pictures at an Exhibition.* Seiji Ozawa, Chicago Symphony Orch. (RCA Victor).

Carter: *Piano Concerto* (Jacob Lateiner). **Colgrass:** *"As quiet as. . . ."* Erich Leinsdorf, Boston Symphony Orch. (RCA Victor).

Chávez: *Violin Concerto.* Henryk Szeryng; with composer cond. Orquesta Sinfónica Nacional de México (CBS).

Chopin: *Concertos and other works for piano and orchestra.* Alexis Weissenberg; with Stanislaw Skrowaczewski cond. Paris Conservatoire Orch. (Angel).

Copland: *Organ Symphony* (E. Power Biggs). **Bernstein:** *Serenade* (Zino Francescatti, violin). Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

Dvorák: *Symphony No. 9 ("New World").* Eugene Ormandy cond. London Symphony Orch. (Columbia).

Elgar: *Symphony No. 1.* Sir John Barbirolli, Philharmonia Orch. (Seraphim).

Gerhard, R.: *Symphony No. 1; Don Quixote Suite.* Antal Dorati cond. BBC Symphony Orch. (Seraphim).

Ginastera: *Piano Concerto* (João Carlos Martins); *Variaciones concertantes.* Erich Leinsdorf, Boston Symphony (RCA Victor).

Hummel: *Bassoon Concerto in F.* **Weber:** *Bassoon Concerto in F.* John Miller; with Harold Farberman cond. Copenhagen Chamber Orch. (Cambridge).

Ives: *Holidays Symphony.* Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

Ives: *Symphonies Nos. 1-4.* Harold Farberman, New Philharmonia Orch. (Vanguard/Cardinal).

Janácek: *Orchestral and Choral Works (Lach Dances, Blaník Hill, etc.).* Jiri Waldhans cond. Brno Philharmonic; Pinkas & Veselka cond. Czech Philharmonic Chorus (Crossroads).

Kadosa: *Symphony No. 4* Miklós Erdélyi cond. Hungarian State Orch. (Qualiton).

Liszt: *Les Préludes.* **Wagner:** *Overtures.* Zubin Mehta, Vienna Philharmonic (London).

Lutoslawski: *Venetian Games; Concerto for Orchestra; Funeral Music.* Witold Rowicki cond. Warsaw Philharmonic (Philips).

*__Mahler:__ *Symphonies Nos. 6 & 9.* Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

Mahler: *Symphony No. 8.* Dimitri Mitropoulos, Vienna Fest. Orch. (Everest, E).

Maros: *Symphony for Strings; Musica da ballo.* György Lehel cond. Hungarian Radio Orch. (Qualiton).

Mendelssohn: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* **Schubert:** *Rosamunde* (excerpts). Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Columbia).

Mendelssohn: *String Symphony No. 9.* **Schubert:** *Rondo for Violin and Strings; 5 Minuets.* I Musici (Philips).

Mennin: *Symphony No. 7.* **Martinon:** *Symphony No. 4.* Jean Martinon, Chicago Symphony Orch. (RCA Victor).

Messiaen: *Et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum; Couleurs de la cité celeste.* Pierre Boulez cond. Domaine Musical Ensemble (CBS).

Messiaen: *Seven Haikai;* **Schoenberg:** *Chamber Symphony No. 1.* Pierre Boulez cond. Domaine Musical Ensemble (Everest).

Messiaen: *Turangalîla Symphony.* **Takemitsu:** *November Steps.* Seiji Ozawa cond. Toronto Symphony; with Yvonne & Jeanne Loriod, et al. (RCA Victor).

Milhaud: *Six Little Symphonies; L'Homme et son désir.* Composer cond. Radio Luxembourg Orch. (Candide).

Mozart: *2 Concertos, K. 107* (Karl Engel, piano); *Symphony No. 1.* **J. C. Bach:** *Sinfonia, Op. 3, No. 4.* Hans Koppenburg cond. Frankfurt Chamber Orch. (Odyssey).

Mozart: *Piano Concertos Nos. 20 & 25.* Julius Katchen; with Karl Münchinger cond. Stuttgart Chamber Orch. (London).

Mozart: *Violin Concerto No. 3.* Isaac Stern; with Szell & Cleveland Orch.; *Sinfonia concertante, K. 364.* Stern, violinist-conductor; W. Trampler, viola; & London Symphony Orch. (Columbia).

Prokofiev: *Piano Concertos Nos. 3 & 4.* John Browning; with Erich Leinsdorf & Boston Symphony (RCA Victor).

Prokofiev: *Romeo and Juliet* (excerpts). Leinsdorf, Boston Symphony (RCA Victor).

Prokofiev: *Scythian Suite; Prodigal Son.* Ernest Ansermet cond. L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London).

Prokofiev: *Symphony No. 5.* Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

Rachmaninoff: *The Isle of the Dead.* **Scriabin:** *Poem of Ecstasy.* Yevgeny Svetlanov cond. USSR Symphony Orch. (Melodiya/Angel).

Respighi: *Pines & Fountains of Rome.* Charles Munch, New Philharmonia (London Phase 4).

Rimsky-Korsakov: *Antar Symphony.* **Miaskovsky:** *Symphony No. 21.* Morton Gould, Chicago Symphony (RCA Victor).

Rodrigo: *Fantasía para un gentilhombre.* **Dodgson:** *Guitar Concerto.* John Wil-

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liams; with Charles Groves cond. English Chamber Orch. (Columbia).

Rossini: *Overtures.* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Columbia).

*__Rubinstein:__ *Piano Concerto No. 4.* __Liszt:__ *Solo pieces.* Oscar Levant; with Mitropoulos cond. New York Philharmonic (Odyssey, M).

Schoenberg: *Pelleas und Melisande.* Barbirolli, New Philharmonia (Angel).

Schumann: *Piano Concerto; Noveletten Nos. 1 & 2.* Artur Rubinstein; with Carlo Maria Giulini cond. Chicago Symphony (RCA Victor).

Sessions: *Violin Concerto.* Paul Zukofsky; with Gunther Schuller cond. ORTF Orch. (CRI).

Shostakovich: *Symphonies Nos. 2 & 3.* Morton Gould cond. Royal Philharmonic Orch. & Chorus (RCA Victor).

J. Strauss: *Overtures; Waltzes; Polkas.* Herbert von Karajan cond. Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

R. Strauss: *Horn Concertos Nos. 1 & 2.* **F. Strauss:** *Concerto.* Barry Tuckwell; with István Kertész cond. London Symphony Orch. (London).

Stravinsky: *Piano Concerto* (composer conducting); *Capriccio* (Robert Craft cond.). Philippe Entremont; with Columbia Symphony Orch. (Columbia).

Stravinsky: *Le Sacre du printemps.* Yevgeny Svetlanov, USSR Symphony Orch. (Melodiya/Angel).

Szervánszky: *Serenade for String Orchestra.* Vilmos Tátrai cond. Hungarian Chamber Orch. **Petrovics:** *Quartet.* Tátrai Quartet (Qualiton).

Tchaikovsky: *Serenade for Strings; Nutcracker Suite.* Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Vaughan Williams: *A London Symphony.* Barbirolli, Hallé Orch. (Angel).

*__Wagner:__ *Tristan, Parsifal, etc.* (excerpts). Furtwängler cond. Berlin & Vienna Philharmonic Orchs. (Seraphim, M).

Weill: *Symphonies Nos. 1 & 2.* Gary Bertini cond. BBC Symphony Orch. (Angel).

French Ceremonial Marches. Désiré Dondeyne cond. Musique des Gardiens de la Paix (Music Guild, 2 vols.).

Russian Music (Borodin, Glinka, Mussorgsky). Georg Solti, London Symphony Orch. (London).

Instrumental and Chamber Music

Bach: *Sonata No. 1 & Partita No. 1 for solo violin.* Ruggiero Ricci (Decca).

Bartók: *44 Duos for Violins.* André Gertler & Josef Suk (Crossroads).

*__Beethoven:__ *Six Quartets, Op. 18.* Barylli Quartet (Westminster, E).

†__Beethoven:__ *Quartets, Opp. 59, 74, & 95.* Guarneri Quartet (RCA Victor).

Beethoven: *Piano Sonatas Nos. 4, 25, & 31.* Wilhelm Backhaus (London).

*__Beethoven:__ *Piano Sonatas Nos. 23 & 27.* Ivan Moravec (Connoisseur Society).

Beethoven: *Piano Sonatas Nos. 8, 14, 26.* Daniel Barenboim (Angel).

Beethoven: *Sonata No. 29 ("Hammerklavier").* Vladimir Ashkenazy (London).

Beethoven: *Piano Sonatas Nos. 30 & 32; Nos. 8 & 17.* Bruce Hungerford (Vanguard/Cardinal).

Brahms: *Clarinet Sonatas Nos. 1 & 2.* Harold Wright, clarinet; Harris Goldsmith, piano (Crossroads).

Brahms: *Sonata for 2 Pianos.* **Saint-Saëns:** *Beethoven Variations.* Eden and Tamir (London).

Brahms: *Violin Sonatas Nos. 1-3.* Josef Suk, violin; Julius Katchen, piano (London).

Britten: *Phantasy Quartet.* Hubert Lucarelli, oboe; & New Art String Trio; *Suite, Op. 6.* Gerald Tarack, violin; Thomas Grubb, piano; *Six Metamorphoses after Ovid.* Lucarelli, oboe (Lyrichord).

†__Chopin:__ *Etudes, Opp. 10 & 25.* Agustin Anievas (Seraphim).

Crumb: *Night Music I.* Louise Toth, soprano; composer cond. ensemble. **Erickson:** *Chamber Concerto.* Ralph Shapey cond. Hartt Chamber Players (CRI).

Dowland: *Dances.* Julian Bream, lute (RCA Victor).

*__Dvořák:__ *Quintet in G, Op. 18/77.* Dvořák Quartet with F. Pošta, double bass (Crossroads).

Françaix: *String Trio.* J. Heifetz, J. de Pasquale, G. Piatigorsky (RCA Victor).

Gottschalk: *Piano Music.* Amiram Rigai (Decca).

Gould: *Formations; Revolutionary Prelude; Santa Fe Saga; Prologue and Battle Hymn.* Morton Gould cond. Knightsbridge Symphonic Band (Gallery).

Hindemith: *Viola Sonatas.* Walter Trampler; with Ronald Turini, piano (RCA Victor).

Honegger: *Quartet No. 2.* Dvorák Quartet. **Hindemith:** *Quartet No. 3.* Prague City Quartet (Crossroads).

Ives: *Piano Music* (complete). Alan Mandel (Desto).

Ives: *Quartets Nos. 1 & 2.* Juilliard Quartet (Columbia).

Mozart: *Divertimento in E-flat, K. 563.* Grumiaux Trio (Philips).

Mozart: *Piano Quartets Nos. 1 & 2.* David Hancock & New Art String Trio (Turnabout).

Mozart: *Violin Sonatas* (Four). Rafael Druian, violin; George Szell, piano (Columbia).

Mussorgsky: *Pictures at an Exhibition.* Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano (London).

Nielsen: *Piano Music.* John Ogdon (RCA Victor).

Ohana: *4 Etudes chorégraphiques.* **Kabelac:** *Eight Inventions.* Les Percussions de Strassbourg (Limelight).

Poulenc: *Clarinet Sonata; Oboe Sonata.* **Schumann:** *Fantasiestucke, Op. 73, for Oboe.* David Weber, clarinet; Harry Shulman, oboe; Harriet Wingreen, piano (Lyrichord).

Prokofiev: *Piano Music* (complete). György Sándor (Vox Boxes).

Rachmaninoff: *Etudes-Tableaux, Opp. 33 & 39.* Beveridge Webster (Dover).

Ravel: *Gaspard de la Nuit; Valses nobles et sentimentales; La Valse.* Ruth Laredo, piano (Connoisseur Society).

Satie: *Piano Music.* Aldo Ciccolini (Angel, 3 LPs).

Schubert: *Quartets in A minor & G minor.* Amadeus Quartet (DGG).

Schubert: *"Trout" Quintet.* Rudolf Serkin, Jaime Laredo, et al. (Columbia).

Schumann: *Carnaval; Fantasia in C.* Claudia Arrau, piano (Philips).

Schumann: *Kinderszenen; Intermezzi; Abegg Variations; Waldszenen* (excerpts). Christoph Eschenbach, piano (DGG).

Stibilj: *Epervier de la faiblesse; Domine.* **Shinohara:** *Alterances.* **Schat:** *Signalement.* Les Percussions de Strasbourg (Philips).

R. Strauss: *Cello Sonata.* **Mendelssohn:** *Sonata No. 2.* Gregor Piatigorsky & Leonard Pennario (RCA Victor).

Stravinsky: *Petrouchka.* **Brahms:** *Intermezzi; Rhapsody.* Misha Dichter, piano (RCA Victor).

Turina: *Piano Music.* Alicia de Larrocha (Epic).

Vivaldi: *Chamber Concertos & Sonatas.* Baroque Ensemble of Paris (Epic).

Siegfried Behrend: Guitar Recital (DGG).

E. Power Biggs: *Spanish Organ Music* (Columbia).

Oscar Ghiglia: Guitar Recital (Angel).

Eastman Brass Quintet: Works of Scheidt, Weelkes, et al. (Candide).

Steven Staryk: *400 Years of the Violin* (Everest).

Vocal

*__Beethoven:__ *Fidelio.* Furtwängler cond. Vienna State Opera production (Seraphim, M).

*__Berlioz:__ *Te Deum.* Sir Thomas Beecham cond. Royal Philharmonic Orch. & Chorus; with Alexander Young, tenor (Odyssey, E).

Borodin: *Prince Igor.* Boris Christoff et al., Sofia Opera production cond. by Jerzy Semkow (Angel).

Britten: *The Burning Fiery Furnace.* Peter Pears et al., composer conducting (London).

Britten: *Les Illuminations* (Peter Pears); *Variations on a Theme by Frank Bridge.* Composer cond. English Chamber Orch. (London).

Britten: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Composer conducting; with Alfred Deller, Peter Pears, Heather Harper, et al. (London).

*__Gay & Pepusch:__ *The Beggar's Opera.* Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting (Seraphim).

Ginastera: *Bomarzo.* Julius Rudel cond. Opera Society of Washington (CBS).

Gluck: *Orfeo ed Euridice.* Grace Bumbry, Anneliese Rothenberger, et al., Václav Neumann conducting (Angel).

Handel: *Giulio Cesare.* Beverly Sills, Maureen Forrester, Norman Treigle, New

(*Continued on page* 79)

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Recordings in Review

"Marseillaise" à la Berlioz

BERLIOZ (de Lisle): *"La Marseillaise." Andréa Guiot, soprano; Claude Cales, baritone; Chorus of the Paris Opéra; Les Petits Chanteurs à la Croix de Bois; and the Orchestre de Paris conducted by Jean-Pierre Jacquillat.* CHABRIER: *España.* DEBUSSY: *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune.* DUKAS: *L'Apprenti sorcier.* SAINT-SAENS: *Danse macabre.* LALO: *Scherzo. Orchestre de Paris conducted by Jacquillat.* Angel S-36518, stereo only, $5.79.

THERE could hardly be a more auspicious way of introducing a new orchestra and conductor, both French, than with this remarkable version by Berlioz of de Lisle's undying "La Marseillaise." It has become risky in these days of literally innumerable recordings to identify anything as having been recorded "for the first time" (Clough-Cummings, indeed, carries a reference to a version by the Paris People's Chorus on an Odeon, later American Decca, release). But one is certainly safe in identifying it as the first recording with vocal soloists of the quality heard here, and with leadership that makes the work catch fire.

Indeed, one is almost impelled to rush out in search of the nearest cobblestone, or at least a barricade to storm. The transformation (it is far too much of a creative achievement to be characterized as merely an arrangement) was accomplished as early in his career as 1830, when Berlioz was yet to finish the *Fantastique* (in its revised form). But it is realized with a boldness and audacity that make it unquestionably the preferable way in which to hear this greatest of all patriotic songs. At least, that is the way it sounds through the intermediation of a group effort that transcends the best of all the individuals involved.

That includes the participation of the Orchestre de Paris, which clearly adds a distinctive new voice to those of the great orchestras of the world. That voice is even more a broadly cosmopolitan one than a typically French one, for its brass and woodwind sound as if Charles Munch, who assembled the personnel and molded it into an entity, was searching for the equivalents, in some sections, of the kind of sound he had gotten to know in America and England. Jacquillat is well provided with the means to permit the orchestra to show its mettle in the familiar works of Chabrier, Debussy, Saint-Saëns, and Dukas as well as the unfamiliar one of Lalo. (The virtuoso feat of making these better than all the other versions of them ever made is, understandably, not within his power.) The recording (in unidentified surroundings) is excellent.

Sembrich for Sembrich

HANDEL: *Lusinghe più care"* (Alessandro).* BARBIERI: *"Lo que está de Dios."* STRAUSS-LAFORGE: *"Tales from the Vienna Woods."** VERDI: *"Ah, fors è lui,"* "Sempre libera" (La Traviata).* HAHN: *"Si mes vers avaient des ailes!"* SCHUBERT: *"Wohin?"* MASSENET: *"Ouvre tes yeux bleus."** LA-FORGE: *"To a Messenger."* PADEREWSKI: *"Moja pieszczotka."** STEBBINS: *"The longest day is in June,"* "If the apples bloom."** FISHER: *"I heard a cry."** RUBINSTEIN: *"Now shines the dew,"* "Spring Song."** MANNEY: *"Consecration."** CHOPIN: *"The Maiden's Wish." Marcella Sembrich, soprano.* THOMAS: *"Doute de la lumière" (Hamlet). Sembrich, soprano; with Emilio de Gogorza, baritone.* International Record Collectors' Club (P.O. Box 1811, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06601), $5.50.

*Indicates items never before issued.

IT IS fitting that this absorbing collection of songs and arias by Marcella Sembrich bears a commitment toward support of the memorial established in her name at Bolton Landing, on Lake George, New York. For that was her preferred summer retreat, where she took favored pupils in her years as a teacher, and where much of the memorabilia of her operatic career is preserved. Indeed, the Marcella Sembrich Memorial Association (60 East 42nd Street, New York City), which receives part of the royalty from the sale of each disc, is undertaking to make her one-time studio a thoroughgoing museum of Sembrichiana, and would welcome contributions to that end.

As a testimonial to the kind of singer she was reputed to have been, this disc has its special contributions. Perversely, several of the selections on Side 2 (which begins with "Ouvre tes yeux bleus") dating from her sixtieth year are better-sounding than those on Side 1—doubtless a reflection of the improvement of recording techniques in the intervening years. What is constant and unvarying is the remarkable discipline of a none-too-imposing voice, a smallish soprano which she had been taught to use with unvarying control at the middle, bottom, or top, in trills and leaps, *staccati* and *appoggiaturas* as well as in *legato*. Its instrumental precision and freedom from portamento are as marked in the songs as in the operatic excerpts. It is, however, surprising to hear an interpolated note in "Sempre libera," and some of the songs she doted on were manifestly trivial. However, it is an illuminating profile of a remarkable artist, the more so for ending with the Chopin song, self-accompanied as was her custom at every recital's end. Otherwise the pianist is doubtless Frank LaForge, though not specifically stated (a number of items on Side 1 are performed to a small instrumental ensemble as was the custom in the 1906-10 period cov-

The Sembrich studio at Bolton Landing—"where she took her favored pupils."

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ered). In addition to the titles listed above, the disc includes two folk songs ("Pretty Polly Oliver" and "When I Was Seventeen") and a second version of "Ouvre tes yeux bleus" from 1919.

Oratorio by Brubeck

BRUBECK: *The Light in the Wilderness. Erich Kunzel conducting the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra; with William Justus, baritone; the Miami University A Cappella Singers; Gerre Hancock, organ; and the Brubeck Trio (Dave Brubeck, piano; Frank Proto, string bass; and David Frerichs, drums).* Decca stereo DXSA 7202, $11.58 (two discs).

PERHAPS the first thing that should be said about this oratorio is what it is not. It is not a "jazz" anything, in the sense that Duke Ellington's Sacred Concert is a "jazz" something, for the simple reason that Brubeck commands the formulas rather than the essence of jazz. It is even less (as the album cover proclaims it) "an oratorio for today." It doesn't have sufficient timelessness to be that timely. It is, rather, an effort on the part of a man who has largely been identified with small forms to work in a large one.

It does, in that effort, reveal an amount of capacity that will surprise many not well versed in Brubeck's background. Included in it was study for more than a little while with Milhaud, which has provided him with the means to set words, intertwine a solo voice with choral and orchestral background, develop a contrapuntal interlude here and there, and create a pattern of contrast when it suits his dramatic requirements. The biblical texts selected by himself and (Mrs.) Iola Brubeck are treated in the form of a narrator (the baritone voice) and populace (chorus), preaching a gospel encompassing "The Sermon on the Mount," "Love Your Enemies," "Where Is God," and similar sentiments.

Brubeck has succeeded better than most who have undertaken the challenge in mingling the vocabulary of jazz with the more formal language of the concert hall. The reason for this is, basically, that he mostly avoids calling upon the former to do the work of the latter. The extended jazz sequences come in the form of interludes and commentary between the verbal pronouncements, rather than carrying the burden of them.

But it does not seem to me that Brubeck has carried the practice very far forward (some of it sounds like a descendant of Louis Gruenberg's setting of Vachel Lindsay's "Daniel Jazz," which goes back, after all, to 1923). I don't find much that is either individual or distinctive in Brubeck's musical vocabulary, whether he is using jazz terminology or the more conventional discourse of the concert hall. Thus the quality of the intentions is much above the means of realizing them. Too often, the musical texture is thin for the uses of a symphony orchestra, chorus, and baritone soloist; one can, repeatedly, anticipate the chord-to-come in a sequence; there is all too little fresh, surprising, or unexpected.

The greatest asset for this project (aside from Brubeck's ensemble) is the musically alert, artistically compelling effort of Kunzel, who is, plainly, a conductor with a future. Justus also makes good use of his opportunity.

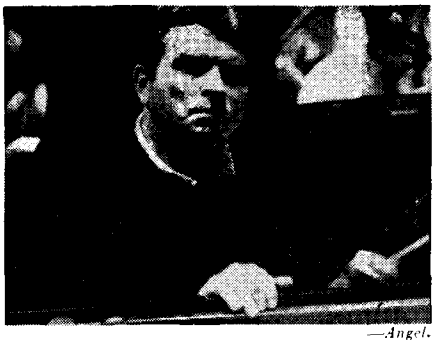
Gilels, Szell—and Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Concertos Nos. 1-5. Emil Gilels, piano; with the Cleveland Orchestra under the direction of George Szell. Variations in C minor; Variations on a Turkish March; Variations on a Russian Theme. Gilels, piano.* Angel SE 3731, stereo only, $28.99.

THE "inclusive" treatment of such a sequence as the five piano concerti of Beethoven is, in the nature of their content, a self-defeating enterprise. It is almost inevitable that no matter how well a performer survives exposure to the cycle as a whole, he will not play *each* as well as some other performer. Even if he should be the world's best performer of any one of them, it is probable that such superiority will be purchased at a cost to supremacy in the other four.

Where esteem centers in this enterprise gradually becomes apparent in Gilels's versions of the B-flat and C-major (to take them in the order of their creation rather than numbering, and in the sequence of mounting originality rather than in the apparent progression to maturity). By the time he is well into the C-major, it is evident that Gilels has profounder feeling for the flow and ebb of pianistic problems, for the rise and fall of agogics and accents, and for the ideal disposition of emphasis between the two hands, than he has for the rhetoric of Beethoven's logic or for the subtler shadings of the composer's poetic discourse. This is, to be sure, all on a very high level of values, but there is none other appropriate to a project which engages competition with virtually every great pianist of today (and some of yesterday).

When all the values have been weighed (Gilels is tenth in the list of those from Arrau to Serkin whose integral versions of the five concerti are currently before the public), the balance comes to rest on the Third as the one on which Gilels's feeling for Beethoven centers. It is the one in which he can apply his means of power and expressivity to the greatest advantage. No. 3 is, of course, in C minor and, as identified by its Opus 37, the one which personifies Beethoven in his traditionally rebellious character. This phase of Beethoven Gilels comprehends very well, and realizes fully in combination with Szell's all but ideal definition of what is in the orchestral score. The finale, for example, is a match of impulses such as one rarely hears for so long a stretch from two interpreters. There is nothing in the least ad hoc about this ensemble.



—*Angel.*

Emil Gilels—"limpid, sophisticated, beautifully detailed."

However, the progress through Nos. 4 and 5 is much less direct and undeviating. Pianistically, all is limpid, sophisticated, beautifully detailed. But the first movement of No. 4 is rather square and unyielding for music of its curving lyricism and poetic impulse. As for the *Emperor,* Gilels is much too conscious of his fine piano sound to bang; unfortunately, that sound is simply not substantial enough to realize the implications of Beethoven's writing (especially vis-à-vis the orchestra) otherwise. Then, too, it strikes me that Gilels is somewhat taken in by the apparent similarity of the writing to that of Czerny to do justice to its breadth of vision and sizableness of substance. Every note of the Adagio is a well matched pearl in a sonorous chain, but there is more to this expression than the art of the lapidarian.

To my hearing, the results of this unique collaboration (Columbia supplied the technicians as well as the services of Szell and the orchestra) reach their greatest distinction in No. 3. In the last two, there are aural evidences that Szell is accommodating himself to the preferences of his soloist rather than following his own impulses fully. Most surprising to me is the ordinary quality of the sound reproduction. I should have thought there would have been an all-out striving for greater resonance, less of the pedal noises which pervade the *Emperor.* The accessory pieces, which pose no problems beyond Gilels's total comprehension, are well fitted into the sequence. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report	
Beethoven: Concerto in D. Felicja Blumental, piano; with Jiri Waldhaus conducting the Brno Philharmonic Orchestra. Auditorium AUD 104, stereo only (available from Auditorium U.S.A., 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017).	Mme. Blumental earned esteem for her comprehension of several works she recorded a decade or so ago, but such is not the case in this instance. Beethoven's recasting of his Violin Concerto for keyboard purposes was not one of his happiest ideas, and the pianist who undertakes it must know just where the music is if a persuasive result is to ensue. The Blumental emphasis is all too audibly on passage work and *bravura,* which is, in this work, of about the	third or fourth order of importance. Also, purity of style is hardly her besetting sin: too many chords are arpeggiated, too many basses struck before their treble counterparts, to give clarity and strength to Beethoven's ideas. Finally, though conductor Waldhaus has an arrestingly good conception of the work's structure and mood, the Brno Philharmonic lacks the dependable kind of soloists demanded for the exposed oboe, horn, and bassoon passages.
Bruckner: Symphony No. 9. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DGG 139011, stereo only, $5.79.	For the most part, Karajan's interest in this work appears to relate less to its content than to the manner of its expression through the orchestra. That emerges most persuasively in the Scherzo, in which Karajan seems to recall Strauss's sly suggestion for conductors to direct *Salome* like "fairy music." He converts it almost into a likeness of Mendelssohn, with results that are vastly unexpected, and not at all inappropriate. However, what he does with sonority, as such, does not add much that is meaningful to Movement	I. There is the best interrelation of elements in the Adagio, which finds a rich fulfillment in Karajan's feeling for it. A provocative rather than convincing conception, it is marred by a break in the Scherzo that spreads it over two sides. Karajan's control of the Berlin Philharmonic personnel and its response to him are becoming something comparable to the Stokowski-Philadelphia relationship, or Koussevitzky and the Boston.
Elgar: *Enigma Variations; Cockaigne Overture.* Colin Davis conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Philips PHS 900140, stereo only, $5.79.	This is one of the less attractive examples of the young English conductor's abilities in a growing list of records in his name. This does not relate to control of the orchestra or lack of effective address to the microphone—but there is some suggestion that with the growth in control is also a tendency to exhibitionism which was not among his faults a year or two ago. Here the Variations are played not for content but for what Davis can "do to them" that has not been	"done to them" recently, from extremes of speed to outbursts of orchestral violence that ill-become the manner of Elgar's writing. It is, perhaps, something of an accomplishment to make "E.D.U." sound as if it had been written by Berlioz, but my preference is for the conductor to make it sound as written by Elgar. *Cockaigne* fares better for a time, but it soon loses its jaunty tone and takes on a boisterousness not in its character.
Gershwin: Concerto in F. Nero: Fantasy and Improvisations. Peter Nero, piano; with the Boston Pops Orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler. RCA Victor LSC 3025, stereo only, $5.79.	The arrangement awards Nero the prominence of Side 1 for his cadenza-happy work, which is a form of downgrading in itself for Gershwin. In consideration of the latter's hard-hitting, recurrently overwrought performance, RCA would have been awarded a better outcome had it extended the invitation for Morton Gould to repeat, for stereo, the version he both conducted and performed for mono. On re-examination it	retains the distinctions which long gave it rank as one of the most comprehending ever. Nero's sequence, which utilizes Gene Cerico, bass, and Joe Cusatis, drums (who perform in a trio with him), in alternation with the orchestra, has some plausible thematic elements, but the elaboration of them is lacking in resource, hence in interest. The reproduction is excellent.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 93 in D and No. 94 in G. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia MS 7006, stereo only, $5.79.	Szell recordings of Haydn symphonies have not been nearly as numerous as one would suppose. Indeed, if I read the current Schwann correctly, No. 92 is the only one of the last dozen and a half available in a version by Szell. These two make a neat start on a sequential treatment of the last twelve, for which quality expectations could be only of the highest. Here Szell exceeds	all reasonable expectations not only by making a heady delight of No. 93 but by picking up the chestnut-garlanded *Surprise* and, by exercising the alchemy known only to the greatest of artistic horticulturists, making a newly verdant thing of it. The performance ranks high among the best ever by the Cleveland personnel—which is its own form of accolade.
Poulenc: *Sinfonietta; Suite Française;* Incidental Music for *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel;* Two Marches and an Intermezzo. The Orchestre de Paris conducted by Georges Prêtre. Angel S-36519, stereo only, $5.79.	Aside from the *Sinfonietta* (of 1947) which occupies a full side, the pieces are mostly brief, and in a range of interest that will appeal primarily to Poulencophiles. That is, they ring changes on better known works with which they are contemporary, and thus signify more to the initiate than they do to the casual listener. The *Sinfonietta* has the special interest of being one of his lengthiest compositions for orchestra (other than a ballet or other programmatic works). It was	written for the 10th anniversary of the BBC's Third Program and mixes a degree of sobriety with rather fizzed-up animation and gaiety. In the aftermath of its writing, Poulenc offered the trenchant self-criticism: "I was dressing too young for my age," beyond which nothing need be said. Prêtre's affinity for Poulenc was an aid to establishing his reputation, and it remains in being now that the reputation is established.
Schumann: Symphonies Nos. 3 and 4. Georg Solti conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CS 6582, stereo only, $5.79.	Here, for a change, are two performances by Solti which are what Solti performances almost never are—perfunctory. Either live or on records, Solti's repertory (operatic and symphonic) has almost always been characterized by a vitality which communicated itself to the listener, whether or not he was at one with the sentiments that motivated it. In both the *Rhenish* and the D-minor, Solti rarely gets beyond the sonorous wall represented by Schumann's dense orchestration to a real grasp of mood and manner, sentiment and substance. There is rather more of a striking out (or digging in) toward the core of the music in	the D-minor, perhaps because the rhythmic structure of the first movement induces its own kind of propulsion. But the results (as in the Romanze) are only occasionally of the quality to be associated with this combination of conductor and orchestra. It is an item of curiosity that the current Schwann Catalog shows no other recording of a Schumann symphony by the Vienna Philharmonic, and a further check adds to the mystery, for recordings of Schumann symphonies by this great orchestra have been few and at widely separated intervals. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Other Side

Thomas Heinitz

Ringtime in London, Solti "Requiem"

LONDON.

AS I RECALL, it was Shakespeare who described springtime as "the only pretty *Ring* time" (how dogmatic can you get just because of a rhyme!). But for Londoners in recent years, the annual *Ring* time usually coincides with the onset of autumn. Only recently, Valhalla went up in flames for the second time this year at Covent Garden, thus marking the conclusion of our statutory two cycles: the first conducted by Solti, the second by Edward Downes. The production—or, more precisely, the sets, which serve to hamper the production in so many ways—remains a serious obstacle to one's enjoyment (if there exist Wagnerites who actually like Schneider-Siemssen's décor, they keep very quiet about it), but, from a musical point of view, the Royal Opera House has cause to feel proud of its *Ring*.

This year outside help was needed only for the casting of two roles, those of Siegmund (James King) and Siegfried (Karl-Josef Hering); all other parts can now be filled from the resident company, though Amy Shuard and David Ward did in fact share Brünnhilde and Wotan with Ludmila Dvorakova and Theo Adam (each singer taking on one cycle, though Ward actually deputized for the indisposed Adam on one occasion, thus singing two Wanderers). To have created an almost complete Wagnerian ensemble of international standard is among the more remarkable achievements of Solti's tenure, and Covent Garden's *Ring* specialists—not only Shuard and Ward, but also Gwyneth Jones, Heather Harper, Josephine Veasey, Michael Langdon, and John Shaw—are now much in demand at other operatic centers in Europe and the Americas. One day, perhaps, we may even discover in these islands a tenor who can cope with Siegfried, but, for the present, the nearest we can get to this dream is the realization that we possess the finest exponents of Siegfried's horn call. This year, following in the footsteps of the late Dennis Brain and of Alan Civil, Barry Tuckwell was our invisible but far from inaudible hero!

On the record front, things are somewhat chaotic as EMI's ambitious schedule of early fall releases has been bedeviled by an industrial dispute (today's popular euphemism for a strike) which, being concerned mainly with distribution, has even thrown the "pop charts" into temporary disarray. Among the new albums thus delayed are Angel's star-studded set of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (Gwyneth Jones, Janet Baker, Gedda, and Fischer-Dieskau, with the New Philharmonia under Rafael Frühbeck) and Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos* performed by an impressive-looking cast conducted by Rudolf Kempe, as well as the first release of Melodiya/Angel discs from the U.S.S.R. (including, rather inappropriately at this time, a recital by the Red Army Ensemble). Nonetheless, some EMI issues have emerged recently, including a five-sided Angel album of *Rigoletto*, recorded in Rome under Molinari-Pradelli. In it, Cornell MacNeil's sturdy jester is heard on discs for the second time (six years ago, on Decca, he partnered Sutherland and Cioni); Reri Grist is a charming, rather lightweight Gilda; and Gedda sings a pleasantly caddish Duke.

Barbirolli has recorded a complete Brahms cycle with the Vienna Philharmonic, of which the First Symphony is now to hand. I am sorry to report, however, that Sir John makes rather a meal of it, sacrificing dramatic tension to achieve a reading that is very gorgeous and expansive but, for me, quite un-Brahmsian. The only other HMV disc that has reached me is a historic reissue in the "Golden Voice" series which features Walter Widdop, the esteemed dramatic tenor who died in 1949.

Decca's main release is the long-awaited Verdi Requiem, conducted by Solti and produced by Culshaw. The recording is of predictable magnificence, sonically quite the finest realization yet put on discs of this great work, while Solti's achievement merits the highest praise. Despite a slightly mannered opening, and notwithstanding one or two momentary disappointments, this is the most idiomatic reading I have ever heard from a non-Italian conductor. The Vienna Philharmonic strings play beautifully for him, and the Pitz-trained State Opera Chorus is a tower of strength and sensibility; the wind playing, on the other hand, is rather patchy, and the solo quartet is stronger in the middle than at either end. Marilyn Horne is the admirable mezzo, and Luciano Pavarotti not only sings the tenor part very capably, but is welcome also for providing a true Italianate sound. Sutherland, on the other hand, seems miscast in this music, while Martti Talvela's voice strikes me as too beefy and insufficiently dark.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report	
Brahms: Quintet in B minor. Amadeus Quartet; with Karl Leister, clarinet. DGG 139354, stereo only, $5.79.	If a sequence of Schwann catalogues is to be trusted, this is the first recording of the Brahms Quintet to include the Amadeus Quartet—a rather startling delay for a group whose fame began in the early Fifties. It is a typical specimen of their artistry—refined, carefully controlled, tonally impeccable, and with an internal warmth that, now and again, bursts into a real flame. Leister is entitled to a "ditto" in most of the foregoing characterizations, save the very last.	"Internal warmth" is not much in his line, and the nocturnal soliloquy of the Adagio is a bit autumnal so far as temperature is concerned. He does have all the virtues and skills suggested by his status as principal clarinetist of the Berlin Philharmonic (since 1959), but also some of the limitations. The clear, strong sound is faithful to the best interests of the performance, which may please some who relish a reticent Brahms.
Couperin: *Messe à l'usage ordinaire des Paroisses*; *Messe propre pour les Couvents*. Michel Chapuis, organ. Victrola stereo, S-6018; *mono*, 6018; $5.00 (two discs).	For an admirer of such works of Couperin ("le Grand") as the *Concerts royaux* and *Le Parnasse, the coupling of the two masses and an instrument* of the kind for which they might have been written has an appeal separate from its significance to specialists of the organ. However, as the experience progresses, it tends more and more to the esoteric than the exoteric. There is a certain amount of absorption in the chromatic kind of writing in which Couperin indulged at twenty-two (in 1690, when Bach was only five).	But its full import is put somewhat in question by passages which sound less intentional than *inaccurate due either to errors of Chapuis or mal*functioning of the instrument. That is located at Saint-Maximin (Provence), and was recently restored to the condition it might have enjoyed in Couperin's time. It has a distinctly individual, reedy sound, but it tends to monotony when novelty diminishes. The reproduction gives back convincing resonance of the space in which it was recorded.
Granados: *Goyescas*. Rena Kyriakou, piano. Turnabout TV 34247, stereo only, $2.50.	The reputation of Rena Kyriakou, of Greece, as a pianist of refinement and musicality, will not suffer from this release, for those qualities are conspicuous in the six pieces (from "Los Requiebros" to "El amor y la muerte") included on these two sides. One might possibly add that she plays them as well as anyone not born in Spain or completely indoctrinated in the Spanish feeling for them could. Inevitably, however, this	brings her into competition with those who have, of whom Alicia de Larrocha is the contemporary paragon. She has the advantage, on Mme. Kyriakou, not only of being Spanish born, but also of having been reared in the Granados school from childhood. As a detail, the Kyriakou piano sound is clean and resonant; but the Larrocha sound has a clinging, pliant sonority inseparable from the kind of music written for it.
Mozart: "Wer ein Liebchen" (*Die Entführung*); "La vendetta" (sung in German, *Figaro)*; "O Isis und Osiris," "In diesen heil'gen Hallen" (*Die Zauberflöte*). Verdi: "Il lacerato spirito" (*Simon Boccanegra*). Wagner: "Das schöne Fest, Johannistag" (*Die Meistersinger*). Rossini: "La calunnia" (sung in German, *Il Barbiere*). Alexander Kipnis, basso; with orchestra conducted by Erich Orthmann and Clemens Schmalstich. Brahms: *Vier ernste Gesänge*. Schubert: "Der Erlkönig." Wolf: "Alles endet." Kipnis; with Gerald Moore, piano. Seraphim 60076, mono only, $2.49.	A whole generation of male singers has passed and another is coming into being without producing Kipnis's superior in any of this material, or his equal in much of it. That applies especially to his singing of Mozart, which is not only sumptuously vocalized and thoroughly understood, but delivered with a sense of participation rare in performers of any range. And how many singers could match his capacity to deal equally well with the humors of "La vendetta" or "La calunnia" (for all that they are sung in German) and the weighty pronouncements of the Biblical texts set by Brahms? And wherever one turns—be it	to "In diesen heil'gen Hallen" or "Der Erlkönig," both in the top level of recorded performances—the evidence is abundant that Kipnis was one of those rare vocalists who attained the ability to play upon his voice as a Rubinstein does on a piano, or a Heifetz on a violin. That is, the technique had been so finely developed that difficulties no longer intruded between himself and the mental conception of how he wanted the music to sound.
Ravel: *Chansons madécasses*. Madeleine Grey, soprano; with the composer at the piano. *La Vallée des cloches* and *Pavane pour une infante défunte*. Ravel, piano. *Boléro*. The composer conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra. Turnabout stereo, 34256; mono, 4256; $2.50.	Despite the impressive credentials of these reissues, the only one of real artistic distinction is the Grey performance of the *Chansons madécasses*, and it has been reissued more than once. The most satisfactory is on the "Great Recordings of the Century" (COLC 152) which also contains her celebrated original version of the *Chants d'Auvergne*. The sound here is also excellent (by	comparison with the gritty, grinding sound of the 78 rpm). However, there is no reason for anyone to invest in the *Boléro* or the piano pieces. The former sounds exactly as one might expect an orchestral recording of the late Twenties to sound, the latter sound as if they had been transcribed—none too successfully—from piano rolls.
Ravel: *Chansons madécasses; Trois poèmes de Stephane Mallarmé*. Chausson: *Chanson perpétuelle*. Delage: *Quatre poèmes Hindous*. Janet Baker, mezzo soprano; with the Melos Ensemble. L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 298, stereo only, $5.95.	Cultivation and musicianship abound in these performances, which have the virtue of bringing together four works of almost equal unfamiliarity. However, the concurrent reissues of the *Chansons madécasses* in the time-honored version of Madeleine Grey beams a revealing light on the difference between intelligent interpretation and re-creation. Miss Baker is the personification of conscientiousness and applies herself with admirable seriousness to every aspect of her undertaking, but it remains superficial, polite, and cooly detached. Thus the poems of Mallarmé and	the *Chanson perpétuelle* must also make their way only half-aided by performer. For those to whom Delage may be an unfamiliar name, he was (1879-1961) a pupil and disciple of Ravel whose cultivated exoticism is acutely embodied in these settings of lyrics related to Madras, Lahore, Benares, and Jaipur. The efforts of the Melos musicians are of expectable high standards throughout, though, like the singing of Miss Baker, a little too palpable and straightforward for the best service to the French material.
Schumann: *Liederkreis*, Op. 39; "Romanze"; "Der Spielmann"; "Der Schatzgräber"; "Ständchen"; "Nichts Schoeneres"; "An den Sonnenschein"; "Des Sennen Abschied"; and "Dein Angesicht." Gerard Souzay, baritone; with Dalton Baldwin, piano. Philips PHS 900-180, stereo only, $5.79.	Souzay and Baldwin have developed so resplendent an identity, so complete a mutuality of impulse and execution that the collaboration is, of itself, an element of worth beyond the question of vocal quality or interpretive inclination. There is, however, nothing but virtue in the response to Schumann's inimitable setting of the poems, and Souzay's vocal resources are in prime condition here. These include an ever-widening gamut of colors and textures, enabling him to perform "Intermezzo" with one light, beautifully controlled sound and follow it immediately with a darker, deeper, and broader quality for "Wal-	desgespräch." This courts the possibility of preciousness or artificiality, but the line of separation is never crossed. As a sample of interpretative artistry, the brief duration of "Im Walde" could hardly be surpassed for demonstrating how many moods, emotions, and colorations can be called upon—legitimately—within a dozen lines. The separate songs of Side 2 are especially welcome for bringing to prominence such commonly neglected delights as "Romanze" or "Ständchen." As far as I can determine, no texts are provided for these songs, the *Liederkreis* occupying all the space of the back of the sleeve. —I. K.

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Year's Best

Continued from page 73

York City Opera under Julius Rudel (RCA Victor).

Haydn: *The Seasons.* Gundula Janowitz, Peter Schreier, Martti Talvela, Vienna Symphony Orch. & Chorus under Karl Böhm (DGG).

Henze: *Der junge Lord.* Christoph von Dohnányi cond. Deutsche Oper. production (DGG).

Henze: *The Muses of Sicily; Moralities.* Dresden Church Choir et al., cond. by composer (DGG).

B. Herrmann: *Moby Dick.* Composer cond. Aeolian Singers, London Philharmonic Orch., et al. (Pye Virtuoso import).

Janácek: *The Makropoulos Case.* Bohumil Gregor cond. Prague Opera (Epic).

Lehár: *The Land of Smiles.* Giuseppe di Stefano et al., Heinz Lambrecht cond. Volksoper Orch. (London).

Lortzing: *Zar und Zimmermann.* Robert Heger conducting; with Erika Köth, Peter Schreier, Nicolai Gedda, Hermann Prey, Gottlob Frick (Seraphim).

Mahler: *Das klagende Lied.* Teresa Zylis-Gara, Anna Reynolds, Andor Kaposy; with Wyn Morris cond. New Philharmonia Orch. & Ambrosian Singers (Angel).

Monteverdi: *Scherzi musicali.* Hugues Cuénod, Charles Bressler, et al. (Project 3).

Mozart: *La Betulia liberata.* Adriana Lazzarini, Emilia Cundari, Petre Munteanu, Paolo Washington, orch. & chorus under C. F. Cillario (Victrola).

†**Mozart:** *The Comic Mozart* (ensemble songs & canons). Erika Köth, Peter Schreier, Hermann Prey, Walter Berry, Akademie Kammerchor, etc. (Seraphim).

Mozart: *Don Giovanni.* Birgit Nilsson, Fischer-Dieskau et al., Karl Böhm cond. Prague Opera (DGG).

*__Mozart:__ *Entführung aus dem Serail & Zauberflöte* (excerpts). Fritz Wunderlich et al. (DGG).

Mozart: *Masonic Music* (complete). Peter Maag conducting Volksoper Orch., soloists, chorus (Turnabout).

Mozart: *Il re pastore.* Reri Grist, Lucia Popp, et al., Denis Vaughan conducting (RCA Victor).

Orff: *Catulli Carmina.* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. members, soloists, & chorus under Robert Page (Columbia).

Orff: *Oedipus der Tyrann.* Rafael Kubelik cond. Bavarian Radio Orch. & Chorus, with Astrid Varnay, Gerhard Stolze, Kieth Engen (DGG).

†**Penderecki:** *St. Luke Passion.* Henryk Czyz cond. Cracow Philharmonia et al.; *To the Victims of Hiroshima.* Witold Rowicki cond. Warsaw Philharmonic (Philips).

†**Poulenc:** *Four Song Cycles.* Gerard Souzay; with Dalton Baldwin, piano (Philips).

Schoeck: *Notturno.* **Barber:** *Dover Beach.* Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, with the Juilliard Quartet (Columbia).

Schoenberg: *Pierrot Lunaire.* Helga Pilarczyk; with Pierre Boulez cond. Domaine Musical Ensemble (Everest).

Schoenberg: *Serenade.* Boulez conducting; with Louis-Jacques Rondeleux, baritone (Everest).

(*Continued on page 83*)

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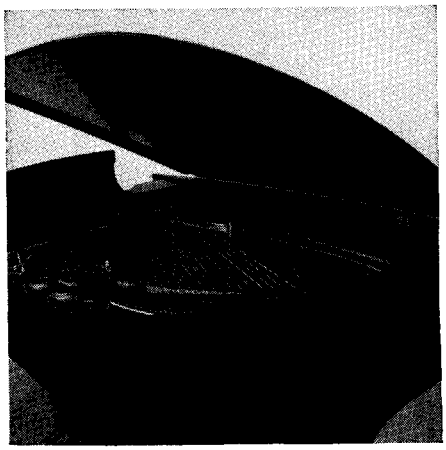

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RHINOCEROS: A Question of Values

IT'S BEEN a rough year for hard rock enthusiasts. Groups have consistently abused the most intriguing aspects of progressivism in rock, and the result has been hundreds of busy, noisy albums, electronically excessive and altogether unbearable, singly and en masse. The emotional value of rock (which is supposed to be a sophistication, not a castration of rock 'n' roll) has declined in direct proportion to the technical extravagances utilized by much-praised producers who, by and large, have come to dominate the musical personalities of groups. On the other hand, those groups which insisted on producing themselves were revealed, for the most part, to be woesomely incompetent at the bridge.

Precious few groups read the writing on the wall even when, with the release of *John Wesley Harding* almost a year ago, Bob Dylan spelled out the decline and fall of the medium's message. Some very few groups and artists did momentarily turn to country music for a more natural base from which to communicate, but too few to offer any real relief from the vast electronic wasteland. The dying gasp of hard rock seems inherent in the screeching guitars, moaning vocals, and maudlin pseudo-blues currently dominating the arena of hard rock.

An enormous ray of hope was provided by Dylan's back-up band with their first release, *Music From Big Pink*, an album so tasty and vital that it totally eclipsed the scene from which it sprang. The latest Buffalo Springfield release, *Last Time Around*, is a lovely, understated rock album of California cowboy music. But it is the last of that group's collective endeavors, and there doesn't seem to be any other American group around with the Springfield's combination of gentility and musicianship. While the Buffalo Springfield's music lopes along at a fanciful rocking-horse pace, the vast bulk of rock groups are galloping headlong into outer space.

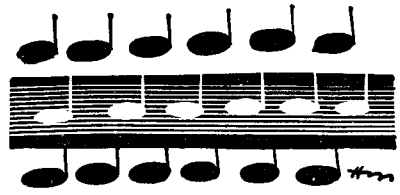
It is as much the attitude as the amplitude (to say nothing of the altitude) that is marring the substance of progressive rock. Rock musicians are becoming engrossed in technical excellence, welcomed by an enlightened audience, but they indulge in a degree of in-performance experimentalism which does not have the animal excitement to reach people. It was precisely this detour which all but killed jazz, and it is painful to stand by and watch it happen in rock. While it appears that the pop explosion has enough momentum to carry the programed self-destruct tendency through, apparently some musicians are scanning the horizons for alternatives.

If there is an alternative, I believe I have just heard it. The preliminary tapes and test pressing of *Rhinoceros* (EKS 74030), scheduled for momentary release by Elektra, show that that group is engaged in a genuine and sometimes well-rewarded search for musical and emotional roots and values. The album is full of free, uncluttered funk and gospel, as well as several shades of soul. Rhinoceros creates complexity without excess, formality with glee and gumption. At their best they personify the gusto of rock 'n' roll, the jubilee of gospel, the corny tragicomedy of C/W and hillbilly music, and they experiment successfully with the intricacies and dissonances of African music. What's more, they have the competence and confidence to pull it off without pretension.

Rhinoceros consists of six superlative musicians and a dynamite vocalist, a conglomeration of talents too cumbersome to discuss reasonably in this space. Almost all of them write, with the most promising songs coming from vocalist John Finley and pianist-vocalist Alan Gerber. Finley's voice is intense and beautifully controlled, and he becomes totally involved with the song. Gerber's vocals are more pleading and sensitive, and when the two men sing in ensemble, the combination is a comfortable and effective one. The other musicians, whose backgrounds range from college classical-composition major to Mothers of Invention weird, are equally competent. Rhinoceros is comprised of seven experienced, undisputed "heavies," who know enough music to stay out of each other's way. That's a fortunate choice both for Rhinoceros and for the listener. Can you imagine, for instance, a seven-man Cream?

THE album begins with evidence of the danger involved with a group of this level. "When You Say You're Sorry" is, on the one hand, a carefully structured, admirably embellished piece, but in many ways the weakest cut on the album. It builds in a very organized manner; but at the end, a crescendo, like a musical hiccup, upsets the house of cards, and it all comes tumbling down. The simpler "It's the Same Old Way," though not a particularly praiseworthy song, is slower, warmer, and more imaginative, with a lumbering waltz plodding through its midsection. "Apricot Brandy," on the other hand, is the best of all possible instrumentals. It romps and jives for 1:57, covering more ground than many forty-five minute jams I've heard. There is not one wasted note or one moment of dead air in the entire piece, which is as tightly woven as carefully built, yet as incandescent as a rock number can be. "That Time of the Year" is one of their better songs (self-created songs seem to be this group's main weakness), about the longings that seasons bring and the panic when a young man must measure himself against the end of the year. Side 1 ends with "You're My Girl," a desperate, heartbreaking good-bye song, sung by Finley in sobbing exclamations.

Side 2 opens with a Little Richard tune, "I Need Love." Though I'm delighted by their transformation of this material, there's not enough humor in the performance to make this the uproarious cut it could have been. "I've Been There" is slinky and poetic, the bombastic "Belbeukus" is an engagingly dirty song, with a whole lot of musical mixing going on along with the innuendo. "Along Comes Tomorrow," a soulful, philosophical song by Alan Gerber, prepares the listener for Finley's exquisite "I Will Serenade You," the consummate and closing cut on the album. It utilizes the group's instinctive simplicity and restraint as they build the song, with one instrument at a time, to a rich but not gaudy tapestry of sound and feeling.



Rhinoceros has grasped and held to the very basic nature of rock—sexuality, immediacy, and balance between rhythms and melodies—and has committed them on this album with competence and panache. They developed their musical identity, as did The Band, in a deliberately imposed semi-vacuum, so as not to be affected by any current trends. They learned how to combine seven extraordinary elements without overcrowding the collective whole and emerged with something distinctive and utterly infectious. Rhinoceros is hard rock revitalizing itself; it may even have to be called another name. They are seven showmen "getting off" behind performing, entertaining, communicating, and moving. And in this direction they are an encouraging incentive, a much-needed shot in the musical alter ego of progressive rock. —ELLEN SANDER.

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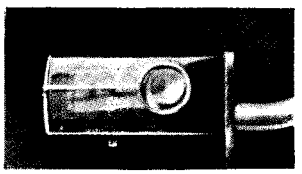

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Continued from page 79

Shostakovich: *Symphony No. 13 ("Babi Yar").* Kiril Kondrashin cond. Moscow Philharmonic Orch. & Chorus; with Vitaly Gromadsky, basso (Everest, E).

Sibelius: *Songs.* Tom Krause (London).

R. Strauss: *Frau ohne Schatten, Rosenkavalier, & Elektra* (excerpts). Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, Sieglinde Wagner (Victrola).

R. Strauss: *Rosenkavalier* (scenes). Lisa della Casa & Anneliese Rothenberger; Rudolf Neuhaus cond. (Angel).

Stravinsky: *Cantata; Mass; In Memoriam Dylan Thomas.* Composer conducting chamber ensemble; with Adrienne Albert, Alexander Young, & Gregg Smith Singers (Columbia).

Szokolay: *Blood Wedding.* Andras Korody cond. Hungarian State Opera (Qualiton).

Tchaikovsky: *The Queen of Spades.* Boris Khaikin cond. Bolshoi Opera (Melodiya/Angel).

***Verdi:** *Otello* (excerpts). Helen Jepson, Giovanni Martinelli, Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan Opera Orch. under W. Pelletier (Victrola, M).

Verdi: *Rarities.* Montserrat Caballé (RCA Victor).

Wagner & Verdi: *Songs.* Sándor Kónya (Decca).

Wolf: *Spanisches Liederbuch.* Elisabeth Schwarzkopf & Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; with Gerald Moore (DGG).

Yardumian: *Mass "Come Creator Spirit."* Lili Chookasian; with Anshel Brusilow cond. Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia & Choruses (RCA Victor).

Janet Baker: English Songs (Angel).

Montserrat Caballé & Bernabé Marti: Zarzuela Duets (RCA Victor).

Tom Krause: Opera Arias (London).

***Lotte Lehmann:** Brahms & Wolf Songs (Victrola, E) and Operatic Arias (Seraphim, M).

***Zinka Milanov:** Opera Arias (Victrola).

Marni Nixon: Songs of Ives, A. Goehr & Schürmann (Nonesuch).

Wilhelm Pitz: Cond. New Philharmonia Chorus & Orch. in Bruckner, Beethoven, Brahms, etc. (Angel).

Boris Shtokolov: Russian Songs and Arias (Melodiya/Angel).

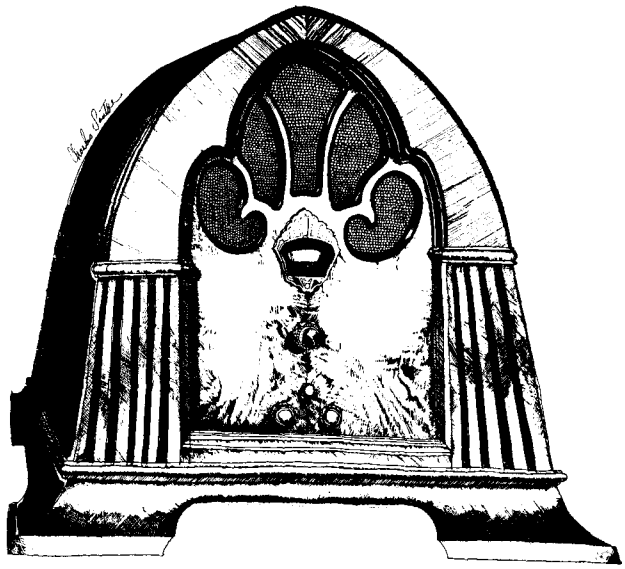
Gérard Souzay: Cantatas by Rameau, Courbois, Boismortier, & Campra; with Paillard Chamber Orch. (Epic).

Teresa Stich-Randall: Italian Operatic Arias (Westminster).

Nancy Tatum: American Songs (London).

***Lawrence Tibbett:** Opera and Song (Victrola, E).

—Compiled by Richard Freed.



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Budapest Quartet

Continued from page 70

Roisman recalls that in Berlin in 1933, while the Budapest still made its headquarters there, some uniformed Nazis came backstage to offer congratulations, under the mistaken impression that the members were all Hungarian [by then Ipolyi was the only one remaining]. Shortly afterward, sensing the inevitable, the Quartet transferred its residence to Paris.) To return, though, to the world tour: With Mischa Schneider as the new cellist, the Quartet stopped first in the Dutch East Indies, where the strings had to compete against the noise of lizards roaming the concert hall, and the players' shoes had to be examined every morning for scorpions.

The American debut of the Budapest Quartet then took place in New York, under the auspices of the League of Composers, with a program consisting of quartets by Hindemith (Op. 16) and Kodály (Op. 10). The date was January 4, 1931. There was another auspicious premiere that day, for Aaron Copland gave the first performance of his Piano Variations on the same program. The *Herald Tribune*, referring to the Budapest as "an organization well known in Central Europe," lauded its "rich and translucent texture."

Not long afterward, Hauser began pressing his colleagues for free time, so that he could tour as a duo with harpsichordist Alice Ehlers. The others found themselves unable to accede to his increasing demands, so after fourteen years the Budapest lost its original helmsman. Hauser made his way to Palestine, where he helped establish a symphony orchestra. When he retired from a professorship in music at Bard College a few years ago, he returned to Israel. Roisman became the Quartet's unanimous choice for the first chair, and Mischa Schneider's brother, Alexander, was called in to fill the vacancy at second. Incidentally, when Hauser left, Roisman purchased his splendid 1740 Guarneri del Gesù, so that the instrument has been with the Budapest continuously for fifty years, a kind of somatic link bridging all the personal vicissitudes. On the next visit to the United States, the press was ecstatic.

The next year, HMV began to record the Budapest performances of the Beethoven Quartet cycle, the music which above all other came to be regarded as the Budapest's private domain. By 1945, between HMV and Columbia, with whom they signed an exclusive contract in 1940, the Quartet had recorded a cycle and a half.

With the departure of Ipolyi in 1936 and the arrival of Boris Kroyt, the Budapest was henceforth to be Hungarian in name only. All four players now were Russian by birth, Jewish in wit and faith, German in musical upbringing, and soon to become American by citizenship and allegiance. They longed to end their *Wanderjahre*. When they came to New York for a Town Hall concert the year Kroyt joined them, they were still traveling under "Nansen" passports, issued by the League of Nations to stateless persons. It took an intervention by Mayor La Guardia to extricate them from Ellis Island in time for the concert. By 1938, however, all had settled here.

Their reputation had climbed to the summit, meanwhile. Now the *Times* was saying, "If there is a finer string foursome in existence than the Budapest, it has not made itself known on this side of the Atlantic." The rest of the country seemed to agree, as fees rose and tours expanded. The Library of Congress engaged them for a series of five concerts in 1938, their first in Washington. Success on the West Coast the following summer led to a six-week summer series at Mills College that extended itself annually over a period of fifteen years. An offer of a contract for ten fall and ten spring concerts at Coolidge Auditorium finally established them as the official quartet-in-residence at the Library of Congress in 1940. The first program they played under the new arrangement included Haydn's Opus 64, No. 5; Mozart's F-major Quartet, K. 590; the Two Sketches for String Quartet, based on Indian Themes by Griffes; and Beethoven's Opus 95.

In 1942, when all of the members except Alexander Schneider moved from New York to Washington, the Budapest gave the very first concert at the one-year-old National Gallery. Hindemith composed his E-flat Quartet for the Budapest in 1943; it was premiered in the Coolidge series that November. During the war years, the Library of Congress programs were performed on the players' own instruments, which included, besides Roisman's del Gesù, a Deconet viola, a Gofriller cello, and another del Gesù belonging to Sascha Schneider. The Library's Strads had been secreted in a museum in Ohio, as a precaution against possible air attacks on the capital. Sometimes, when tours took them to the vicinity, the four would take a paternal peek at their erstwhile companions.

THE Quartet was confronted with a major crisis when Alexander Schneider decided to strike out on broader horizons of his own in 1944. He was absent for a decade, concertizing as a soloist, playing in chamber ensembles, conducting, even forming a new quartet. The others did not find him easy to replace. Most good fiddlers were reluctant to leave New York; the rest were already affiliated with other quartets. Still, the Budapest managed to maintain its lofty standards, first with Edgar Ortenberg until 1949, and thereafter with Jac Gorodetzky. A second crisis occurred in 1952, when Roisman fell into a ditch on a Japanese roadway and fractured his wrist. Improperly treated, the bone had to be broken again and reset in Washington. For a long time, Roisman feared that he might never be able to return to the violin; actually, he was out of commission for seven months.

Sascha returned to the fold in 1955, when Gorodetzky died. At first, it was "temporarily" just to fill the breach, but then to stay. A second complete Beethoven cycle had been recorded at the Coolidge Auditorium in 1951-52, on LP (monaural) this time. Now, with Schneider's return, the Budapest began its third and last recorded interpreta-

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Earliest photo (1936) of the famous, and final, personnel—Roisman, A. Schneider, Kroyt, and M. Schneider. The photo is by Grünberg of The Hague.

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tion, in stereo, a project begun in 1958 and completed in 1962. In 1962 also, the Quartet came to a parting of the ways with the Library of Congress, as their touring schedule made it more and more difficult for them to commit themselves to the Library's necessarily rigid series. Instead, they took up residence at the University of Buffalo, in a city where they had been most hospitably received from their earliest years in the United States. Since then, their performances have tapered off season by season. In February of 1967, in the aftermath of Mischa Schneider's incapacity, cellist Leslie Parnas was engaged for three programs at Buffalo. Those were the last public performances by the Budapest Quartet.

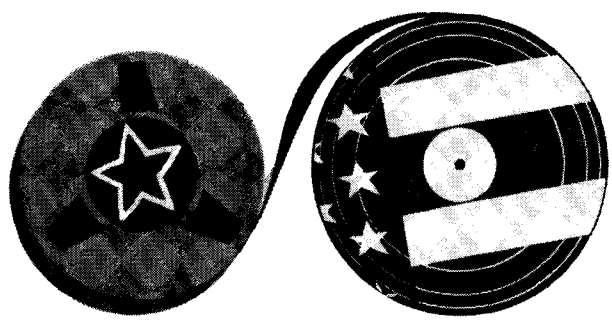
IT is a well known fact about the Budapest that each member has had an equal voice in all decisions, from financial to musical, and all have shared equally in the Quartet's earnings. It is not so well known that this egalitarianism began with the Quartet's founding in 1918, not with Roisman's assumption of leadership, as has been erroneously reported elsewhere. In fact, when Roisman was about to join the group as second violinist, he became the target of an electioneering campaign by older members who wanted to be able to count on his vote in impending showdowns. But if a democratic *modus operandi* has worked for the Budapest, that is at least partly due to Roisman's scrupulous impartiality. As he acknowledges, the burden of democratic procedure fell most heavily on the first violinist, who in former times was wont to rule with an iron fist. Fortunately for the Budapest, no one could have borne that burden more gracefully than Roisman. Yet no one can say for sure what mysterious spiritual cement accounts for the Budapest's unprecedented longevity.

The players themselves have often attributed their staying together professionally to the divergence of their paths in private life. There is the oft-repeated tale of their lunching at four separate tables in the Russian Tea Room, for example. Yet, obviously, that cannot have been the whole story. In a career of half a century, embracing over 100 concerts annually, not to mention rehearsals, there must have been innumerable occasions when fealty to music-making had to be put above personal pique, and no one has ever accused string players of having imperturbable temperaments. Whatever has been the secret of the Quartet's stick-to-itiveness, it has resulted in one of the most extraordinary ensembles in musical history.

Luckily, many of their most cherished performances have been committed to the immortality of recordings (though, lamentably, quite a few are no longer in circulation). Still, it won't be easy to do without their live presence. That sound of theirs, that fat, *saftig* tone, with a warm, luminous timbre Robert Marsh once likened to "the robust browns of a Rembrandt," is apt to echo long in our ears as an inimitable paradigm. When the Budapest bade farewell to the Library of Congress series in 1962, Paul Hume wrote: "Their tone, their phrasing, their style, their knowledge entered into us and became for us the essence, the fiber, the very meaning of Beethoven, of Mozart, of Schubert." Beauty will return to quartet playing, he concluded in words that still ring true, "but it will not be the same."

The medallion commemorating the 10th anniversary of the Quartet's founding.

ЧТО НОВОГО?



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Less new, but equally interesting, are recordings of Russian opera, the *first* Soviet stereo cycle of Tchaikovsky symphonies (by Yevgeny Svetlanov and the U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra, who tour America early next year) and ear-opening recordings of other music by Borodin and Berlioz, Prokofiev and Pergolesi, Shostakovich and Stravinsky.

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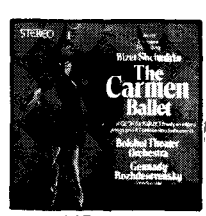

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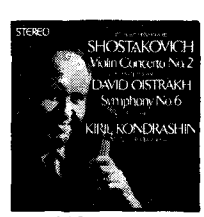

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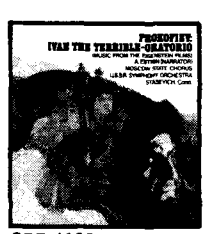

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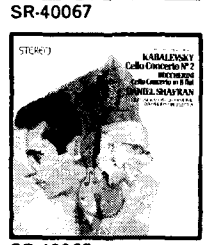

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Folk and Blues LPs

Data	Report
Negro Religious Music: "The Sanctified Singers—Part 1." (Vol. I); "Part 2," (Vol. II); "Singing Preachers and Their Congregations," (Vol. III). Varied artists and accompaniments. Blues Classics Nos. 17, 18, 19, mono only, $4.98.	Negro religious music (one of two sorely neglected folk areas, the other being blues-boogie woogie pianists) appears in the form of a beautifully produced trio of discs covering the wide spectrum concerned. Nearly all the aspects of Negro sacred music appear: the older country forms, spirituals, street-singing evangelists, gospel performers, congregations, preachers, and much more. The excellence of the material presented is legion; two of the highspots are Washington Phillips's quite remarkable two-part "Denomination Train" (1927), and the fiery "Two Wings" as recorded by the Reverend Utah Smith (circa 1955). Those interested in this vital musical form are strongly urged also to obtain Origin LPs 12 and 13, *In the Spirit*, a two-volume survey of sanctified and country gospel music.
John Lee Hooker: *Urban Blues*. Hooker, guitar and vocals; with rhythm accompaniment. Bluesway BL/S 6012, mono and stereo, $4.79. Jimmy Rushing: *Livin' the Blues*. Rushing, vocals; with brass and rhythm accompaniment. Bluesway stereo, BS 6017; mono, BL 6017, $4.79.	Were it for no other reason than the superlative topical piece concerning last year's Detroit riots, "The Motor City Is Burning," this record would be a complete success. Hooker has rarely come across better. His poetic imagery is provocative, the accompanying musicians *simpatico*, and the overall effort masterful. As with Hooker, sixty-five-year-old Rushing is at peak form. He continues to get better with age, and enjoys the luxury of excellent jazz accompanists, which include trombonist Dickie Wells and sax stalwart Buddy Tate. The result is a most happy blues session.
E. C. Ball and the Friendly Gospel Singers. Ball, guitar and vocals; Orna Ball, Charles Hodges, and Charles Harless, vocals. County 711, mono only, $4.98.	Ball, one of the most accomplished and exciting of white country musicians, subordinates his instrumental facility here in favor of the group gospel effort. A vastly underrecorded artist, his instrumental and vocal talents are substantial, and one can only hope for a future release featuring this remarkable individual.
Buddy Guy: *A Man and the Blues*. Guy, guitar and vocals; brass and rhythm accompaniment. Vanguard VSD 79272, mono and stereo, $4.79 and $5.79. *Encore for the Chicago Blues*. Artists include Big Joe Williams, Otis Spann, Memphis Slim, others. Spivey 1009, mono only, $5.00.	Chicagoan Guy, heralded by many to be the finest young blues guitarist active today and the eventual successor to B. B. King, puts forth a good and convincing performance on his first featured recording. It is by no means an outstanding one (both the band backing him and Guy himself contribute to this result) but it does seem to indicate the myriad capabilities of the artist. The "Chicago" offering is a conglomerate of sixteen efforts by—for the most part—individuals based in that locale. The late J. B. Lenoir's topical statement "Korea Blues" is among the most interesting inclusion.
Otis Spann. Spann, piano and vocals. Archive of Folk Music FS 216, mono and stereo, $4.79 and $5.79. "The Bottom of the Blues." Spann, piano, and vocals; Muddy Waters, guitar; rhythm accompaniment. Bluesway BL 6013, mono and stereo, $4.79.	A conspicuous shortcoming of the solo effort (recorded in Europe a few years ago) is the monotony of the same key for most of the numbers. Spann, a gifted artist, fails badly because of this poor programing. Conversely, the Bluesway item is a veritable joy, finding him within his usual Muddy Waters Blues Band setting. Easily Spann's most satisfying record date thus far.
Jackson Blues: 1928-1938. Yazoo L-1007, mono only, $4.98. *The Blues of Alabama: 1927-1931*. Yazoo L-1006, mono only, $4.98. *The Memphis Blues: 1927-1931*. Yazoo L-1008, mono only, $4.98. Various country-blues artists with varied accompaniments including guitar and mouth harp.	These three country-blues collations are all regional anthologies of the highest order, musically and from the standpoint of rarity and availability. The Alabama grouping is perhaps the least lyrical of the three but nevertheless has value in a historical perspective. The Jackson item (Mississippi) is magnificent from any and all points of view. This area, vastly important in the scheme of the Mississippi blues, is beautifully documented with efforts by the legendary Tommy Johnson, Willie Lofton, Ishman Bracey, and others. The Memphis disc is likewise a nonpareil and includes rare items by Casey Bill Weldon, Memphis Minnie, Frank Stokes, and Furry Lewis. The sound quality is excellent.
Joseph Falcon: Louisiana Cajun Music. Falcon, drums; Lionel Leleux, fiddle; Allen Richard, guitar. Arhoolie F 5005, mono only, $4.98.	By far the most important, influential figure in cajun music, Joseph Falcon appeared, just prior to his death in 1965, at a live *Jais-dodo* in Scott, Louisiana (recorded in 1963). Accompanied by his Silver Bell String Band, he convincingly illustrates exactly why this music of the Louisiana Acadians is totally irresistible. Although the enjoyment of this music is as much visual as auditory, and despite the presence of over-recorded drums, the entire tone is delightful and makes one, this writer for instance, wish that he was on the scene in person.
Fleetwood Mac. Peter Green, guitar, harmonica, and vocals; Jeremy Pencer, guitar, and vocals; John McVie, bass guitar; Mic Fleetwood, drums. Epic BN 26402, mono and stereo, $4.79.	If derivative blues is your bag—overflowing with Elmore James's bottleneck slide style and a dash of B. B. King's earthy single-string guitar work thrown in—then these four young Englishmen will more than meet your requirements. The group is a tough, tightly knit, hard-blues band whose singing and instrumental facility far surpasses most, if not all, similar groups.
Juke Boy Bonner: *I'm Going Back to the Country*. Bonner, harmonica, guitar, and vocals. Arhoolie F1036, stereo only, $4.98.	One-man band Weldon Bonner is an eclectic musical amalgam of Jimmy Reed, Lightnin' Hopkins, and others. And, much in the manner of fellow Texan Hopkins, Bonner is an unusually gifted poet. At thirty-five years of age he is one of a select few: Southern-born Negroes who have elected to continue the blues tradition of years gone by. His musical attack is vigorous and earthy, and he is obviously an artist who should make a strong impression on blues listeners.
Johnny Cash: *Live at Folsom Prison*. Cash, guitar and vocals; with rhythm accompaniment. Columbia stereo, CS 9639; mono, CL 9639; $4.79. Flatt and Scruggs: *The Story of Bonnie and Clyde*. Flatt, guitar and vocals; Scruggs, five-string banjo and vocals; with string band accompaniment by the Foggy Mountain Boys and Randy Scruggs, guitar. stereo, CS 9649; mono, CL 9649, $4.79.	Recorded "in person" at California's infamous penal institution, this is Cash's first satisfying effort in many a long year (except for the disastrous ending of "Cocaine Blues"). The rapport which he builds up between himself and the inmates all but comes to life. The songs performed constitute an excellent cross section of Cash's repertoire: "Folsom Prison Blues," "Orange Blossom Special," "Long Black Veil," etc. Bluegrass perennials Flatt and Scrugg contribute very little (musically, that is) to the countless Bonnie and Clyde legends extant. Of definite interest though are the finger-picking guitar renderings of fourteen-year-old Randy Scruggs. —Lawrence Cohn.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Spoken Word

In the August 31 issue, on page 45 ["Voices from the White House"], Richard Tobin mentions a series of albums issued by The Spoken Word, Inc., containing Presidential voices. Will you tell me how to order this or give the address of The Spoken Word, Inc., as the albums are not available here.

M. Higgins,
Beaumont, Tex.

Editor's note: *Spoken Word records can be purchased from Dover Publications, 180 Varick Street, New York, N.Y. 10014*

Concerning Janzer

In the review some time ago of the Mozart Divertimento recording by Grumiaux, Janzer, Czako [Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs, *SR*, June 29], you mention that you don't know who Janzer and Czako are. Although I am also unfamiliar with the latter, I am acquainted with Janzer's work and would like to add to your information.

While in Germany with the U.S. Army (1961-63), I heard several performances of the Vegh Quartet in Heidelberg. . . . Janzer was the violist. At that time I felt that Vegh's extremely strong personality overshadowed the others of the quartet, but that within that context Janzer came across as a fine instrumentalist and musician. However, a short time later he (Janzer) came to Heidelberg as soloist in the Bartók Concerto with the Heidelberg Symphony. I heard both the dress rehearsal and performance, and let me assure you that I will never have doubt as to who Georges Janzer is, for nothing but superlatives can apply to every aspect of his performance. The Bartók was a performance I will always remember; I look forward to hearing him again with Grumiaux and Czako.

Arthur Lewis,
Violist, Philadelphia Orchestra,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor's note: *Thanks are owing to reader Lewis for his encompassing answer to "Who is Janzer?"*

Matters, Matters, Matters G & S

If I may speak first for Savoyards International: applause and gratitude to *SR* and to Mr. and Mrs. Jellinek for "The One World of Gilbert and Sullivan" [*SR*, Oct. 26] for its featured position as well as for its wealth of interesting detail so sympathetically presented

Secondly, alas speaking for "authority," let me correct for the record an inadvertent misstatement at the very outset of the article. The first performance of *HMS Pinafore* in America, as G&S buffs—including, I'll vow, the Jellineks—well know, was not in New York but was staged by manager R. M. Field at the Boston Museum Theater on November 25, 1878. It was followed within a month by simultaneous productions: December 23 at Ford's Theater, Baltimore; and the Bush Street Theater, San Francisco. Philadelphia got into the act on January 6, 1879. So all four of these *Pinafores* (and there may even have been others!) preceded the New York launching at the Standard Theatre on January 15, 1879. Of that there is no manner of doubt—no probable, possible shadow of doubt—no possible doubt whatever.

The information, "In 1923, the D'Oyly Carte Company toured Japan" is new to me. Could this have been an independent outfit (not the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company) originating in Australia? Such a tour is not found in the Rollins & Witts comprehensive record of D'Oyly Carte productions published in 1962. As the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company restaged *The Mikado* in 1926 with elaborate scenery and costumes by Charles H. Ricketts, it would seem unlikely they would have revised this opera only three years earlier in 1923. But I vastly enjoyed your article—so it really doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter.

Reginald Allen,
Metropolitan Opera Association, Inc.,
New York, N.Y.

Editor's note: *We'd rather be right, right, right. . . .*

A Presidential OK

Congratulations and appreciation to both *SR* and Irving Kolodin—not to mention the Jellineks—on the Gilbert and Sullivan story and cover. As a confessed addict, the current president of the New York G&S Society, and a busy moonlighter in G&S (director of both the Hunter College Society and the Village Light Opera Group), I feel it my present duty to offer sincere thanks.

Of course, I am a subscriber to *SR* and wish to add congratulations for consistent excellence. As you well know, most of us only write letters when something bothers us. In my old age, I try to avoid doing this; thanks to my G&S escape mechanism, I find little time to do so. But this is an exceptionally fine treatment of a subject on which our dissident culture needs more examination.

Robert Cumming,
Editor,
Music Journal,
New York, N.Y.

Editor's note: *SR thanks its correspondent, and editorial chief of "Music Journal."*

Not Read as Written

This note is in regard to a minor mistake that occurs in Raymond Palmer's article, "Danger—Beatles At Work" [*SR*, Oct. 12]. I know that I'll feel better after calling this to your attention. Mr. Palmer refers to a conversation between John Lennon and George Martin (arranger and music director of the Beatles) whereby Mr. Martin explains to John that when "they play their B flat, it sounds the same as your G."

The inference that this relationship exists in the saxophones is completely false. The only instrument where this relationship does exist is the clarinet pitched in A. An infre-

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quently used instrument, the oboe d'amore also has this minor-third relationship. In the case of the saxophones, Concert C would be written as A for the B-flat saxophone (tenor) and as E for the E-flat saxophones (alto and baritone). To quote John Lennon once again, "I don't know, sounds bloody silly to me."

JOSEPH A. HOWARD,
Cleveland, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Very likely what resourceful arranger George Martin was referring to was, indeed, the oboe d'amore.*

Pop in Perspective

IN HER MASTERFUL "Pop in Perspective: A Profile" [*SR*, Oct. 26], how did Miss Sander manage to miss The Tooth Extractions?

While essentially a folk-pop-rock-bluesy group, the TEs show elements of influence of the Friends of Jesus and the Daisy Mercenaries, the alpha and omega of rock-blues-poetry-classical.

BOB SMITH,
Chapel Hill, N.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Is it possible that SR is being made the object of a put-on? Or are the Tooth Extractions just a howl?*

Why No "Dimensions"?

WHILE I READ Miss Sander's article on "Pop in Perspective" with great interest, I was astonished at the omission of "The Fifth Dimension."

DAVID LONDON,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The title promised a "Perspective," not an exhaustive survey.*

Janis Joplin and the Holding Company

I WAS GRATIFIED to find that *SR* is noticing some of the very exciting developments that are occurring in pop music. I have always felt that a certain lack of contact with this area has weakened your outstanding publication.

However, I am afraid that some of the capsule comments contained in Ellen Sander's article seem rather trite to anyone fairly conversant with the area. The one particularly glaring statement I noticed dealt with the adequacy of Big Brother and the Holding Company as the back-up group for Janis Joplin. Every pulp music magazine seems to have printed it. Surely some more original aspect of the group could have been touched upon.

Finally, the exclusion of England's premier blues group, John Mayall and the Bluesbreakers, was a major defect in the progressive blues category. The best indication of Mayall's power as a blues innovator is contained on his most recent album, *Bare Wires*, London PS 537.

PHILIP TERNAHAN,
Ellensburg, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Miss Sander notes that Janis Joplin confirms the importance of the point, for she will be leaving her present associates when their current tour is finished. She agrees, incidentally, that John Mayall and the Bluesbreakers should have been included.*

One for S and G

AS I SIT HERE listening to Simon and Garfunkel's "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme," I am looking for the "messages . . . veneers—polished, expensive surfaces of cheap sentimentality." Frankly, I cannot find this lack of quality in the words and music.

Miss Sander has listened attentively to much of the popular music of our time, but she apparently has not listened very carefully to the music of these two men and has not heard at all the music of Peter, Paul, and Mary.

S and G, and P, P, and M are, if I may be permitted to juxtapose the terms, democratic aristocrats. Their aristocracy and democracy come bound in a unique package—filled with insights into our daily existence—wrapped in words and music so democratic as to bring their message to rest in front of most of society's children.

Maybe Miss Sander should at least take a look at her criteria for pop music and her evaluation of its meaningfulness in society. In our mass culture this last must be the major determinant of worth.

TERRY MAGUIRE,
Brown University,
Providence, R.I.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Pop has its areas of individual preference, too.*

The SF Contingent

I FIND IT INTERESTING that a magazine such as *SR* (rather Establishment and dry) has picked up on Progressive Rock. Such an article as Miss Sander's heralds the final commercialization of what so many of us have been enjoying for so long. No, we saw it coming in articles in *Life* and *Look*, but at least those articles presented an open view. They did not attempt to classify, compare, and degrade. They presented. And you must classify, compare, select, eliminate, and degrade.

I do not even find the overlooking of such groups as The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble, The Fugs, or The United States of America as the ultimate in typical "highbrow" classification. Even the placing of The Beach Boys (with their crass teenybop style) with the likes of The Doors and The Mamas and the Papas could almost be overlooked. But not your next classification: The San Francisco Contingent (One-Shot Specialists).

To place the Airplane and Country Joe in this "single" group you've ignored such great recordings as "After Bathing at Baxter's," "Crown of Creation," "Together," and "I Feel Like I'm Fixing to Die." The snide comment, "but the only worthwhile album they have ever made," referring to the Jefferson Airplane is absurd. Absurd.

HARRY J. ROEDERSHEIMER,
Cincinnati, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Miss Sander feels that the purely musical contribution of the San Francisco Groups, while considerable, has been highly overrated.*

Admirable Job

I DIDN'T DIG the snub accorded Bobbie Gentry in "Pop in Perspective." Not that I want to argue about the inclusion of Pearls Before Swine, Tiny Tim, and Laura Nyro. Gracious no. One can make a case of sorts for anyone in the public eye and ear. For the most part, Ellen Sander does an admirable job of placing the more deserving artists in perspective. I'd just like to know why Miss Gentry got the brush. . . .

What makes Miss Gentry's omission stranger still to a credulous reader of *SR* is that the magazine's critic Martin Williams, [*SR*, Sept. 28] recently hailed her "Ode to Billie Joe" as something to be grateful for and to treasure —"an exceptional 'folk' poem . . . that could withstand the most meticulous kind of classroom scrutiny and exegesis . . .superb . . .something of an event in American popular music . . in American poetry."

RAYMOND LOWERY,
Raleigh, N.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One critic's yardstick may be another critic's brush.*

For the Minority

I AM A SUBSCRIBER of many years and have preserved the end-of-month RECORDINGS sections of *SR* from 1955 to the present—without a break. Although I do not always agree with your critics, especially in their appraisal of certain modern compositions—which Mr. Kolodin so aptly defined in the Oct. 26 issue

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as "rips, snorts, groans, and wheezes"— I realize that it never pays to be a Hanslick and that modern composers must be encouraged in spite of our ears.

But when you dedicated eleven pages to rock 'n' roll, I felt that it was time for me to complain. The addition of this garbage to the RECORDINGS section is nothing short of criminal and can in no way be exonerated either by present standards or by any possibility of future lack of taste. If you want to run commentary on this stuff, may I humbly suggest you do so whenever you put out an education supplement so that juveniles can get a balanced diet. Perhaps an article on the youth of Prague running concurrently with criticism of raucous protesters of the American System who grind out their ballads for mountains of cash may be appropriate.

Allow me to thank you for many years of excellent musical surveys. Please do not let your work deteriorate.

JULIUS B. KAISER
Jamaica, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Even "garbage" merits its day in court.*

Truly Underground

I WOULD LIKE to compliment the staff for omitting the Grateful Dead from "Pop in Perspective." The omission shows how truly underground the Grateful Dead are.

JAY CHESNUT
Mills Valley, Cal.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The implications are plain.*

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Roofs of Gold

Continued from page 52

ing himself as a Muslim Arab, a role for which he was well fitted by knowledge of language and customs. But "easy," on the road to Timbuctoo, was relative; had the masquerade been uncovered (and Caillié sweated through many a suspicious stare) it would have meant instant and grisly liquidation. Even the routine activity of making notes was a risk: "I always took care," Caillié later wrote, "to hold in my hand a leaf of the Koran, on which I laid my notepaper." However, there were times when murder would have been welcome, especially when he began to putrefy with scurvy. "The roof of my mouth became quite bare, a part of the bones exfoliated and fell away. . . . I feared that my brain would be affected by the agonizing pains . . . in my head. . . . One thought alone absorbed my mind—that of Death, I wished for it, and prayed for it to God." But Caillié, whose exploit, for audacity alone, must rank with Sir Richard Burton's incognito visits to Mecca and Harar, not only reached Timbuctoo but became the first entrant in the contest to return and describe the place. His verdict: "the most monotonous and barren scene I ever beheld."

Still, Adams, Laing, and Caillié weren't experts, and professional authentification of their reactions to Timbuctoo had yet to be delivered. It came in 1953, when the city was finally entered by its first bona fide explorer, the celebrated scholar-traveler Heinrich Barth, who "brought back final and incontrovertible evidence that [Timbuctoo] was a dreary and unimportant place unworthy of its fame." It was then that the Timbuctoo myth began slowly to come apart.

And it is here that *The Quest for Timbuctoo* dissolves nicely into a fascinating epilogue. Gardner shows how, although gradually stripped of its legend, the city nonetheless remained a focal point in the even more compelling "rush" of French imperial expansion across West Africa. This period, too, was scarred by ordeal: Gardner's account of the terrible Flatters expedition chronicles a death-march, accompanied by cannibalism and madness, that is straight out of Hieronymous Bosch. Today Timbuctoo is a barbecuing airport in Mali, offering pilgrims no more than "a stamp in a passport, with the name of one of the most famous place-names in the world."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 m (James), 2 f (Faulkner), 3 h (Salinger), 4 j (Cather), 5 k (Miller), 6 n (Meredith), 7 d (Cozzens), 8 a (Green), 9 b (Santayana), 10 o (Kaufman & Hart), 11 l (Algren), 12 e (Cooper), 13 i (Goldsmith), 14 g (Collins), 15 c (Wilde).

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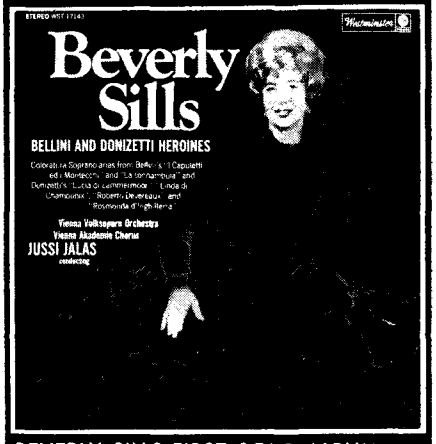

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(Continued from page 91)

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JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

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VACATIONS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1808

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Ancient, pessimistic religious sect of India founded by Maskarin Gosala	9 208 4 218 31 162 166
B. Ivanhoe married her	179 184 16 29 67 89
C. One of Frost's major poems (4 wds.)	104 113 119 131 152 182 151 220 2 24 33 / 40 211 202 199
D. After a: What Ring Lardner's Jack Keefe was	201 26 39 52 57 65
E. Callow	76 141 192 197 5 30 205 181 213
F. Having a layer of some substance spread over the surface	20 75 97 110 114 123
G. Earnest	133 140 150 158 164 43 62 102 112
H. Lion-tamer's noisemaker	120 144 145 196 8 13 23 34
I. Parisian gangster or ruffian	45 7 53 109 155 176
J. Lack of restraint	193 215 21 50 66 74 84 85 105
K. Decry	71 73 81 100 142 186 195 200
L. Epiphany (2 wds.)	6 69 127 107 129 138 165 91 188 171
M. Run through	183 87 206 11 58 99 111 124
N. Le Corbusier and Gropius, for instance	217 14 27 56 59 68 72 210 51 93
O. "Giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker ———." (I Peter, 3:7)	177 189 1 12 17 44
P. Making a holiday showing (2 Fr. wds.)	92 146 101 106 118 134
Q. Stopped; abandoned (2 wds.)	159 178 79 82 103 32 153
R. Song from *Finian's Rainbow*, by E. Y. Harburg (4 wds.)	47 185 28 78 115 117 135 137 204 86 18 / 160 3 149
S. "Off at sea ——— winds blow/Sabean odors from the spicy shore." (Milton, *Paradise Lost*)	10 130 136 143 180 35 209 168 48
T. English novelist and dramatist (1867-1933; *The Silver Box, The Pigeon*)	77 121 19 147 46 194 25 132 83 172
U. Imminent (2 wds.)	207 22 163 154 191 139 37
V. More snoopy	175 80 63 38 15 36
W. Enthusiastic supporter	122 173 161 167 212 90
X. Poe creation, Roderick or Madeline	174 128 170 108 190
Y. 9th-cent. English saint, appointed bishop of Winchester by Ethelwulf. His day is July 15	60 88 49 54 216 70 41
Z. Low-lying stretch of land, as a meadow or swamp	126 169 64 61 95
Z¹. Not bequeathed or devised	203 187 55 156 94 148 219 214 98
Z². Nineveh was once its capital	221 96 125 42 116 157 198

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 0	2 C	3 R	4 A	5 E	6 L		7 I	8 H	9 A	10 S	11 M	12 O		13 H	14 N
15 V		16 B	17 O	18 R	19 T		20 F	21 J	22 U	23 H	24 C	25 T	26 D	27 N	28 R	29 B	30 E
	31 A	32 Q		33 C	34 H	35 S	36 V	37 U		38 V	39 D		40 C	41 Y	42 Z²		43 G
44 O	45 I	46 T		47 R	48 S		49 Y	50 J		51 N	52 D	53 I	54 Y		55 Z¹	56 N	57 D
	58 M	59 N	60 Y	61 Z	62 G	63 V		64 Z	65 D	66 J	67 B	68 N		69 L	70 Y	71 K	72 N
	73 K	74 J	75 F	76 E	77 T	78 R		79 Q	80 V	81 K		82 Q	83 T	84 J		85 J	86 R
87 M	88 Y	89 B	90 W	91 L	92 P	93 N	94 Z¹	95 Z	96 Z²		97 F	98 Z¹	99 M	100 K	101 P	102 G	103 Q
104 C		105 J	106 P	107 L	108 X	109 I	110 F	111 M		112 G	113 C	114 F	115 R	116 Z²		117 R	118 P
119 C	120 H	121 T	122 W	123 F	124 M	125 Z²	126 Z	127 L	128 X		129 L	130 S	131 C		132 T	133 G	134 P
135 R	136 S		137 R	138 L	139 U	140 G	141 E	142 K	143 S	144 H		145 H	146 P	147 T	148 Z¹	149 R	150 G
151 C		152 C	153 Q		154 U	155 I	156 Z¹	157 Z²	158 G		159 Q	160 R	161 W	162 A	163 U		164 G
165 L	166 A	167 W	168 S		169 Z	170 X	171 L		172 T	173 W	174 X		175 V	176 I	177 O	178 Q	179 B
	180 S	181 E	182 C	183 M		184 B	185 R		186 K	187 Z¹		188 L	189 O	190 X	191 U	192 E	193 J
194 T	195 K		196 H	197 E	198 Z²	199 C	200 K		201 D	202 C	203 Z¹	204 R	205 E		206 M	207 U	208 A
209 S	210 N	211 C	212 W	213 E		214 Z¹	215 J		216 Y	217 N	218 A	219 Z¹	220 C	221 Z²			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 24 of this issue.

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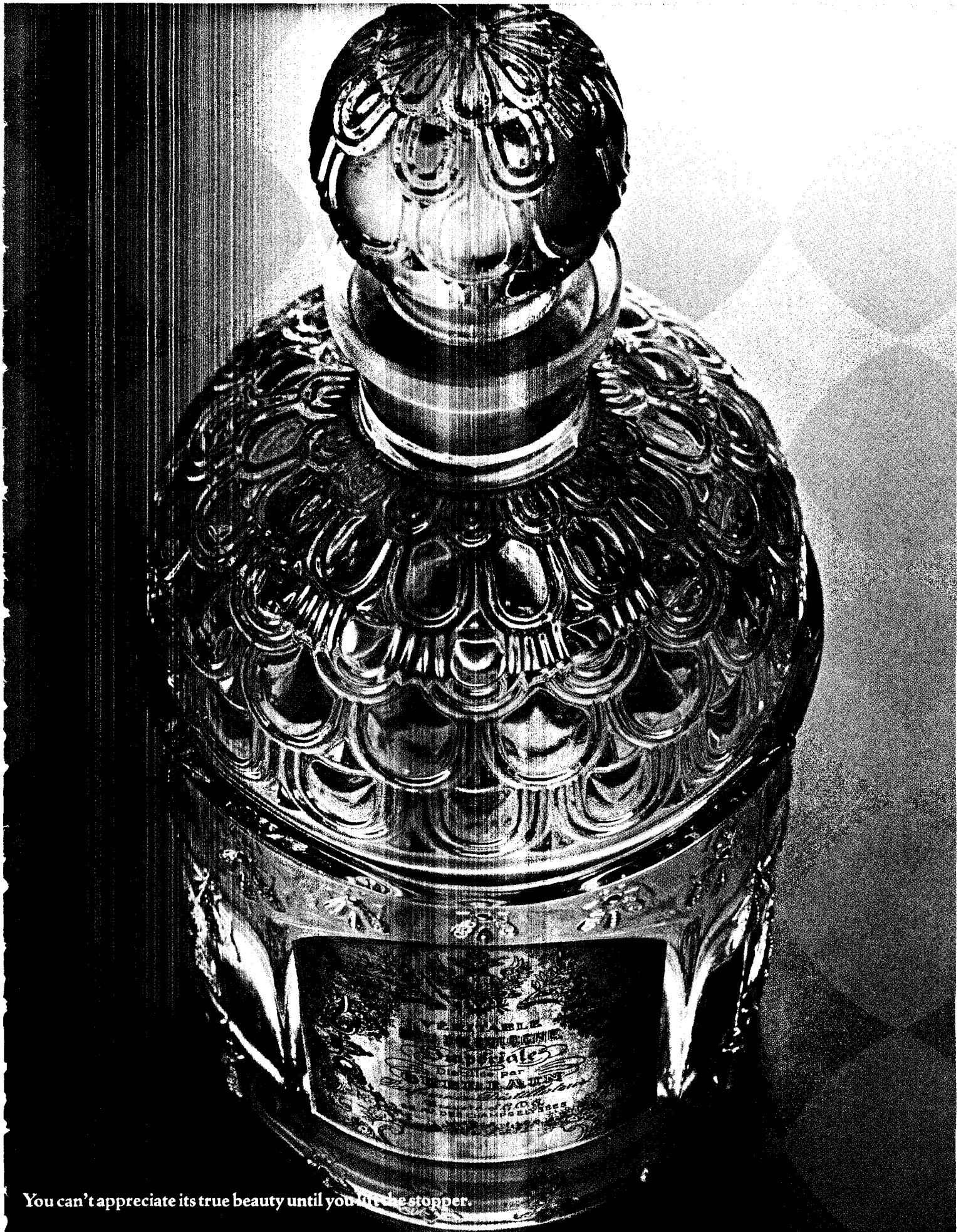

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Imperiale by Guerlain is a refreshing cologne with a citrus fragrance relished by men and women since the first brisk splash of it occurred in the Imperial Court. (Guerlain named it for Empress Eugénie and its antique bottle bears the distinctive bee design from the crest of Napoleon III.)

Guerlain

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